

SWAN'S COMPREHENSIVE SERIES

THE

AMERICAN COMPREHENSIVE

READER:

FOR

THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

CONTAINING

EXERCISES IN ENUNCIATION, AND NUMEROUS SELECTIONS
IN POETRY AND PROSE.

BY

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P R E F A C E .

THIS volume is designed for the use of the second classes in reading in public and private schools. It contains a brief treatise upon the principles of Elocution, with numerous exercises for practice, and selections for reading in prose and verse.

The exercises in Enunciation are nearly similar to those contained in the compiler's series of Primary and Grammar School Readers. These exercises should receive daily attention from the teacher; for, if the organs of speech are constantly exercised upon the correct sounds of a language, we shall hardly fail to lay the foundation for accurate and impressive reading.

The Reading Lessons are adapted to the comprehension of the class of readers for whom they were designed. They consist of every variety of style necessary to teach good reading. The names of the authors are given, and those printed in italics denote that they have been rewritten to adapt them to the wants of the reader.

The Explanatory Notes and Definitions have been placed at the bottom of the page for the convenience of the learner.

The compiler, grateful to his fellow-laborers in the cause of education for the liberal patronage which has been bestowed upon his former labors, respectfully commends this new work to their attention.

Boston, September, 1855.

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THE
AMERICAN
COMPREHENSIVE READER.


PART I.
EXERCISES IN ENUNCIATION.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ALL that articulate language and tones can effect to influence the understanding is dependent upon the voice addressed to the ear. A just and graceful management of it is, therefore, of the highest importance.


An accurate and distinct articulation forms the basis of good reading. It consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing it. "In just articulation," says Austin, "the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable, nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion. They should neither be abridged, nor prolonged, nor swallowed, nor forced; they should not be trailed, nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly. They are to be delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight." To accomplish this, the voice should be frequently exercised upon the elementary sounds of the language, both simple and combined; and classes of words, containing sounds liable to be perverted or suppressed in utterance, should be forcibly and accurately pronounced.

TABLE OF VOWEL ELEMENTS.

 The following table is designed for an exercise upon the vowel elements.¹ It should be performed thus: *ā, ä, á, ŭ, ē, ě, &c.* Care should be taken to give the utmost articulate force of which the voice is capable. The word is placed opposite the letter merely to indicate its sound.

ā	as in	fate.	ō	as in	note.
ä	" "	far.	ô	" "	move.
â	" "	fall.	õ	" "	not.
ũ	" "	fat.	ū	" "	tube.
ē	" "	meet.	û	" "	tub.
ě	" "	met.	û	" "	full.
ī	" "	pine.	öi	" "	voice.
î	" "	pîn.	öü	" "	sound.

EXERCISES ON THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

 In pronouncing the words in the following exercises, special attention should be given to the precise sound of every element *italicised*.

a :—(as in *fate*, and marked by Worcester thus, *ā*).—*Fame*, blame, same, game, *sail*, obey, survey, *cambric*, nature, ancient, neighbor, dictator, obeisance, *weigh*, sleigh, patron, patriot, patriotism, matron, matronly, *azure*.

ä :—(as in *far*, marked thus, *ü*).—*Are*, bar, star, guitar, *mart*, alarm, parchment, father, heart, hearth, guard,² clerk, sergeant, *daunt*, haunt, gauntlet, jaundice, almond, path, bath, lath, hall, palm, balm, psalm, aunt.

â :—(as in *fall*, marked thus, *á*).—*Ball*, call, tall, nor, form, storm, corn, horn, balk, salt, *ought*, fought, *nought*, auger,

¹ The elementary sound or power of a vowel may be ascertained by pronouncing a word containing it in a slow, drawing manner. Notice the sound of the vowel as it issues from the mouth, and then utter it by itself with great suddenness and force.

² Avoid the slight sound of *e* after the *g* in *guard*. Worcester's Dictionary may be regarded as a safe guide in orthography and pronunciation. It contains authorities in regard to the best usage in pronunciation; and among all the eminent orthoëpists which he cites, "Smart" may be considered as reporting the most reputable modern use in England.

awful, water, nauseate, author, always, august, cause, pause, lawyer, halter, balsam, bauble.

a: — (as in *fat*, marked thus, *ä*). — *Bat, cat, hat, mat, gas, bad, had, mad, can, sand, hand, cannon, fancy, marry, plaid, rail-lery, bade, have, charity, paradise, sacrifice, abandon, in-habit, companion, carry.*

e: — (as in *me*, marked thus, *ē*). — *Bee, she, theme, scheme, scene, marine,¹ pique, simile, key, quay, fiend, chief, grieve, treaty, Cæsar, demesne, impregn, critique, breviary, relief, belief, receive, believe, deceive, receipt, deceit, leaf.*

e: — (as in *niet*, marked thus, *ě*). — *Bed, bread, dell, debt, engine, elegant, benefit, melody, tepid, said, says, saith, friend, leopard, special, preface, wainscot, breakfast, heifer, again, against, merit, helm, realm, many, any.*

i: — (as in *pine*, marked thus, *ī*). — *Smile, mile, vile, vine, dinc, mild, child, fly, height, might, right, sight, type, isle, viscount, buy, die, defy, crier, oblige, satiety, guide, guile, sky, kind, find, behind, blight, flight, ally, apply.*

i: — (as in *pin*, marked thus, *ĩ*). — *Din, sin, ring, prince, quince, winee, whip, sip, skip, lyric, city, servile, agile, busy, business, sieve, sift, cygnet, symptom, sympathy, hypocrite, cynic, cylinder, wring, fill, mill, still, bring.*

o: — (as in *note*, marked thus, *ō*). — *Home, dome, glory, vocal, more, gore, only, both, loaf, loathe, explode, historian, poet, folk, foe, dough, glow, soldier, yeoman, bureau, rondeau, coeval, encroach, note, vote, votive, devotion.*

o: — (as in *move*, marked thus, *ô*). — *Prove, mood, lose, rule, true, ruin, druid, fruit, noon, swoon, moor, cool, doom, remove, disprove, smooth, soon, rude, rural, fruitless, truant, prudent, brutal, booty, moody, broom, tomb.*

o: — (as in *not*, marked thus, *ö*). — *Got, mob, rob, sob, was, what wash, bog, dog, log, dot, rot, loss, toss, cross, loft, soft, cost,*

¹ There is a class of words, mostly derived from the French and Italian, in which *i* retains the long sound of *e*.

gloss, drop, moss, dross, mop, hop, stop, lofty, glossy, costly, prospect, fossil, foster, mossy, softly, cough, trough.

u : — (as in *tube*, marked thus, *ū*). — Tune, fuse, cure, lure, duty, curate, few, pew, Tuesday, cubic, duke, dupe, music, pursuit, resume, consume, during, endure, assume, luminary, lunary, flid, beautiful, revolution, involution.

u : — (as in *tub*, marked thus, *ũ*). — Just, must, trust, tun, fun, run, cub, mud, hug, bug, rug, such, much, clutch, dove, does, rough, son, one, some, tongue, nothing, come, comrade, combat, husky, huan, humming, cull, dull.

u : — (as in *full*, marked thus, *û*). — Bush, push, pull, put, could, would, should, good, hood, stood, wood, wolf, pulpit, butcher, cushion, cuckoo, wool, woollen, puss, foot, pulley, pushing, withstood, book, hook, look, looking.

oi : — (as in *voice*, marked thus, *öi*). — Boil, coil, foil, toil, coy, toy, broil, spoil, void, coin, joint, hoist, moist, joist, poise, noise, employ, enjoy, rejoice, avoid, appoint, embroil, embroiler, moiety, foible, oyster, jointure, toilsome.

ou : — (as in *sound*, marked thus, *öü*). — Pound, loud, proud, brown, vow, endow, down, noun, town, doubt, devout, plough, slough, trout, ground, shout, vowel, astound, renown, thou, around, found, mound, round, sound.

VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

One of the principal difficulties in enunciation arises from a tendency of the voice to slide over the vowels in unaccented syllables, either perverting or suppressing their sounds; and the difficulty is much increased by the hurried manner in which many persons are accustomed to speak or read.* Thus we hear *reb'l* for rebel; *pashunt* for patient; *precede* for precede; *cerry* for every; *concern* for concern; *advocate* for advocate; *winder* for window; *poplar* for popular; *airfle* for awind; and *nachur* for nature. This improper pronunciation is heard not only in the school-room but in the pulpit, at the bar, and in our legislative halls; and so general is the fault, that the ear becomes accustomed to the improper sounds from infancy; hence arises the difficulty in remedying the defect; for the habit of indistinct utterance is thus early acquired and firmly established.

The best method to be adopted for avoiding or correcting these errors is to exercise the voice upon the correct sounds of the language. The sounds of the voice are wholly dependent upon muscular action. The organs of speech are, therefore, as susceptible of improvement and as much strengthened by proper exercise as the limbs of the body. If, then, the learner habitually mispronounce words in reading or speaking; if important sounds be perverted or suppressed in utterance, his attention should be directed to a list of words containing sounds similar to those mispronounced, and the voice should be exercised upon them until the defect is remedied, and the habit of correct utterance is established; for, if children are required to utter *correct sounds* at an age when the organs of speech are most flexible, the habit of enunciating words distinctly and pronouncing correctly will soon be formed.

EXERCISES ON VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

P In pronouncing words containing unaccented syllables, great care should be taken to avoid a formal and fastidious prominence of sound.

a:— (as in *fat*, without accented force; marked by Worcester thus, *a*, to denote the obscure sound).— Abandon¹, abed, abettor, ability, above, about, abode, abroad, abolish, abominate, abortion, acute, adept, adore, adorn, adoption, adult, adrift, afar, afresh, afloat, again, agreeable, alarm, alas, alert, alike, amass, amaze, amend, amuse, apart, apace, apology, aright, arise, atone, atrocious, avail, avenge, avert, awake, away, canal, calamity, calumniate, canine, canonical, caparison, caress, catarrh, cathedral.

Musical,² festival, comical, critical, capital, metal, canonical, pontifical, numerical, juridical, ecclesiastical, pharisaical, fatal, fantastical, principal, hypocritical, original, marginal, criminal, diagonal, additional, professional.

Special,³ judicial, beneficial, artificial, superficial, provincial, commercial, confidential, initial, substantial, circumstantial, credential, providential, prudential, pestilential, reverential, penitential, essential, potential, impartial.

¹ The error to be avoided is *abandon*, or *ûbandon*.

³ Mispronounced *special*.

² Mispronounced *music'l*.

Ascendant,¹ descendant, defendant, perseverance, jubilant, expectant, defiance, affiance, reliance, ordinance, allegiance, compliance, luxuriance, variance, countenance, performance.

Applicable,² formidable, commendable, peaceable, agreeable, palpable, perishable, sociable, amiable, pitiable, honorable, detestable, abominable, formidably, respectably, tolerably, valuable, refutable, perceivable, renewable, observable.

e :— (as in me, without accented force ; marked by Worcester thus, *e*, to denote the obscure sound). — Belief,³ believe, benevolence, benevolent, before, behind, behold, beware, delicious, delight, delightful, delineate, deliver, denominate, denominator, deny, denial, deliberate, denounce, denote, prepare, precede, preceded, predict, predicted.

e :— (as in mercy,⁴ without accented force ; marked by Worcester thus, *ē*). — Several,⁵ every, severing, tottering, murderer, fluttering, uttering, utterance, traveller, deliverer, deliberate, desperate, moderate, tolerate, venerate, wanderer.

e •— (as in met, without accented force ; marked by Worcester thus, *e*, to denote the obscure sound). — Travel,⁶ chapel, gravel, parcel, counsel, vessel, level, hovel, novel, model, sudden, hyphen, chicken, kitchen, sloven, aspen.

Moment,⁷ confidence, confident, equipment, dependence, dependent, independent, pendent, impudent, parliament, expedient, silent, silence, anthem, providence, provident, eminent, languishment, settlement, prevalent, tenement.

Goodness,⁸ boundless, endless, matchless, groundless, sameness, plainness, weariness, listless, listlessness, laziness, lowliness, bashfulness, cheerfulness, bitterness, comeliness, manliness, steadiness, peevishness, wakefulness, childishness.

¹ Mispronounced *ast'endant*.

² Mispronounced *applicible* or *applicâble*.

³ Mispronounced *b'lief*.

⁴ The peculiar character of this sound, which distinguishes it from the proper short sound of the vowel, is caused by the letter *r* ; and this letter thus situated has an analogous influence on the sound of all the vowels.

⁵ Mispronounced *sev'ral*, *ev'ry*, &c.

⁷ Mispronounced *momūt*.

⁶ Mispronounced *tran'l*.

⁸ Mispronounced *goodness*.

i : — (as in *pin*, without accented force, marked by Worcester thus, *i*, to denote the obscure sound). — Invincible, forcible, incredible, audible, illegible, controvertible, incombustible, feasible, susceptible, perceptible, invincible, invincibly, possibly, incredibly, audibly.

o . — (as in *note*, without accented force, marked by Worcester thus, *o*, to denote the obscure sound) — Domain, colossal, Columbus, proceed, produce, producing, opinion, domestic, obey, promote, pronounce, propose, provide, provoke.

Corroborate,² history, rhetoric, melancholy, memorable, memory, desolate, desolation.

Composition,⁴ compromise, disposition, melody, custody, colony, eloquence, advocate, absolute, opposite, obsolete, crocodile, philosophy, philology, zoology.

Potato,⁵ tobacco, motto, fellow, window, widow, meadow, willow, billow, follow, hallow, to-morrow, sorrow.

o : — (as in *not*, without accented force). — Collect,⁶ collusion, command, commemorate, commence, council, commission, committee, commodious, communicate, compose, compare, comply, component, conceal, concern, conduce, condense, condition, conductor, confederate, congeal, conjecture, convert, consent, consult, contend, convey, convulse.

u : — (as in *tune*, without accented force). — Articulate,⁷ accurate, accuracy, perpendicular, articulated, perpendicularly, masculine, regular, singular, secular, ocular, particular, educate, regulate, emulate.

Pleasure,⁸ measure, exposure, crasure, composure, displeasure, outmeasure, nature, feature, creature, pressure, fissure, leisure, closure, censure, miniature, portraiture, imposture.

u : — (as in *full*, without accented force). — Awful,⁹ baneful, fearful, playful, beautiful, bountiful, dutiful, tuneful, graceful, hopeful, playfully, fearfully, beautifully, bountifully.

1 Mispronounced *invincible*.

2 Mispronounced *domain*.

3 Mispronounced *corroborate*.

4 Mispronounced *composition*.

5 Mispronounced *potato*.


6 Mispronounced *collect*.

7 Mispronounced *articulate*.

8 Mispronounced *pleasure*.


9 Mispronounced *awful*.

TABLE OF CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

 The following table is designed for an exercise upon the consonant elements.¹ The words are placed opposite the letter merely to indicate its sound.

b as in bow, orb.	p as in pin, top.
ch " " chest, march.	r " " roll, roar.
d " " dare, aid.	s " " sin, miss.
f " " fame, if.	sh " " shun, push.
g " " gave, gag.	t " " take, hat.
h " " horse, home	th (aspirate) thin, truth.
j " " June, rage	th " " this, beneath.
k " " kite, cook.	v " " vain, vice.
l " " let, call.	w " " wave, will.
m " " man, aim.	y " " young, yes.
n " " no, can.	z " " zone, was.
ng " " ring, sing.	z " " azure, leisure. ²

EXERCISES ON THE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

 In pronouncing the words in the following exercises, the utmost force and clearness of sound should be given to the consonant elements. The letters to which attention is to be directed are printed in *Italics*.

b : — (vocal,² as in bay). — Bad,³ bag, bat, beet, beg, bear, bought, beast, stab, cbb, tube, tub, babe, globe, glebe, inhabit, babble,⁴ babbler, bound, baboon, barbarous, barbarian, beastly, bind, binder, bound, begin, began, beggar.

¹ The sound of a consonant may be ascertained by pronouncing a word containing it in a slow, drawling manner. Take, for instance, the word *at*; notice the sound of *t* as it issues from the mouth, and then utter it by itself with suddenness and force.

² VOCAL, pertaining to the voice. A vocal consonant is distinguished from the *aspirate* in its enunciation by a murmuring sound of the voice. There are two kinds of murmur observable in the vocal consonants: the one is called *guttural*, being confined to the throat; and the other *head*, because, by the opening of the nasal passages, it ascends into the cavities of the head.

³ The common defect in the articulation of *b* is a want of force in the compression and opening of the lips.

⁴ When in syllabic combinations in primitive words consonants are doubled, the sound of one of the constituents is omitted, as in *babble*, *happy*, *manner*, *otter*, *stuggard*, &c.; but in compound and derived words, where the original root ends, and the superadded affix begins with the same letter, there is a reduplication of the sound, as in *unnatural*, *innate*, *oneness*, *soulless*, *palely*, *book-case*, *seaport-town*, &c.

ch : — (aspirate, as in *chest*). — *Chair, chat, charm, chalk, check, chime, chin, churn, chirp, hatch, march, watch, each, switch, scotch, satchel, birchen, beechen, twitching, touching, much, such, huch, chatting, charming, cheerful.*

d : — (vocal, as in *dato*). — *Deed, debt, mad, rid, modest, body, lodge, bade, would, should, could, deduce, added, wedded, dated, side, ^{to be} abide, abode, deduced, deduct, deducted, aid, naid, said, wad, wedding*

f : — (aspirate, as in *fate*). — *Fame, feud, fanciful, proffer, crafty, chafe, life, enough, rough, cough, trough, laughter, phial, scraph, laugh, fatal, fireman, ferry, fertile, futile, fancy, fusion, fairy, fair, fertility.*

g : — (vocal, as in *gate*). — *Game, bag, gag, bigot, plague, vague, ghost, guard, go, gone, gulp, hog, jug, egg, guilt, gew-gaw, guinea, prologue, epilogue, guerdon, guarantee, give, giver, given, gay, gave, gain, gun, gum, gull.*

h : — (aspirate, as in *hall*). — *Hay, hat, hate, haunt, hall, high, whole, hair, huge, hot-house, vehement, harmony, human, whale,¹ where, when, what, why, whether, annihilate, beehemoth, vehicle, behest, bake-house,² haphazard, upholder, abhorrent, cub-hunting, knife-handle, offhand, stovehead, adhesive, childhood, nuthook, withhold, ink-horn, gig-horse, race-horse, falsehood, exhibit, exhort, perhaps, foolhardy, Amherst, unling, inherent, unhappy.*

j : — (vocal, as in *jest*). — *Genius, gentle, jam, jar, jet, jeer, gesture, jilt, giant, gibbet, jolt, just, jostle, gypsy, joy, age, liege, edge, ledge, bridge, bridges, judge, judgest, judgment, justice, jury, July, June, James, John, Joseph.*

k : — (aspirate, as in *key*). — *Car, coil, seek, ache, music, talk, vaccine, vaccinate, chasm, echo, choir, chord, chorus, archives, coquette, etiquette, queen, queer, quake, epoch, orchestra, architect, archetype, cucumber, conqueror, conquest.*

¹ *Wh*, in commencing words, is uttered thus : *hw*, or *hoo*. In *who* and its compounds the *w* is silent.

² The letter *h* in compound words is often omitted or slurred in the pronunciation ; as, *bakouse* for *bakehouse*, *falseood* for *falsehood*, &c.

l : — (vocal, as in *lull*) — *Bell, lark, late, pale, pile, bula, lay, lee, lo, lark, loll, weal, hull, lullaby, lively, lovely, law, lad, hail, all, call, tall, well, will, wool, lowly, lily, lonely, sweetly, holy, latterly, awfully.*

m : — (vocal, as in *may*) — *Man, morn, move, mound, mammon, moment, blame, hymn, solemn, phlegm, drachm, fame, home, dome, come, memory, memento, to-morrow, mount, mountain, motive, morning, metre, meeting, coming.*

n : — (vocal, as in *noon*). — *Nine, linen, penance, nay, gnat, knee, net, nice, nib, note, not, now, can, ken, keen, line, sin, own, on, noun, nonentity, condign, gnaw, kneel, banner, aspen, sudden, kitchen, hyphen.*

ng¹ : — (vocal, as in *song*). — *King, fang, ring, fling, flinging, ringing, singing, writing, hanging, bringing, robbing, sobbing, anger, congress, being, nothing, prolong, congregated, anguish, languid, extinguish, distinguish.*

p : — (aspirate,² as in *pay*). — *Peer, pin, pool, pound, nip, happy, pippin, puppet, rapid, tropic, pipe, pupil, pencil, piper, creep, grope, stop, steep, step, pile, pine, pint, penny, pink, pure, pad, peat, pall, pet, poor, push, peep.*

r³ : — (vocal, initial, or before a vowel, as in *roll*). — *Ray, rough, raw, rend, rat, root, rust, rebel, Roman, rot, flowery, rest, room, ride, rise, wry, rural, around, enrich, rhinoceros, rush, rushing, rushest.*

r⁴ : — (final, or before a consonant, as in *air*). — *Far, are, our, ear, eternal, formal, murmur, former, torpor, barter, servant,*

¹ The sound of *ng*, when at the end of a word or syllable, is not the natural sound of the combination *n* and *g*, each letter retaining its natural power and sound; but a simple single sound, for which the combination *ng* is a conventional mode of expression.

² Aspirate, pronounced with a full emission of breath.

³ The letter *r*, used as an initial, or before a vowel, is articulated by a forcible trill of the tongue against the upper gum. This sound should never be prolonged. It is sometimes mispronounced thus, *urrag, urrough.*

⁴ When the *r* is final, or is placed before a consonant, the vibration or trill should be very slight. It will be perceived that this letter has a peculiar influence on both the long and the short sound of the vowel which precedes it in a monosyllable or in an accented syllable, unless the succeeding syllable begins with the sound of *r*, or a vowel sound, as, *care, fair, pair, mercy, merchant, hurdle, &c.* When the succeeding syllable begins with a vowel sound, or with *r*, the sound of the preceding vowel is not modified, as, *merit, merry, hurry, &c.*

border, merchant, **i**dore, **d**ature, expire, appear, hurdle, murmuring, forbear.

s : — (aspirate, as in say). — Sin, sign, design, suitor, suit, gas, mast, dose, sinless, science, transcend, conclusive, delusive, psalm, psalmist, scene, schism, beside, poetry, heresy, thesis, flaccid, scintillate, sister, cistern, cease, source.

sh : — (aspirate, as in shame). — Shade, shall, shine, shawl, gash, rash, censure, sash, nauseate, associate, mansion, pension, enunciation, pronunciation, specious, delirious, capricious, expansion, detracton, exaction, ocean, promotion.

t : — (aspirate, as in tin). — Tell, time, tune, toil, time, met, but, matter, critic, satiety, debt, Thames, Thomas, Ptolemy, receipt, yacht, indict, titter, latter, better, bitter, butter, mutter, chatter, foot, tutor, taught, total.

th : — (aspirate, as in thin). — Thank, thick, theory, theatre, thought, bath, path, lath, oath, mouth, month, faith, breath, panther, or/hoepy, apathy, ether, thankful, thankless, thoughtful, think, thinking, ethics, atheist, thorn.

th : — (vocal, as in that). — This, thus, there, those, thou, theo, these, thine, thither, though, beneath, tithe, with, brethren, farthing, father, breathe, sheathe, wreath, heathen, weather, blithe, clothe, thy, then, therefore.

v : — (vocal, as in vane). — Veer, vine, vivid, vote, pave, weave, livid, seren, rotize, more, prove, nephew, receive, survive, aline, twelve, revolve, nerve, swerve, serre, preserve, reserve, vividly, viracious, vivacity, reviving, surviving.


w : — (as in wear). — Waft, wall, wonder, one, once, woo, wain, wine, wood, will, weary, wormwood, weather, bewail, beware, woe, woe, woful, wayward, worth, worthless, well, warm, wondrous, world, welcome, warming, we.

y : — (as in ye). — Year, young, yawn, yolk, yield, you, use, utility, yon, yonder, your, youth, yawl, million, poniard, rebellion, vermilion, spaniel, filial, yes, yea, yesterday, yearling, yawning, yielding, useful, usefulness.

Z : — (vocal, as in *zeal*). — *As, is, has, was, seas, zephyr, maize, prize, flies, ways, roses, daisies, praises, refuse, abuse, amuse, arise, praise, pays, refuses, abuses, houses, phages, buzzes, breezes, amaze, amazes, amuses.*

Z : — (vocal, as in *azuro*). — *Derision, razure, leisure, seizure, collision, occasion, adhesion, persuasion, ovicer, vision, explosion, confusion, infusion, fusion, treasure, pleasure, measure, abrasion, roseate, leisurely, treasureless, measureless.*

EXERCISES UPON CONSONANT SOUNDS IN COMBINATION.

 In pronouncing words containing consonant sounds in combination, if the learner fail to articulate all the elements distinctly, he should be required to utter them separately. Take, for instance, the word *lovedst*. Here we have the combination *rdst*. Each of these sounds should be uttered separately, thus: *v, d, s, t*; then utter them in rapid succession, until the combination can be pronounced with force, distinctness, and ease.

INITIAL SYLLABLES.

bl : — *Blame, bleed, bled, blow, blown, bloom, blind, blue.*

br : — *Brave, brief, brine, brown, broom, brew, broad, brute.*

dr : — *Draw, drew, drive, drove, drawn, drown, dream, dram.*

fl : — *Flame, fleet, flume, flew, flow, flown, fly, flight, flee.*

fr : — *Frame, frail, freeze, froze, fruit, frown, friend, from.*

gl : — *Glade, glaze, glee, gleam, glide, glow, glue, glimpse.*

gr : — *Grain, green, grew, grown, groin, growl, grind, ground.*

kl : — *Claim, climb, clean, clan, cling, clung, claw, clew, clam.*

kr : — *Cream, crime, crew, crow, crown, cringe, crawl, creep.*

pl : — *Plain, plan, plead, plod, plough, plume, play, ply, plaid.*

pr : — *Praise, pray, pride, proud, prone, prune, prime, prove.*

sf : — *Sphere, spheres, sphinx, sphere, spherics, spheroid.*

shr : — *Shrive, shred, shrine, shriek, shrewd, shrunk, shrink.*

sk : — *Skate, skill, skin, skip, skin, skein, sketch, skid, skiff.*

skr : — *Screen, scream, screw, scrawl, screech, scroll, scrub.*

sl : — *Slain, slew, slate, sleet, sled, slime, slow, slug, slim.*

- sm : — *Smite, smoke, smooth, smote, smith, smart, small.*
 sn : — *Snail, snake, snare, snow, snap, snail, snag, snarl.*
 sp : — *Speak, spoke, speed, spare, spine, spike, spade, space.*
 spl : — *Spleen, splice, split, splint, splay, splash, splent.*
 spr : — *Sprain, spring, sprung, sprite, sprig, spread, sprung.*
 st : — *Stain, steed, still, stole, sting, stung, stag, stack, staff.*
 str : — *Strain, stream, string, strung, straw, strand, strait.*
 thr : — *Thrive, throw, threw, thrice, throb, thrill, thrust, thrice.*
 tr : — *Train, trade, trail, tray, true, tread, trance, trash, trick.*

FINAL SYLLABLES.

- bd, bdst : — *Ebb'd, cbb'dst, robb'd, robb'dst, prob'd, prob'dst.*
 bl, bld, bldst, blst, blz : — *Trouble, troubl'd, troubl'dst, troubles, double, doubl'd, doubl'dst, doubles.*
 bst : — *Ebb'st, robb'st, prob'st, sob'st, throb'st, mob'st, throb'st.*
 bz : — *Babes, imbibes, lobes, robes, tubes, tubs, rubs, sob's, cbb's.*
 dl, dld, dldst, dlst, dlz : — *Handle, handl'd, handl'dst, handl'dst, handles, hurdle, hurdl'd, hurdl'dst, hurdl'st, hurdles.*
 dn, dnd, dnz : — *Glad'd'n, gladd'n'd, gladd'ns, sadd'n, sadd'ns.*
 dst : — *Didst, hadst, couldst, wouldst, shouldst, bidst, hidst.*
 dth, dths : — *Breadth, breadths, width, widths, width, widths.*
 dz : — *Blades, shades, deeds, feeds, heels, weeds, seeds, bleeds.*
 fl, fld, fldst, flst, flz : — *Trifle, trifl'd, trifl'dst, trifl'st, trifles.*
 fn, fnd, fnz : — *Of'n, sof'n, sof'n'd, sof'ns, of'n, sof'n.*
 fs, fst : — *Laughs, laugh'st, scoffs, scoff'st, puffs, puff'st.*
 ft, fth, fths, fts, ftst : — *Waft, fifth, fifts, wafts, waft'st.*
 gd, gdst : — *Dragg'd, dragg'dst, drugg'd, drugg'dst, begg'd.*
 gl, gld, gldst, glst, glz : — *Mangle, mangl'd, mangl'dst, mangl'st, mangles, spangle, spangl'd, spangl'dst, spangles.*
 gst : — *Begg'st, dragg'st, drugg'st, shrugg'st, wagg'st, bagg'st.*

221. — Bag, bag, bag, bags, bags, bags, bags, bags, bags, bags.

bk, kld, kldst, klst, klz : — Buckle, buckl'd, buckl'dst, buckl'st, buckles, truckle, truckt'd, truckt'dst, truckles.

kn, knđ, knđst, knst, knz : — Black'n, black'n'd, black'n'dst, black'ndst, black'ndst, black'ns, thick'n, thick'n'd, thick'n'dst.

ks, kat, ksth : — Siz,¹ miz, axe, wicks, bricks, lick'st, sizth.

kt, kts, ktst : — Act, acts, fact, facts, act'st, act, acts, fact.

lb, lbz : — Bulb, bulbs, bull, bulbs, bulb, bulbs.

ld, ldst, ldz : — Hold, hold'st, holds, moulds, folds, fold'st.

lf, lfs, lft, lfth : — Gulf, gulfs, delft, twelfth, gulf, gulfs.

ld, lgđ : — Bilge, bilg'd, bulge, bulg'd, bilge, bilg'd, bulg'd.

lk, lks, lkst, lkt : — Milk, milks, milk'st, mulct, silk, silks.

lm, lmd, lmst, linz : — Realm, whelm'd, whelm'dst, realms.

ln : — Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, swell'n, swell'n, swell'n, swell'n.

lp, lps, lpst, lpt, lptst : — Help, helps, help'st, help'd, help'dst, yelp, yelps, yelp'st, yelp'd, yelp'dst.

ls, lst : — False, fall'st, call'st, roll'st, fell'st, fill'st, will'st.

lt, lth, lths, lts, ltst : — Melt, health, healths, melts, melt'st.

lv, lvd, lvdst, lvst, lvz : — Resolve, resolv'd, resolv'dst, resolv'st, resolves, dissolve, dissolv'd, dissolv'dst, dissolv'st.

lz : — Calls, falls, walls, rolls, tolls, tells, sells, wells, hulls.

md, mdst : — Doom'd, doom'dst, condemn'd, condemn'dst.

mf, mfd, mfs : — Triumph, triumph'd, triumphs, triumphs.

mp, mps, mpst, mpt, mpts, mptst : — Damp, damps, damp'st, tramp, tramps, tramp'st, attempt, attempts, attempt'st.

mst : — Doom'st, deem'st, seem'st, dream'st, beam'st, gleam'st.

mz : — Dooms, deems, seems, dreams, themes, beams, gleams.

nd, ndst, ndz : — Hand, bound'st, hands, lands, bounds.

ngđ, ngđst, ngst, ngth, ngths, ngz : — Wrong'd, wrong'dst, wrong'st, length, lengths, wrongs, songs, tongs.

¹ X represents the sound of ks.

nj, njd : — *Change, chang'd, range, rang'd, strange, hinge.*

nk, nks, nkst, nkt : — *Think, thinks, think'st, thank'd.*

ns, nst : — *Science, license, defence, licens'd, against, confidence*

neh, neh'd : — *Launch, launch'd, lunch, lunch'd, punch'd.*

nt, nts, ntst, nth, nth's : — *Tent, tents, want'st, tenth, tenths*

nz : — *Means, weans, leans, beans, bones, tones, groans, moans*

pl, pld, pldst, plst, plz : — *Scruple, scrupl'd, scrupld'st
scrupl'st, scruples, trample, tramp'd, tramples.*

pn, pnd, pndst, pnz : — *Open, open'd, open'd'st, opens.*

ps, pst, pt, pts, ptst, pth, pth's : — *Droops, droop'st, pre-
cept, precepts, accept'st, depth, depths, accept, accepts.*

rb, rbd, rbdst, rbst, rbz : — *Curb, curb'd, curb'd'st, curb'st
curbs, verb, verbs, herb, herbs, orb, orbs, disturb, disturbs.*

rd, rdst, rdz : — *Reward, reward'st, rewards, regards.*

rf, rfs : — *Surf, surfs, dwarf, dwarfs, scarf, scarfs, turf.*

rg, rgz : — *Iceberg, icebergs, iceberg, icebergs, iceberg, icebergs*

rj, rjd, rjdst : — *Urge, urg'd, urg'd'st, purge, purg'd, urg'd.*

rk, rkd, rkd'st, rks, rkst : — *Bark, bark'd, bark'd'st, barks
bark'st, mark, mark'd, mark'd'st, marks, mark'st.*

rl, rld, rldst, rlst, rlz : — *Snarl, snarl'd, snarl'd'st, snarl'st
snarls, whirl, whirl'd, whirl'd'st, whirl'st, whirls.*

rm, rnd, rndst, rnst, rnth, rnz : — *Warm, warm'd
warm'd'st, warm'st, warmth, warms, forms, storms, harms.*

ru, rnd, rndst, rnst, rnz : — *Burn, burn'd, burn'd'st, burn'st
burns, ferns, learns, turns, churns, spurns, horns, corns.*

rp, rpd, rpd'st, rpst, rps : — *Usurp, usurp'd, usurp'd'st.
usurp'st, usurps, chirps, usurp, usurp'd, usurp'st, usurps.*

rs, rst, rst's : — *Horse, burst, bursts, worse, worst, terse.*

rt, rth, rth's, rts, rtst : — *Hurt, hearth, hearths, hurts.
hurt'st, flirt, flirts, girl, girth, girths, girls.*

reh, reh'd : — *March, march'd, march, march'd, arch, arch'd.*

rv, rvd, rvdst, rvst, rvz : — *Deserve, deserv'd, deserv'dst, deserv'st, deserves, observe, observ'd, observ'st, observes.*

rz : — *Fears, tears, bears, fares, wears, hears, forbears, wares.*

sk, skd, skdst, sks, skst : — *Ask, ask'd, ask'dst, asks, ask'st, sl, sld, sldst, slst, slz : — Rustle, rustl'd, rustl'dst, rustl'st, rustles, bustle, bustl'd, bustl'dst, bustl'st, bustles.*

sn, snd, sndst, snst, snz : — *Listen, lis't'n'd, lis't'n'dst, lis't'n'st, list'ns, listen, list'n'd, list'n'dst, list'n'st, listens.*

sp, spd, spdst, sps, spst : — *Clasp, clasp'd, clasp'dst, clasp'st, clasps, hasp, hasp'd, hasp'dst, hasp'st, hasps, wasps.*

st, sts, stst : — *Taste, tastes, tast'st, waste, wastes, wast'st.*

tch, tchd, tchdst, tchst : — *Watch, watch'd, watch'dst, watch'st, hatch, hatch'd, hatch'dst, hatch'st.*

thd, thdst, thst : — *Smooth'd, smooth'dst, smooth'st, smooth'd.*

thn, thnd, thndst, thnst : — *Length'n, length'n'd, length'n'dst, length'n'st, leug'h'n, length'n'd, length'n'dst, length'n'st.*

thnz : — *Lengthens, strengthens, truths, soothes, strengthens.*

tl, tld, tldst, tlst, tlz : — *Startle, startl'd, startl'dst, startl'st, startles, startle, startl'd, startl'dst, startl'st, startles.*

tn, tud, tudst, tust, tuz : — *Sweeten, sweet'n'd, sweet'n'dst, sweet'nst, sweet'ns, sweeten, sweet'n'd, sweet'n'dst, sweetens.*

ts, tst : — *Writes, writ'st, blights, blight'st, lights, light'st.*

vd, vdst : — *Prov'd, prov'dst, lov'd, lov'dst, mov'd, mov'dst.*

vl, vld, vldst, vlst, vlz : — *Grovel, grov'd, grov'dst, grovel'st, grovels, travel, trav'd, trav'dst, travels.*

vn, vnz : — *Heaven, heavens, cleru, heaven, leavens.*

vz : — *Mores, prores, lores, fires, gives, hears, deceives.*


zd : — *Praised, raved, amazed, gazed, raised, amazed.*

zl, zld, zldst, zlst, zlz : — *Dazzle, dazzl'd, dazzl'dst, dazzl'st, dazzles, dazzle, dazzl'd, dazzl'dst, dazzl'st, dazzles*

zn, znz :— Chasm, chasms, spasms, spasms, chasm, chasms.

zn, znd, zndst, znst, znz :— Blazen, blaz'n'd, blaz'n'dst, blaz'n'st, blazens.

VOWEL SOUNDS IN WORDS IN SENTENCES

 The following sentences are arranged to aid the learner in acquiring a correct enunciation. Words which may be accurately and distinctly pronounced, when the attention is particularly directed to them in classes, are liable to be mispronounced when they occur in sentences. The letters to which attention is to be directed are printed in *italics*.

ā :— (as in fate).— Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake! The breaking waves dashed high. To praise the hand that pays thy pains. Well hast thou framed, old man, thy strains! The grey-eyed morn breaks on the frowning night. A brave man struggling in the storms of fate, and greatly falling with a falling state.

ä :— (as in far).— Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star? The sergeant gave the loud alarm. To arms! to arms! they come! they come! Armor to armor, lance to lance opposed. Arm, arm, ye brave! a noble cause, the cause of Heaven, your zeal demands. To arms, to arms! your ensigns bright display. Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! were the last words of Marmion.

â :— (as in fall).— So long he seems to pause on thy bald, awful head. In early morn the huntsman's horn. His tall and manly form was bowed. Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus. Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn.

ÿ :— (as in fat).— I am not mad! I am not mad! Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide. He bade me stand and hear my doom. As on a jag of a mountain crag. Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan; the greatest study of mankind is man. His hand still strained the broken brand; his face was smeared with blood and sand.

G :— (as in me). — Let's muster, men ; my council is my shield ;
 we must be brief when traitors have the field. We would not
 seek a battle as we are ; nor as we are, say we, we will not
 shun it. Hear, O ye nations ! hear it, O, ye dead ! How
 sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank ! And the deep
 thunder, peal on peal afar. 'Tis sweet to see the evening
 star appear.

E :— (as in met). — Uprouse ye, then, my merry, merry men !
 With ready arm and weapon bared. With some good ten
 of his chosen men. Tell me where is fancy bred, in the
 heart, or in the head ? You have the letters Cadmus gave ;
 think ye he meant them for a slave ? Eternal summer gilds
 them yet, but all, except their sun, is set.

I :— (as in pine). — For life, for life their flight they ply. I
 will not blame mine own wild ire. His blithest notes the
 piper plied. And the wind sighs as it flies away. See the
 white moon shines on high. Come, buy my primroses, come
 buy, come buy ! What, silent still, and silent all ? But
 why should I his childish feats display ? What the bright
 sparkling of the finest eye to the soft soothing of a calm
 reply ? Strike till the last armed foe expires !

I :— (as in pin). — Bring hither, then, the wedding ring. Him
 first, him last, him midst and without end. What is the
 blooming tincture of the skin to peace of mind and harmony
 within ? His glimmering lamp still, still I see. From seem-
 ing evil still educating good, and better thence again, and bet-
 ter still, in infinite progression.

O :— (as in note). — In solemn measure, soft and slow, arose a
 father's notes of woe.¹ Echo on echo, groan for groan. Roll
 on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll ! Not to know me
 argues yourselves unknown. The loving herd wind slowly
 o'er the sea. Cold, bitter cold, no warmth, no light. Home,
 home, thy glad word hath a tone of greeting, thy path is by
 my home. O ! Desdemona, Desdemona !

¹ In passages expressive of grief the long sound of *o* derives great beauty from swelling
 or prolonging the tone.

Ô : — (as in move). — The humble *boon* was soon obtained ; but when he reached the room of state he wished his boon denied. What *boots* it thus to bay the moon ? The Moor was doomed to *do* or die. Who *poke* of brotherhood ? Who spoke of love ? Who told me how the poor soul did forsake the mighty Warwick ? Alas, poor Clarence ! As I do live by food, I met a fool, a motley fool.

Ō : — (as in not). — O'er stock and rock their race they take. Goue is the long, long winter night. You sun that sets upon the sea, we follow in his flight. A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. In varying cadence, soft or strong, he swept the sounding chords along. The present scene, the future lot, his toils, his wants, were all forgot. Cold diffidence and age's frost in the full tide of soul were lost.

û : — (as in tube). — Adieu, adieu, my native shore fades o'er the waters blue. Eyc the blue vault, and bless the useful light. Few, few shall part where many meet ! The Scian and the Teian muse, the hero's harp, the lover's lute, have found the fame your shores refuse. Place me on Sennius's marble steep, where nothing save the waves and I may hear our mutual murmurs sweep.

ũ : — (as in tub). — High in his pathway hung the sun. Welcome silence, welcome peace. For love is heaven, and heaven is love. To join some comrades of the day. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come ! O, ransomed ones, I come ! It was a summer's evening, old Kaspar's work was done ; and he before his cottage door was sitting in the sun.

Û : — (as in full). — He waited full two minutes, no one came. He waited full two minutes more ; and then says Toby, I'll *pull* it for the gentleman again. Sir, you've pulled my bell as if you'd pull it off the wire. I pulled it, sir, at your desire. Full many a flower is born to blush unseen. Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

Ū: — (as in *voice*). — Rejoice, the crowd still cried, rejoice. O, sailor-boy, sailor-boy, peace to thy soul! With songs of joy your voices raise. The native voice of undissembled joy. The harp, his sole remaining joy, was carried by an orphan boy. 'Twas childhood's voice! my boy! my boy! my darling boy! She bade the elements rejoice.

Ū: — (as in *sound*). — And often, when I go to plough, the ploughshare turns them out. Not from one lone cloud, but every mountain now hath found a tongue. Even now my children count the hours till meeting! O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store? Down, down, cried Mar, your lances down! Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to die.

UNACCENTED VOWEL SOUNDS IN WORDS IN SENTENCES.

a: — (as in *fat*, with unaccented force). — I pray thee let thy servant abide instead of the lad. The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens. With much ado, he partly kept awake. Await alike the inevitable grave. He was most musical, most melancholy. They deny it to be tragical, because its catastrophe is a wedding, which hath ever been accounted comical. This thin, this soft contexture of the air, shows the wise author's providential care. This is the day appointed for the combat, and ready are the appellant and defendant. Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance.

e: — (as in *me*, without accented force). — And my deep debt for life preserved, a better meed have well deserved. The mingling notes came softened from below. The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung. I have seen a fair, sad girl, mild, suffering and serene. I denied you not. O, sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight! The fruit was delicious, and the prospect was delightful.

e: — (as in *mere*, without accented force). — Where mouldering piles and forests intervene. The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind. Down the rough slope the ponderous

wagon rings. All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields.
 Lone wandering, but not lost. I venerate the pilgrim's cause.
 They were every moment expected to appear.

e:—(as in met, without accented force).—I hear thy virtues
 praised, thy patience, saintlike meekness, and gentleness. The
 Niobe of nations! there she stands, childless and crownless in
 her voiceless woe! A murmur of happiness steals through
 his breast. Amazement confronts him with images dire.
 Bird of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless emblem of
 happiness! Ah! how unjust to nature and himself is thought-
 less, thankless, inconsistent man! The meanest floweret of
 the vale, the simplest note that swells the gale.

i:—(as in pin, without accented force).—The war is inevitable,
 and let it come. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble sup-
 plication? It is to the vigilant, the active, and the brave.
 We are unable to cope with so formidable an adversary.
 Our supplications have been disregarded. We have implored
 its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry
 and parliament.

o:—(as in note, without accented force).—We thought, as we
 hollowed his narrow bed, and smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 that the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, and
 we far away on the billow. Bright and alone on the shadowy
 main, like a heart-cherished home on a desolate plain. O'er
 the dark trees a yellowed verdure shed. The hollow murmur
 of the ocean tide. That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid.

o:—(as in not, without accented force).—He gave a conditional
 promise. The communications of the competitors were com-
 pared. You concurred in condemning the confederates. The
 building, which was constructed of wood, and contained a vast
 quantity of combustible material, was consumed. He com-
 mitted the piece to memory. His composition was far from
 being correct.

u:—(as in tune, without accented force).—Sweet, harmless
 lives! on whose holy leisure waits innocence and pleasure.

the men whom nature's works can charm, with God himself hold converse. The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields. Cosmetic art no tincture can afford the faded features to restore. And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woe.

u :— (as in *full*, without accented force). — Such fearful strife succeeding ages ne'er again shall know, until the awful term when thou shalt cease to flow. When first my youthful, sinful age grew master of my ways. The playful children just let loose from school. Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art. We are fearfully and wonderfully made.

CONSONANT SOUNDS IN WORDS IN SENTENCES.

b :— (as in *babe*). — Who can behold such beauty and be silent? Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful! Back, beardless boy! back, minion! Be the bold man unbound! and, by Rome's sceptre yet unbowed! by Rome, earth's monarch crowned! Who dares the bold, the unequal strife, though doomed to death, shall save his life!

ch :— (as in *chest*). — And charge with all thy chivalry. Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on! His teeth they chatter, chatter still. And much he prayed for such a son. The chief in silence strode the floor. The child is father of the man. Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot. There is a charm that morning has! A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

d :— (as in *date*). — O, *Desdemona!* *Desdemona!* *dead!* *dead!* For scarce I heerd these wounds, yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed. Take heed, take heed, they will go with speed. Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings. O, Mary! *dear,* departed shade. Give us this day our daily bread. In childhood, manhood, age and death.

f :— (as in *fate*). — A fool, a fool! I met a fool in the forest, a motley fool. Few, few shall part where many meet. My

tyrant foes have forged the tale. My fate unknown my friends bewail. Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth. Till once, 't is said, when all were fired, filled with fury, rap't, inspired. They fought not for fame, but for freedom.

g : — (as in *gate*). — My native land, good-night, good-night! If such there breathe, go mark him well. Be still! and gaze thou on, false king; give answer, where are they? All that glitters is not gold. A green goose, a goddess; pure, pure idolatry. Gone, gone, gone, as old Capulet says. Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?

h : — (as in *hate*). — How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how complicate, how wonderful, is my a! How passing wonder He who made him such! A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him, for he is a Christian. Hates any man the thing he would not kill? Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

j : — (as in *jest*). — O, gaoler, haste that fate to tell! O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness! An hour of joy, an age of woe. Gems of beauty graced the scene. Last came joy's ecstatic trial. June, July and August, are called the summer months. Most learned judge, I call for justice.

k : — (as in *key*). — Come back, come back, my childhood. The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm. Come, come, it may not be. Content, content, I say I will. The king is kind, and well we know the king knows at what time to promise, when to pay. For mine own part, I could be well content. How comes it then?

l : — (as in *lull*). — How sweetly slow the liquid lay in holy hazeluhahs rose, to hail the lovely holiday, and live unto its close. The landscape outstretching in loveliness lay on the lap of the year. All would not do, when all was tried; love's last fond lure was vain; so, quietly by its dead side, she laid her down again. All bloodless lay the untrodden snow. Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

M:—(as in *man*).—The mountains look on *Marathon*, and *Marathon* looks on the sea; and musing there an hour alone, I dreamed that Greece might still be free. A drum, a drum! *Macbeth* doth come! When music, heavenly maid, was young. Mid moaning men and dying men the drummer kept his way. While a low and melancholy moan mourns for the glory that hath flown. I am not mad! I am not mad!

N:—(as in *noon*).—On *Linden* when the sun was low. No image meets my wandering eye, but the new-risen sun and the sunny sky. My brain, my brain! I know I am not mad, but soon shall be. Now, even now, my joys run high, as on the mountain turf I lie. Now came still evening on. But *Linden* saw another sight.

NG:—(as in *song*).—How does the water come down at *Lodore*? Here it comes sparkling, and there it lies darkling. Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping, swelling and flinging, showering and springing, eddying and whisking, twining and twisting around and around. Collecting, disjuncting, with endless rebound; smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in; confounding, astounding; dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

P:—(as in *pay*).—With disappointment, penury, and pain. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him! Hast thou forgot a parent's face, a parent's tongue? From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape. O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel the dint of pity! Ere the snow-drop peepeth, ere the crocus bold, ere the early primrose opens its paly gold.

R:—(as in *roar*).—And dark as winter was the flow of *Eser*¹ rolling rapidly. Dire *Seylla* there a scene of horror form, and here *Charybdis* fills the deep with storms. When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves, the rough rock roars, tumultuous boil the waves. But when loud surges lash the sounding shore, the hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar. Rise, fathers, rise! 't is Rome demands your help.

¹ Pronounced *Eser*.

s : — (as in *say*). — Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And thou, O, Sun ! Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom best
seen shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ? Those hues
that make the sun's decline so soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
Somewhere on a sunny bank buttercups are bright. Some-
where 'mong the frozen grass peeps the daisy white.

sh : — (as in *shame*). — She dreads an instant's pause, and lives
but while *she* moves. How modest in exception, and, withal,
how terrible in constant resolution ! Hush ! hush ! thou vain
dreamer ! Shout round me ; let me hear thy shouts, thou
shepherd boy ! The string let fly twanged short and sharp,
like the shrill swallow's cry. All worldly shapes shall melt
in gloom.

t : — (as in *tin*). — 'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
thy system rolls entire. Delightful task to rear the tender
thought ; to teach the young idea how to shoot. Buttercups
and daisies, O, the pretty flowers ! coming ere the spring-time,
to tell of sunny hours. Time and tide wait for no man.

th : — (as in *thin*). — For many thousand men, said he, were
slain in the great victory. Then shook the hills with thunder
riven ! Their ranks were thinned, and thousands fell. It
thunders ! Sons of God, in reverence bow ! And death-shot,
falling thick and fast, thinned their ranks of thousands.

th : — (as in *that*). — These are thy glorious works, Parent of
good, Almighty ! thine this wondrous frame, thus wondrous
fair ; thyself how wondrous then ! Is this the region, this the
soil, the clime, that we must change for heaven ? this mourn-
ful gloom for that celestial light ? These, as they change,
Almighty Father ! these are but the varied God.

v : — (as in *vain*). — O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave
verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks
them as bravely. Volumed and vast, and rolling far, the cloud
enveloped Scotland's war. Yet a vapor dull bedims the waves
so beautiful. And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.
'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain !

W :— (as in *war*). — Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck. While waters, woods and winds, in concert join. With wings that o'er the waves expand, she wanders to a viewless land. But watchworn and weary his cares flew away. Weave the warp and weave the woof, the winding-sheet of Edward's race.

Y :— (as in *ye*). — What mean those yells and cries? But yonder comes the powerful king of day! Welcome, yellow but-tercups; welcome, daisies white! ye are in my spirit visioned a delight! Saw ye e'er a thing so fair? And O, ye youth, with yearning hearts! And ye shall find your rest.

Z :— (as in *zeal*). — No monumental marble emblazons the deeds and fame of Marco Botzaros; a few round stones piled over his head are all that mark his grave. Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows. Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire? Days, months and years, glide swiftly by.

Z :— (as in *azure*). — What was thy delighted measure? Still it whispered promised pleasure. Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow! The measure rendered them odious. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods. The disclosure was made with great composure. Listen to the conclusion of the story.

COMBINED CONSONANT SOUNDS IN WORDS IN SENTENCES.

b :— Blooms but to fade, and blossoms but to die. Peace, troubled soul, suppress thy groan! The tide ebb'd and flowed. Thou prob'st my wound instead of healing it. He was dressed in the robes of office.

d :— Thou didst handle the subject well. These are her sails that gladd'n'd late the skies. He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll. The breadth thereof was ten cubits. There were ten breadths of cloth in it. His deeds, his noble deeds, shall all proclaim!

f :— Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew with wavering flight. These are thy gifts, O sickness! these to me thou hast vouchsaf'd and taught me how to prize. Bereft of freedom,

friends, and health. They of'n reef'd the topsails. The fifth of his estate was trifl'd away.

g :— Within me grief hath kept a grievous fast. Her sails are dragg'd in the brine. His heart at once 't will grieve and glad. He begg'd pardon for his offences. The ship drags her anchor !

j :— He was hedged in on every side. Well have ye judged, and ended long debate. As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round, by chance his foe's retreat he found.

k :— And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb. Unbroken as the floating air. It was the act of all the acts the most objectionable. The government of England is a mix'd government. Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes.

l :— But fear not, doubt not, which thou wilt, we try this quarrel hilt to hilt. He saw an elk upon the banks of the Elbe. He holds the waters in his hand. The wolf was sleeping in the shade of a lofty elm. The tree had fall'n across his path ; but there was no help for it. He declared in the halls of the Assembly that his charge was false. Then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! He had both health and wealth.

m :— The monumental tombs look cold ! He made an attempt, but did not succeed. He was doomed to suffer for his crimes. He triumph'd over all his enemies. He did not succeed in his attempts.

n :— As bends the bark's mast in the gale, when rent are rigging, shrouds, and sails. And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned. From mound to mound the word went round, death for our native land. Lend, lend your wings ; I mount, I fly ! He cannot quench the flame. The cattle rang'd on the hills.

ng :— They listened to the songs of the peasantry. His mornings were devoted to study, and his evenings to conversation with his friends. His writings made an impression upon the public mind.

THE AMERICAN

Q : — The weary ploughman homeward plods his way. My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ! Ten thousand praises are his due. Presumptuous man ! his hopes are nipp'd in the bud ! The third day comes a frost, and nips his roots. In the depths of the sea, where the coral grows, he sleeps his last sleep. He open'd the book, and it dropp'd from his hands.

t : — Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield. Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave. O, there is a charm that morning has that gives the brow of age a smack of youth ! Her giant form o'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm would go. Cold, bitter cold ; no warmth, no light. Life, all thy comforts once I had ! The eagle hearts of all the North have left their stormy strand ; the warriors of the world are forth to choose another land ! The full-orb'd moon shone with uncommon splendor.

s : — Sleep, Sultan ; 't is thy final sleep ! Ah ! see the unsightly slime and sluggish pool. Stay, gaoler, stay, and hear my woe ! Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed that nature boasts. He smiles in scorn, and turns the key. He asks not for fame. He list'ns to the sound of familiar voices. All his tasks were pleasant.

t : — He quits the grate. I knelt in vain. Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide. He startles at the sound. The horse was startl'd at the firing of the guns.

th : — And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain ! Hast thou given the horse strength ? hast thou cloth'd his neck with thunder ? He writhes in anguish.

v : — And cultures and wolves are the graves of the slain. He prov'd himself equal to the task. He growl'd in the dust. Heav'n sends misfortunes ; why should I repine ? The heav'ns declare the glory of the Lord. Study improves the mind.

z : — My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame. The soldiers were praised for their bravery. You reas'n well against him. He would not give his reas'ns.

COMPREHENSIVE READER.

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is the correct appropriation of the particular sounds, articulations and accents, which polite usage and analogy have assigned to words. In a department so extensive, it is impossible to give any general summary. Learners, therefore, should frequently consult a dictionary¹ of the English language, and all words which they have been accustomed to mispronounce should be frequently and correctly uttered aloud to remedy the defect.

FORCE.

Force is a term applied to sounds with respect to their degrees of loudness or softness. No directions can be given for the employment of these various degrees; as their use is dependent upon the meaning of the words to be read or spoken, the relative positions of the speaker and the auditor, and principally upon the taste and judgment of the reader.

Every sentence should be commenced and concluded on the natural tone of voice, strengthened to any audibility that circumstances may require. A person can never speak naturally on an unnatural key or pitch. In reading, therefore, even in the largest edifice, he should never depart from that tone of voice which is usual to him, but simply add to it any necessary degree of force to make it audible.

EXERCISES ON FORCE.

SUBDUED FORCE.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his songs of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king; —

¹ The compiler would refer to Worcester's Dictionaries as the fullest and most accurate pronouncing dictionaries extant. In all words of disputed authority in pronunciation, Dr. Worcester not only indicates his own preference, but presents *at one view* the authorities of the most eminent orthoepists that have preceded him.

As wild his thoughts, and gay his wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

EMOTIONAL FORCE.

An hour passed on — The Turk awoke —

That bright dream was his last ;

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,

"To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"

He woke to die 'mid flame and smoke,

And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,

And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;

And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band :

"Strike, till the last armed foe expires ;

Strike, for your altars and your fires ;

Strike, for the green graves of your sires, —

God, and your native land !"

The combat deepens ! — on, ye brave,

Who rush to glory or the grave !

Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,

And charge with all thy chivalry.

Now for the fight ! now for the cannon peal !

Forward ! through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire

Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,

The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire !

They shake, like broken waves their squares retire.

On them, hussars ! now give them rein and heel !

Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire !

Earth cries for blood — in thunder on them wheel !

This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal !

TIME.

Time treats of sounds with respect to their varied degrees of rapidity or slowness. Solemn discourse requires a very slow movement. Simple narrative should be moderately expressed ; and animated description, as well as all language expressive of sudden passion, should have a rapid rate of utterance, varying with the intensity of the emotion.

EXERCISES ON TIME.

SLOW.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning

MODERATE

As I was once sailing, in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the daytime ; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of " A sail ahead ! " It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with a broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves ; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin ; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry ! It was some time before we could put the ship about, — she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for

several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent. We never saw or heard anything of them more.

RAPID.

A breath of submission we breathe not,
 The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide, waves ingulph, fire consume us,
 But they shall not to slavery doom us;
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves: —
 But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
 And new triumphs on land are before us.
 To the charge! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

Punctuation is the art of dividing a written composition into sentences, or parts of sentences, by points or stops, for the purpose of marking to the eye the pauses which sense and grammatical construction require; but these pauses alone are not sufficient to secure an intelligible and impressive delivery. Pauses must frequently be made in reading where no grammatical points are used. These are called *rhetorical pauses*.

The duration of pauses cannot be fixed by any rule, but must depend upon the taste and judgment of the reader.

RULES FOR RHETORICAL PAUSES.

1. Pause after the nominative to a verb when it consists of more words than one, or even after a nominative consisting of a single word, when it is important or emphatic; as, "The fashion of this world| passeth away." "And Nathan said unto David, 'Thou| art the man.'"
2. Before and after all intermediate, explanatory or parenthetical clauses; as, "Trials| in this state of being| are the lot of man."
3. Before a relative pronoun; as, "The man| who feels himself ignorant should at least be modest." "Hypocrisy is the tribute| which vice pays to virtue." "It is the mind| that makes the body rich."

4. Before *that*, when it is used as a conjunction; as, "It is in society only| that we can relish those pure, delicious joys which embellish and gladden the life of man."

5. After words in apposition; as, "Hope| the balm of life soothes us under every misfortune." If the two words are single, no pause should be made; as, "Paul the apostle."

6. After words in opposition, or contrasted; as, "Prosperity| gains friends, adversity| tries them." "Some| place their bliss in action, some| in ease."

7. Whenever an ellipsis takes place; as, "Life is precarious, and death| certain."

8. Between all adjectives, *except the last*, applied to one substantive; and all adverbs, *except the last*, which qualify one verb; as, "Let but one brave| great| active| disinterested man arise, and he will be received, followed and venerated." "Wisely| rationally| and prudently to love, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all."

9. Between all the nouns and pronouns which constitute the nominative to a verb; as, "Riches| pleasure| and health| become evils to those who do not know how to use them." "He| and they| were present."

10. After, and generally before, emphatic words or phrases.

INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

The pauses which occur in reading are accompanied by certain *inflections or slides* of the voice, which are as necessary to the sense of the sentence as the pauses themselves.

The inflections of the voice consist in the *slides* which it takes in pronouncing a letter, a syllable, or a word.

There are two simple inflections — the upward, or *rising*, and the downward, or *falling*. The rising inflection is usually marked by the acute accent (´); the falling by the grave accent (`).

When both the rising and falling inflections of the voice occur in pronouncing a syllable, they are called a *circumflex* or *wave*. The rising circumflex, commencing with the falling inflection, and ending with the rising, is marked thus (∨); the falling circumflex, commencing with the rising and ending with the falling, is marked thus (Λ).

When no inflection is used, a *monotone*, or perfect level of the voice, is produced. It is marked thus (—).

RULES FOR INFLECTIONS.

1. In all cases where the sense is incomplete or suspended, the rising inflection should be used; as, "Your enemies may be formidable by their numbers and by their power, but he who is with you is mightier than they."

2. In simple affirmative sentences, or members of sentences where the sense is complete or independent, the falling inflection should be used, as, "It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion,¹ which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it"

3. Negative sentences and members of sentences adopt the rising inflection,² as, "The region beyond the grave is not a solitary land"

4. Interrogative sentences, and clauses commencing with verbs, require the rising inflection,³ as, "Are you coming? Is the wind blowing? Is the rain falling? Have you recovered your health?"

5. Interrogative sentences, and clauses commencing with pronouns or adverbs, require the falling inflection,⁴ as, "Why stand ye here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have?"

6. When a question consists of two contrasted parts, connected by the conjunction *or*, used in a disjunctive sense, the first has the rising, and the second the falling inflection; as, "Will you go or stay? The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?"

7. Whenever a sentence requires the tones of mockery, sarcasm, or irony, the circumflex should be used; as, "So, then,

¹ Where the falling inflection is used at the end of a clause of a sentence which makes perfect sense in itself, the voice should not fall so low as at the end of a sentence. It should be sustained a little above the ordinary pitch, to intimate something more is coming; but at the end of a sentence the voice should fall to its ordinary pitch, to denote that the sense is fully completed

² When a negative sentence assumes a *positive* form it should end with the falling inflection; as, "Thou shalt not steal."

³ All questions which may be answered by *yes* or *no* come under this rule. In all such cases an answer is demanded or expected, and the sense is consequently, for the time, interrupted or suspended; and where the sense is incomplete or suspended, the rising inflection should be used.

⁴ Questions which cannot be answered by *yes* or *no* come under this rule. In such cases the pronoun or adverb is the *emphatic* word, which accounts for the change of the inflection.

When questions are followed by answers, the question should be uttered in a high tone of voice, and, after a suitable pause, the answer should be read in a low and firm tone.

you are the author of this conspiracy against me? It is to you that I am indebted for all the mischief that has befallen me."

8. In solemn and sublime passages the monotone should be used to give force and dignity to the expression; as,

" High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
On when the gorgeous East, with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat "

9. A parenthesis¹ must always be pronounced differently from its relative sentence, and generally in a quicker and lower tone. It generally ends with the same inflection as that which next precedes it; as, "If envious people were to ask themselves whether they would exchange their situation with the persons *enviel* (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes and dignities), I believe the self-love to human nature would generally make them prefer their own condition."

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

As a knowledge of ACCENT and EMPHASIS is essential to GOOD READING, the pupil should be made acquainted with the nature of each, and the distinction between them; for they are frequently confounded. Accent refers to *syllables*, and means that peculiar stress of force which, in pronouncing a word of two or more syllables, we lay upon one or more of them to distinguish them from the rest. Emphasis refers to *words*, and means that peculiar stress or force which, in uttering a sentence, we lay upon one or more of the words to distinguish them from the others. Every word of two or more syllables has, in pronunciation, an accent upon one of the syllables; and some of the longer or more difficult words have, in addition to the principal accent, a SECONDARY, or weaker one. And in every sentence, and clause of a sentence, there are one or more words which require to be pronounced with a greater degree of force than the other words. Without knowing the *accented* syllables in words, we cannot give them their proper pronunciation; nor can we bring out the full meaning of a sentence, unless we know the *emphatic* words. The accented syllables of words we learn by imitating the pronunciation of correct speakers; and by re-

¹ A parenthesis is a clause or sentence introduced into another sentence, by way of illustration or modification, and is consequently of secondary or subordinate importance.

ferring, in cases of doubt, to a dictionary in which they are given. The emphatic words in a sentence we can only learn by knowing their relative importance in it, and the precise meaning which the writer of it intended each of them to convey. In fact, if we know the meaning and drift of a sentence, we shall have no difficulty in discovering the emphatic words. In all such cases they are naturally and spontaneously suggested to us, just as they are to persons uttering or speaking their own sentiments.

The simple question, for example, "Do you ride to town to-day?" may, by varying the position of the emphasis, be made to suggest as many different meanings as it contains words. If we lay the emphasis on "*you*," we wish to ascertain from the person addressed whether it is he or some other person that is to ride to town to-day; if on "*ride*," we mean to ask him whether he purposes to ride or walk; if on "*town*," our purpose is to inquire whether it is to the town or to the country he means to ride; and, finally, if we make "*to-day*" the emphatic word, we wish him to say whether it is to-day or to-morrow he intends to ride to town. Even the preposition "*to*," if made emphatic, would imply, though obscurely, that we wished the person addressed to say whether he intended to ride quite as far as the town, or only part of the way.

TONES AND MODULATION OF THE VOICE.


It now remains to say something of those tones which mark the passions and emotions of the speaker. These are entirely independent of the modulation of the voice, though often confounded with it; for modulation relates only to speaking loudly or softly, in a high or a low key; while the tones of either the passions or emotions mean only that *quality* of sound that indicates the feelings of the speaker, without any reference to the pitch or loudness of his voice; and it is in being easily susceptible of every passion and emotion that presents itself, and being able to express them with that peculiar quality of sound which belongs to them, that the great art of reading and speaking consists.

Tones expressive of sorrow, lamentation, mirth, joy, hatred, anger, love, pity, &c., are the same in all nations.¹ They are the language of Nature, the expression of *the feelings of the heart*, and whether accompanied by words, or uttered by inartic-

¹ Sheridan's Lectures on Tones.

ulate sounds, — by sighs and murmurings, in love; sobs, groans and cries, in grief; or shrieks, in terror, — they are always nicely proportioned to the degrees of the inward emotions of the individual, and are universally understood. If, therefore, we would use the proper tones in reading, we must UNDERSTAND WHAT WE READ, AND FEEL WHAT WE EXPRESS.

EXERCISES ILLUSTRATIVE OF EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION.

 The marginal directions are inserted to suggest the proper spirit with which the various passages should be read. The mode of printing these poetical extracts will be found useful in tending to destroy that measured monotony and unmeaning chant with which the unskilful reader associates the delivery of verse.

I. — A PLEA FOR MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth Exhortation.
as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place be-
neath. It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that Pleasure.
gives, and him that takes; 'tis mightiest in the
mightiest; it becomes the thronèd monarch better
than his crown; his sceptre shows the force of tem-
poral power, the attribute to awe and majesty,
wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings. But
mercy is above this sceptred sway; it is enthronèd
in the hearts of kings, it is an attribute to God him- Reverence.
self; and earthly power doth then show likest God's,
when mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Man, though Earnest advice.
justice be thy plea, consider this, that, in the course
of justice, none of us should see salvation. We do Solemn reflec-
pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us tion.
all to render the deeds of mercy.

II. — THE LAST MINSTREL. — PATRIOTISM.

The way was long, the wind was cold, the Min- Sorrowful nar-
strel was infirm and old; his withered cheek, and rative.
tresses gray, seemed to have known a better day: the

Pity.	harp, his sole-remaining joy, was carried by an orphan boy; the last of all the bards was he, who sung of Border chivalry. For, well-a-day! their date was fled, his tuneful brethren all were dead; and he, neglected and oppressed, wished to be with them, and at rest. No more, on prancing palfrey borne, he carolled, light as lark at morn; no longer courted and caressed, high-placed in hall, a welcome guest, he poured, to lord and lady gay, the unpremeditated lay. Old times were changed,—old manners gone,—a stranger filled the Stuart's throne.
Regretful remembrance.	The bigots of the iron time had called his harmless art a crime; a wandering harper, scorned and poor, he begged his bread from door to door; and tuned, to please a peasant's ear, the harp a king had loved to hear.
Sorrow.	
Dislike.	
Upbraiding.	
Pity.	
Joy.	
Narrative.	He passed, where Newark's stately tower looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower: the Minstrel gazed with wishful eye,—no humbler resting-place was nigh. With hesitating step, at last, the embattled portal-arch he passed; whose ponderous grate and massy bar had oft rolled back the tide of war, but never closed the iron door against the desolate and poor. The duchess marked his weary pace, his timid mien, and reverend face; and bade her page the menials tell, that they should tend the old man well; for she had known adversity, though born in such a high degree; in pride of power, in beauty's bloom, had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.
Anxiety.	
Animation.	
Pleasure.	
Kind pity.	
Sorrow.	
Pleased narrative.	When kindness had his wants supplied, and the old man was gratified, began to rise his minstrel pride; and he began to talk, anon, of good Earl Francis, dead and gone; and of Earl Walter,—rest him God!—a braver ne'er to battle rode; and how full many a tale he knew of the old warriors of Buclough; and, would the noble duchess deign to
Exultation	
Confident entreaty.	

listen to an old man's strain, though stiff his hand,
his voice though weak, he thought, even yet, — the
sooth to speak, — that, if she loved the harp to hear,
he could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained; the aged Kindness.
Minstrel audience gained; but when he reached the Perplexity.
room of state, where she with all her ladies sate, per-
chance he wished his boon denied; for, when to tune
his harp he tried, his trembling hand had lost the Pity.
ease which marks security to please; and scenes
long past, of joy and pain, came wildering o'er his Vacancy.
aged brain; — he tried to tune his harp, in vain. Pity.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed, and an un-Hesitation.
certain warbling made; and oft he shook his hoary
head. But when he caught the measure wild, the Joy,
old man raised his face, and smiled; and lighted up
his faded eye with all a poet's ecstasy! In vary- increasing
ing cadence, soft or strong, he swept the sounding
chords along; the present scene, the future lot, his
toils, his wants, were all forgot; cold diffidence, and to
age's frost, in the full tide of soul were lost; each
blank in faithless memory's void, the poet's glowing Rapture.
thought supplied; and, while his harp responsive
rung, 't was thus the latest Minstrel sung: —

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, who Indignation.
never to himself hath said, This is my own, my
native land! — whose heart hath ne'er within him Rapture.
burned, as home his footsteps he hath turned from
wandering on a foreign strand? If such there Contempt.
breathe, go — mark him well; — for him, no minstrel-
raptures swell; high though his titles, proud his
name, boundless his wealth, as wish can claim; de-
spite those titles, power and pelf, the wretch con-
centred all in self, living, shall forfeit fair renown,
and, doubly dying, shall go down to the vile dust
from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonored and un-
sung!

III.—A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

Solemn narrative.	See yonder hallowed fane! the pious work of names once famed; now, dubious or forgot, and buried 'mid the wreck of things that were. The wind is up; hark! how it howls. Methinks till now I never heard a sound so dreary. Dogs creak, and
Awe,	windows clap, and night's foul bird, rooked in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles black plastered, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons and
Increasing	tattered coats of arms, send back the sound laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults—the man-
to	sions of the dead. Roused from their slumbers, in grim array the grisly spectres rise, grin horrible and
Fear	obstinately sullen, pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night. Again the screech-owl shrieks: un-
and	gracious sound! I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Terror	

IV.—MIDNIGHT.

Solemn narrative.	As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds, slow meeting, mingle into solemn gloom. Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep, let me associate with the serious Night, and Contemplation,
Languor.	her sedate compeer; let me shake off the intrusive cares of day, and lay the meddling senses all aside.
Sorrowful reproach.	Where now, ye lying vanities of life, ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train! where are ye now? and what is your amount? Vexation, disappointment and remorse. Sad, sickening thought! And yet, deluded man,—a scene of crude disjointed visions past, and broken slumbers,—rises still resolved, with new-
Regret.	flushed hopes, to run the giddy round. Father of light and life! thou Good supreme! O teach me what is good! teach me—Thyself; save me from folly, vanity and vice; from every low pursuit; and feed my soul with knowledge, conscious peace, and
Earnest prayer.	

COMPREHENSIVE READER.

virtue pure, — sacred, substantial, never-fading
bliss !

V. — CURSE OF KEHAMA.

I charm thy life from the weapons of strife, from ^{Indignant triumph.} stone and from wood, from fire and from flood, from the serpent's tooth, and the beasts of blood ; from sickness I charm thee, and time shall not harm thee, but earth, which is mine, its fruits shall deny thee ; ^{Malice.} and water shall hear me, and know thee and fly thee ; and the winds shall not touch thee when they ^{Hate} pass by thee ; and the dews shall not wet thee when they fall nigh thee ; and thou shalt seek death to release thee in vain ; thou shalt live in thy pain, ^{Revengeful joy.} while Kehama shall reign, with a fire in thy heart, ^{Exultation.} and a fire in thy brain ; and sleep shall obey me, ^{Desperate malice} and visit thee — never ! and the curse shall be on thee for ever and ever !

VI. — ON PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day ; 't is madness to defer ; next day ^{Remonstrance.} the fatal precedent will plead ; thus on, till Wisdom is pushed out of life. Procrastination is the thief of time. Year after year it steals, till all are fled ; and, to the mercies of a moment, leaves the vast concerns of an eternal scene ^{Awe}

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears the palm : That all men are about to live ; forever on the brink of being both. All pay themselves the ^{Surprise with remonstrance.} compliment to think they one day shall not drive ; and their pride on this reversion takes up ready ^{Haughtiness.} praise, at least their own — their future selves applaud, how excellent that life — they ne'er will lend ! Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vaile, that lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign, the thing they can't but purpose, they postpone. 'T is ^{Displeasure.} not in Folly, not to scorn a fool, and scarce in ^{Sneering with}

reproach. human Wisdom to do more. All promise is — poor
 Contempt. dilatory man, and that through every stage. When
 Serious reflection. young, indeed, in full content we sometimes nobly
 rest, unanxious for ourselves; and only wish, as
 duteous sons, our fathers were more wise. At
 thirty, man suspects himself a fool; knows it at
 forty, and reforms his plan; at fifty, chides his in-
 famous delay; pushes his prudent purpose to re-
 solve; in all the magnanimity of thought, resolves,
 and re-resolves, then — 'dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 Serious reflection. All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
 themselves, when some alarming shock of fate strikes
 through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 but their hearts wounded, — like the wounded air,
 — soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is
 found. As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 the parted wave no furrow from the keel; so dies
 in human hearts the thought of death. Even with
 the tender tear, which Nature sheds o'er those we
 love, we drop it — in their grave!

Regret with re-
 proof.

VII. — ADDRESS TO INDEPENDENCE.

Joyous wish. Thy spirit, Independence, let me share. Lord of
 the lion heart and eagle eye! thy steps I follow
 Defiance. with my bosom bare, nor heed the storm that howls
 Delight. along the sky. Thou, guardian genius, thou didst
 Scorn. teach my youth pomp and her tinsel livery to de-
 Delight. spise; my lips, by thee chastised to early truth, ne'er
 'Indignation. paid that homage which the heart denies.

Boastful indignation. Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
 where varnished Vice and Vanity, combined to
 dazzle and seduce, their banners spread, and forge
 Contempt. vile shackles for the free-born mind; where Inso-
 lence his wrinkled front uprears, and all the flowers
 of spurious fancy blow; and Title his ill-woven
 chaplet wears — full often wreathed around the

miscreant's brow ; where ever-dimpling Falsehood,
 pert and vain, presents her sup of stale profession's Disgust.
 froth ; and pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 torments the sons of gluttony and sloth. In for-Contempt.
 tune's ear behold the minion ride, with either India's
 glittering spoils oppressed ; so moves the sumpter-
 mule, in harnessed pride, that bears the treasure
 which he cannot taste. For him let venal bards dis-Indignation.
 grace the bay, and hireling minstrels wake the
 tinkling string ; her sensual snares let faithless
 Pleasure lay, and all her jingling bells fantastic
 Folly ring ; — disquiet, doubt and dread, shall inter-Warning.
 vene ; and Nature, still to all her feelings just, in
 vengeance hang a damp on every scene, shook from
 the baneful pinions of Disgust

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts, by Admiration.
 mountain, meadow, streamlet, glen, or cell, where
 the poised lark his evening ditty chants, and health,
 and peace, and contemplation dwell. There Study Delight.
 shall with Solitude recline, and Friendship pledge
 me to his fellow-swains ; and Toil and Temperance
 sedately twine the slender cord that fluttering life
 sustains ; and fearless Poverty shall guard the door ;
 and Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread ; and
 Industry supply the humble store ; and Sleep, un-
 bribed, his dews refreshing shed ; white-mantled In-
 nocence, ethereal sprite, shall chase far off the gob-
 lins of the night ; and Independence o'er the day Defiance.
 preside ; — propitious power ! my patron and my Joy.
 pride !

VIII. — PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Sweet Memory ! wafted by thy gentle gale, oft Delight.
 up the stream of time I turn my sail to view the
 fairy haunts of long-lost hours, blessed with far Regret.
 greener shades, far fresher bowers.

When joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray, Sorrow.

Delight and hope's delusive meteors cease to play, when clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close, still through the gloom thy star serenely glows; like yon fair orb she gilds the brow of night with the mild magic of reflected light.

Exultation. And who can tell the triumphs of the mind by truth illumined and by taste refined? When age has quenched the eye and closed the ear, still nerved for action in her native sphere, oft will she rise; with searching glance pursue some long-loved image vanished from her view; dart through the deep recesses of the past, o'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast; with giant grasp fling back the folds of night, and snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

Delight. Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine, from age to age unnumbered glories shine. Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey, and place and time are subject to thy sway. Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone; the only pleasures we can call our own. Lighter than air, hope's summer visions fly, if but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky; if but a beam of sober reason play, lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away; but can the wiles of art, the grasp of power, snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour? These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight, pour round her path a stream of living light; and gild those pure and perfect realms of rest, where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.

Instruction

Delight

Calm admiration

THE AMERICAN COMPREHENSIVE READER.

PART II.

EXERCISES IN READING.

I. — SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

THE first ingrédient¹ in conversation is truth, the *ext*² good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

He who *sedulously*³ attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites⁴ of man.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down.

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Like

¹ IN-GRE'DI-ENT, part of a mixture; part of what is made up of different materials. and a good articulation will soon become habitual.

² The attention of the learner should be particularly directed to the sounds of the letters printed in *italics*. Never let a word ³ SED'U-LOUS-LY, with diligent, persevering care.

be indistinctly uttered in the school-room, ⁴ REQ'UI-SITES (rêk'wē-zitz), things necessary

friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never cloy.¹

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think, than what to think; rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

Reading maketh a full man; conversation a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he converse little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, and seem to know that he doth not.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well: measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long. *

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

To know by rote, is no knowledge, and signifies no more than to retain what one has intrusted to his memory. That which a man rightly knows and understands, he is the free disposer of at his own full liberty, without any regard to the author from whence he had it, or fumbling² over the leaves of his book. Mere bookish learning is both troublesome and ungrateful.

The world produces for every gallon of honey, a pint of gall; for every pound of pleasure, a dram³ of pain; for every inch of moan, an ell of mirth; but as the ivy twines around the oak, so do misery and misfortune encircle the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed⁴ felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth; her gardens are the skies.

¹ CLOY, fill to loathing, pall upon the appetite.

² FUM'BLING, turning over confusedly.

³ DRAM, the eighth part of an ounce troy,

or the sixteenth part of an ounce avoirdupois.

⁴ UN-AL-LOYED', pure, without inferior mixture; without alloy of baser metal.

Those things that are not practicable, are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.

Admonish¹ thy friend; it may be that he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish thy friend, for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that offendeth not with his tongue?

How happy are those who have obtained the victory of conquering their passions, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated² by envy, inflamed by anger, unnerved by tenderness, or depressed³ by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults or the privacies of life as the sun pursues alike his course through the calm or the stormy sky.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these.

We only toil and labor to stuff the memory, and, in the mean time, leave the conscience and the understanding unfurnished and void.⁴ And as old birds, which fly abroad to forage for grain, bring it home in their beak, without tasting it themselves, to feed

¹ AD-MONISH, to reprove and warn.

² E-MACI-AT-ED, make very lean.

³ DE-PRESSED³, dejected, low-spirited.

⁴ VOID, empty.

their young; so our pedants¹ go picking knowledge here and there out of several authors, and hold it at their tongues' end, only to distribute it among their pupils.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist² usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them.

II. — SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

It is the duty of young people to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. °

While the heart is more easily impressed by piety and gratitude, youth should reverence and fear, worship and praise, love and obey, that great and good Being who made them.

In the season of youth, the heart should rise to the love of what is great, and fair, and excellent, and melt at the view of goodness.

Where can an object be found so proper to kindle the best affections as the Father of the Universe and the Author of all good?

Our God and Father is the guide of our youth, and the hope of our coming years.

As you ought to feel piety towards God, so ought you also to honor your parents, and submit to those who are above you in station and in years.

Submit to the guidance of those who are wiser than yourselves, and become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you.

Truth is the basis of every virtue; falsehood sinks you into contempt with God and man. The path of truth is a plain and safe path.

¹ PED'ANTS, persons who are vain of their learning. try in former times, with the purpose of finding the philosopher's stone, or something

² AL'CHE-MIST, one who practised chemistry which would change everything to gold.

Engrave on your mind that sacred rule "of doing unto others as you would wish that they should do to you."

Go sometimes to the house of mourning as well as to the house of feasting: graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.

Think sometimes of the sorrows of human life, of the wretched poor, of the naked cottage, of the dying parent, of the weeping orphan.

Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God.

The years that now pass over your head leave memorials behind them that will speak for or against you in that day when, for all your actions, you must give an account to God.

We ought to consider time as a sacred trust given to us by God, and of which we are to render an account at the last.

Let not the hours of pleasure clash with those of business; and let not what is called necessary business clash with the hours which are due to devotion.

If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we charge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it.

He who is orderly in the use of time is justly said to redeem the time. He lives much in a little space; more in a few years than others do in many.

He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world.

III. — THE FOLLY OF IDLENESS.

1. THE idle man lives not to himself with any more use than he lives to the world. He first shuts the door against all improvement of every kind, whether of body, mind or fortune. The law of our nature is, that nothing good or great is to be gained without toil and industry.

2. A price is to be paid for everything, and the price of improvement is labor. Industry, indeed, may not succeed. The race may not always be to the swift, nor the battle to the

strong. But, at the same time, it is certain, that, in the usual course of things, without strength the battle cannot be gained, and without swiftness the race cannot be won.

3. If we consult either the improvement of the mind, or the health of the body, it is well known that exercise is the great means of promoting both. All things go to decline with the idle man.

4. "I went," says Solomon, "by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns; nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down.

5. "Then I saw and considered it well." Are these the advantages which are to be found in the lap of ease? The down may at first appear soft, but it will soon be found to cover thorns.

6. This is, however, only a small part of the evils which persons of this description bring on themselves; for, while they shut the door against improvement, they open it wide to vice and folly.

7. The human mind cannot long remain idle. Sloth¹ is like the slowly-flowing putrid stream, which infects the country round it. Sloth, having once tainted the soul, leaves no part of it sound.

8. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Let us, then, arise from the bed of sloth. In the life even of busy men there are frequent intervals of leisure. Let them take care that into these none of the vices of idleness creep. Let some secondary employment of a fair and laudable kind be always at hand, to fill up those vacant spaces of life.

9. At the same time, let the course of our employment be ordered in such a manner that, in carrying it on, we may also promote our eternal interests. With the business of the world let us mix the exercises of devotion.

10. By religious duties and virtuous actions, let us study to prepare ourselves for a better world, or we shall appear in the

¹ Pronounced *sloth*.

end to have been busy to no purpose; on to a purpose worse than none. Then only we fulfil the character of Christians, when, according to the apostle, we are found not slothful in business, and at the same time fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

BLAIR.¹

IV. — CONTENTMENT.

MR. WISE inherited² a small estate; but he knew how to adapt his taste and desires to it; and though he had but few of the luxuries enjoyed by others in abundance, yet never did an emotion of envy rise in his bosom to disturb the evenness of his temper, nor his peace of mind. The only regret he felt was that which was occasioned by the loss of a dearly beloved wife. He had an only son, named Philip, whose happiness became the great end of all his care and attention.

Satisfied with his situation in life, this affectionate father wished, above all other things, to instil³ into the mind of his boy those principles to which he owed the calm and serenity of his own heart.

He well knew that if he could bring him to be contented with what he had, and not to affix too great a value upon that which he had not, he should therefore contribute more to his child's felicity than by leaving him a large estate. Unceasingly occupied with this design, he one day took his son with him to see a very fine garden, which was open to the public.

Philip was much impressed⁴ with sentiments of admiration and astonishment. The beauty and fragrance of the flowers, the profusion⁵ of fine statues, the breadth of the gravel-walks, the multitude of elegantly-dressed men and women walking together, the

¹ BLAIR, HUGH, a celebrated divine and distinguished writer, was born at Edinburgh in 1718, and died in 1800. His published sermons were extensively circulated, having been translated into most of the languages of Europe.

² IN-HER-IT-ED, received at the death of the former owner; as a son at the death of

his father receives or inherits his father's property.

³ IN-STIL', to infuse drop by drop, to teach little by little.

⁴ IM-PRESSED', affected, strongly moved, stamped.

⁵ PRO-FU'SION, lavish abundance.

confused movements of the eager crowd, the murmur of their conversation, the dashing of fountains and cascades¹ — all these things overpowered the boy's mind, and plunged him into a deep revery.²

His father, seeing him thus absorbed, led him to a solitary bower, that he might recover himself a little from his surprise and emotion. As soon as they were seated, Philip exclaimed, "How delightful it is to be here! O, if we had such a beautiful garden at home! Did you see the number of carriages at the gate, and all those people who are walking there so handsomely dressed? I should like to know why we are forced to live so sparingly, when others have all they could wish for. Now I begin to feel that we are poor. But why are other folks rich? I am sure we two are as good as they are."

Mr. Wise. You are talking very foolishly, Philip; I, for my part, am very rich.

Philip. Where are your riches, father?

Mr. Wise. I have a garden much larger than this.

Philip. I am sure that I have never seen it!

Mr. Wise. Come with me, and I will show it to you.

Mr. Wise took his son by the hand, and led him away into the country. They ascended a hill, from the summit of which they saw an admirable landscape. On the right was a vast forest, the extremities of which were lost in the horizon. On the left the prospect was varied with an agreeable intermixture of beautiful gardens, green meadows, and fields covered with golden harvests. At the foot of the hill was a winding valley, watered through its whole length by a thousand rivulets. The whole scene was animated; in its immense extent were to be discerned fishermen casting their nets, hunters pursuing the flying deer, gardeners filling their baskets with herbs and fruits, shepherds driving their flocks to the sound of their pipes, and reapers loading their wagons with sheaves of corn. This enchanting picture held for a long time in mute ecstasy³ both the father and

¹ CAS-CADES', waterfalls.

² REV'E-RY, act of musing, meditating.

³ EC'STA-SY, excessive joy, elevation and absorption of mind.

the son. At last the latter, breaking silence, said to his father, "When shall we come to our garden?"

Mr. Wise. We are here already, my son.

Philip. But this is not a garden, it is a hill.

Mr. Wise. Look around you as far as you can see; this is my garden. This forest, these fields, these meadows, all belong to me.

Philip. To you, father! O, you are deceiving me!

Mr. Wise. Indeed I am not deceiving you. I will soon convince you that I can dispose of it as its master.

Philip. I should be very glad, indeed, if I could be sure of that.

Mr. Wise. Supposing that all this land belonged to you, what would you do with it?

Philip. Why, what all people do with their own, to be sure.

Mr. Wise. But what would you do with it?

Philip. I will tell you. I would have the trees in that forest cut down for fuel in the winter which is coming; I would hunt the deer; I would amuse myself with fishing; I would feed herds of oxen and flocks of sheep in those meadows; and I would reap the rich crops of corn that cover these fields.

Mr. Wise. That is a very extensive plan of yours; and I am pleased to find that our ideas agree; I already do all which you wish to do.

Philip. How so, father?

Mr. Wise. First of all, I have all the wood that I want cut in that forest.

Philip. I have never heard you give orders for doing any such thing.

Mr. Wise. That is because there are persons who have foresight enough to do it without my orders. You know that there is fire all the year round in our kitchen, and in our rooms all the winter; well, it is from wood that I get those fires.

Philip. Ah! but you must pay for it.

Mr. Wise. And if I were what you would call the real owner

of that forest, should I not be obliged to pay for it just the same ?

Philip. I think that you would not; it would be brought to you without your having anything to pay.

Mr. Wise. I think, on the contrary, that it would come dearer to me; for, in that case, I should have to pay the keepers of the forest, and the masons to keep the walls in repair, and the wood-cutters to fell the trees ?

Philip. Well, let that be as you say, you could not go thither to hunt.

Mr. Wise. And why would you wish me to go and hunt in that forest ?

Philip. That we may have plenty of game.

Mr. Wise. Could we two eat up a whole deer ?

Philip. We must have a good appetite to do that.

Mr. Wise. Not being able to go to the chase myself, I send hunters to do it for me. I appoint them to meet me at the market, whither they bring me all the game I want.

Philip. Yes, for your money.

Mr. Wise. Agreed; but still I have the best of the bargain; I have no wages to pay them; I have no need to furnish them with guns and powder and shot; and I do not have to feed all those ferrets, terriers and hounds.

Philip. Are those cows and sheep, feeding down there in the meadows, yours also ?

Mr. Wise. Yes, they are. Do you not eat butter and cheese every day ? It is they who provide those articles for us.

Philip. But, father, if all those flocks, and all those rivulets, are yours, why have not we at our table those great dishes of fish, flesh, game and fowl, which rich people have ?

Mr. Wise. And do those rich people consume all that is put upon their tables ?

Philip. No; but they can make their choice of the different dishes on the table.

Mr. Wise. And I make my choice before they are brought to the table; I have everything that is really necessary; superflui-

ties,¹ indeed, I have not; but what should I do with them if I had them? I should want an additional stomach.

Philip. But do not rich people make great parties, and enjoy themselves more than you can?

Mr. Wise. I do not think a man is happy because he is rich. I have what is almost always wanting in great feasts, and that is a good appetite.

Philip. But the rich have money to purchase whatsoever they desire, and to satisfy all their whims. Can you do so, father?

Mr. Wise. Yet I am better off than they, for I have no whims at all.

Philip. Yet there is some pleasure certainly in gratifying whims.

Mr. Wise. But there is much more pleasure in being contented, and I am contented.

Philip. Well, I cannot help thinking, in spite of all your reasoning, that this fine country is not yours.

Mr. Wise. And what makes you think so, my son?

Philip. Because you cannot do with it as you please.

Mr. Wise. Do you know Mr. Richards?

Philip. Yes, sir, I know him very well; it is he who has such beautiful gardens.

Mr. Wise. And can he enjoy them just as he pleases?

Philip. He can do no such thing, poor man! he does not dare to eat a single grape.

Mr. Wise. Yet he has fine vines in his garden.

Philip. Yes, truly; but that can only make his mouth water, and tease him.

Mr. Wise. You see, then, that a person may possess good things, and yet not be able to use them just as he pleases. I cannot do just as I please with my garden here, because I cannot afford it; and Mr. Richards cannot make what use he pleases of his, because his health forbids. I am still the happier of the two.

Mr. Wise, taking his son by the hand, came down the hill with him. They passed near a meadow, which they had taken for a

¹ SU-PER-FLU-I-TIES, things more than enough, plenty beyond use.

fish-pond, when they were on the height, because it was covered with water. Mr. Wise exclaimed, Do you see that meadow which is now a mere marsh? The neighboring river must have overflowed at hay-making time: all the hay-harvest is lost for this year.

Philip. The owner of the meadow will be very sorry, I am sure, when he sees all his hay spoiled.

Mr. Wise. The loss of the hay is not the only calamity. The dikes¹ of the river must be repaired, and perhaps a new sluice must be made. He will be well off, if this mischief do not cost him the value of the produce of his meadow for the next ten years. I thought there was a mill somewhere herabout.

Philip. So there is, father; do you not see it?

Mr. Wise. You are right; it was because I did not hear it going that I did not see it. I dare say that the inundation has carried away the wheel-work, and left it all in ruins. What will become of the unfortunate proprietor? He must be very rich if he can stand against so many losses. Now, if this land belonged to you, as the gardens of Mr. Richards do to him, and if, in walking out to-day, you had seen your meadows flooded, and your mill carried away, I think you would not go home as tranquilly² as you now will.

Philip. No, indeed, I should not. On the contrary, I should have been very much afflicted to have met with such losses, all in one day. I am now convinced that I ought to regard the mediocrity of fortune as a blessing, rather than an evil.

Mr. Wise. Yes, my son; if you are frugal and industrious, if you have fortitude enough to overcome ambition and covetousness, to restrain your desires and hopes within reasonable and proper limits, you cannot fail to enjoy much happiness, whatever may be your condition in life. Raise your eyes sometimes to the rich and great, not to envy or admire the height of their station, but to mark the stormy winds which roar around them. Cast your eyes downwards to the poor who are beneath you, not to despise or insult their poverty, but to stretch out to them your

¹ DIKES, long mounds, to hinder inundations; also, a channel or ditch.

² TRANQUIL-LY, calmly, quietly, undisturbedly.

helping hand. If God should ever bless you with children, repeat to them the lesson which you have now received from me; and give them the example of contentment which I have given to you.

At these words, the father and son found themselves arrived at the door of their humble, but peaceful habitation.

Mr. Wise retired to his own chamber, and offered up thanksgiving to the Author of all good, the source of all enjoyments; and renewed the dedication of his life to him.

What more remained for him to do on earth? His days had flowed evenly on, full of justice and honor; and, in inspiring his son with moderation, he had transferred to him a rich inheritance.

Anonymous.

V. — THE AFFECTION OF A DOG.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his queen, unknown;
Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his reverend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed;
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
The faithful dog alone his master knew!
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay;
And, though e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawled to meet —
'T was all he could — and fawned and kissed his feet,
Seized with dumb joy; then falling by his side
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died!

ANONYMOUS.

VI. — ONE BLOW OF THE CHISEL DOES NOT MAKE A STATUE.¹

STEPHEN BROWN was ten years old, and Lewis Brown, his brother, was only eight. Stephen was a dull scholar, and found it very hard to learn his lesson; but what he did learn he generally understood. Lewis was very quick, and could learn his lessons in half the time that Stephen took; but he was always full of play and fun, and sometimes got into a good deal of mischief.

These boys went to school together, and were in the same class, but they were not always kind to each other. One afternoon they had a half-holiday; and both of them had a short lesson to learn at home before they went to play. They therefore² went into the garden with their books, immediately after dinner, and taking a seat under the shade of an old elm-tree, began to study their lesson.

When they had been thus engaged for some time, their father came up behind them, and heard Lewis say, "I can say my lesson, Stephen, and you are only half through yours. What a lazy fellow you are! I will run and fly my kite and leave you to mope³ by yourself."

Stephen was about to reply, in an angry spirit, to the boasting speech of Lewis, when his father came forward and said, "Lewis, you are a vain and foolish boy to talk in such a way to your brother; and, Stephen, your angry face shows that you are unwise enough to be in a passion with your brother.

"God has given you, my children, different capacities, and every talent that you possess comes from him. Stephen, though you are rather slow in learning, yet, by diligence and perseverance, you will be sure to succeed, and therefore do not be discouraged. Lewis, you can learn quickly; but, if you are thus tempted to become an idle, playful boy, you will not advance in your learning, and you will prove an unprofitable servant to that God who has given you the talent of a good memory."

A few days after, Mr. Brown took Stephen and Lewis with him

1 STAT'UE, an image of a living being.

2 THEREFORE, pronounced *ther'fer*.

3 MOPE, to be stupid or dull; to drowse; to be in a state of gloom.

to a neighboring town, where they called upon a sculptor,¹ who was a very clever² man. When they entered the workshop, the sculptor was very busily employed upon a block of marble. The following conversation then took place :

Father. Do not disturb yourself, sir. I called to ask you to let us see you work : will you allow us to look on for a short time ?

Sculptor. Certainly, sir ; only just stand at a little distance for a few minutes, while I knock off this corner of the stone.

Mr. Brown and his sons went to the other end of the shop, and the sculptor took a great chisel and a heavy mallet, with which he broke off several large pieces from one side of the block. The conversation was then renewed.

Sculptor. You see, sir, I do not stand upon trifles, but get on as fast as I can.

Lewis. Do you always get on as fast, sir ?

Sculptor. No ; you must not think that statues are altogether³ made in this manner.

Lewis. Are you going to make a statue out of that great, clumsy piece of stone ?

Sculptor. Yes, sir. I intend to make a statue of a lion.

Lewis. How can you contrive to make it, sir ?

Sculptor. By patient and persevering labor. You see me just beginning : if you will call occasionally you will see how I get on ; and if my life is spared you may see the statue finished.

Lewis thanked the artist, and when they had seen him break off another corner of the stone, they wished him good-morning, and said that they would call again.

“ It is very strange that the sculptor should be able to make a statue out of that clumsy, shapeless mass of stone,” said Lewis, as they were returning home ; “ but I dare say he knows what is

* 1 SCULPTOR, one who cuts wood or stone into images.

2 CLEVER, skilful, ingenious. “ In the United States, *clever* is much used as a colloquial word, in the sense of *good-natured*, *well-disposed*, *honest* ; and the phrase

‘ *clever man* ’ or ‘ *clever fellow* ’ is employed to denote a person of good nature, good disposition, or good intentions ; but it is otherwise in England.” — *Worcester*.

3 ALTOGETHER, completely, entirely, wholly.

proper to be done, father, and that it is right to begin in this manner."

Father. What should you think of a person, ignorant of sculpture,¹ who should go to him and say, "I am afraid you know nothing about what you have undertaken to do, because what you are now doing does not show the shape which you say the statue is to represent"?

Lewis. He would show his ignorance and folly. For my part, I hope I should not speak so foolishly.

Father. Well, then, if you ought not to speak so hastily in this respect, you must remember not to speak so rashly as you did to your brother the other day.

Lewis felt his father's reproof, and promised for the future to be kind and gentle in his intercourse with his brother.

After several days had passed, Mr. Brown made another visit to the sculptor, and took his sons with him. They found him at work upon the statue with a small chisel and a light mallet. He struck very gently, and only took off a sort of dust, which could be blown away with the breath.

The stone had been cut and brought into some degree of shape, and the boys could see that it was intended for a lion. The artist was then at work upon one of its paws, which was nearly finished; the rest of the body was as yet only roughly cut out.

"O, how very different the stone looks!" said Lewis, as soon as he had satisfied himself it was the same stone that he had seen before. "What a difference! O, father! see what a long tail and what a shaggy mane the lion will have!"

Stephen. And look at that foot; how should you like to have him give you a clawing with it?

Sculptor. Well, gentlemen, you see that the stone is quite altered since your first visit.

Lewis. Yes, sir; you have given it this shape, and I think you must have had a great deal of trouble with it.

Stephen. I suppose, sir, it took you some time to learn how to make a statue; it did not come into your head all at once?

Sculptor. O, no! it took me a long time. But God gave me

¹ SCULPTURE, art of carving in wood, stone, or other materials.

patience to learn, as well as ability to understand, what I was taught; and he gives me skill and power to direct the chisel so as to produce the work I intend.

The sculptor, who was a good-natured man, talked with them for some time longer. He also showed them how he worked, and began one of the eyes of the lion.

The children were much gratified, and would have stayed all day, if their father had not reminded them that it was time to go home. They then took leave of the sculptor; and, as they walked homeward, they noticed particularly that the sculptor had expressed his thankfulness to God for the abilities he possessed.

Father. What do you now think, Lewis, of the manner in which you saw the sculptor working some days ago?

Lewis. I see that the work was necessary, to bring the stone into its present shape.

Father. And do you not think that it will be still more beautiful when it is finished than it now is? Which sort of work appeared the slowest,—when the sculptor knocked off great pieces of stone, or when he finished so carefully?

Lewis. O, the last is much the slowest!

Stephen. Certainly; for sometimes he touched the marble so very gently, that the chisel hardly made an impression.

Father. And yet you see that the gentle and often-repeated blows produced the best effect. When you are engaged in learning your lessons, you should recollect the careful and exact manner in which the sculptor worked, and often think of his patience and perseverance.

When the statue was completed, the father again took his two sons to see it. It was a beautiful work, and was highly finished. Several persons were standing near, and praising it very much. Stephen and Lewis recollected that it was the same work they had seen, and expressed their astonishment to find it so beautiful.

When they returned home Mr. Brown called his sons into his study, and said to them, "You saw how the sculptor began and continued his work, and you have to-day seen the beautiful

statue that he has at length formed. He is a very clever¹ man ; but this is not all : he is, besides, a very diligent and persevering man. He pursued his work day after day, and month after month, till he had completed it. You, Lewis, learn very quickly ; but take care, my dear boy, or it will prove a snare to you, by making you idle and careless. You cannot be truly wise without being diligent, and the more talent you possess the more you should improve it. Remember that one blow of the chisel does not make a statue ; neither does a little cleverness² and quickness make a truly wise man."

Altered from the French.

VII. — THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.³

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned ;
'T was he who girded like a robe
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither his path pursue ;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

The forests in his strength rejoice ;
'Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, Jehovah's voice
Is heard among the trees.⁴

¹ CLEVER, dexterous, skilful, good-natured, honest.

² CLEVERNESS, skill, dexterity.

³ SPHERES, heavenly bodies.

⁴ "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." — Gen. 3 : 8.

Here on the hills he feeds his herds,
His flocks in yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
O, could we¹ catch their strains!

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light!²
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night!

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,³
Will Paradise be found!

MONTGOMERY.

VIII. — THE STREAMLET.

I saw a little streamlet flow
Along a peaceful vale;
A thread of silver, 'soft and slow,
It wandered down the dale;
Just to do good it seemed to move,
Directed by the hand of Love.

The valley smiled in living green;
A tree, which near it gave
From noon-tide heat a friendly screen,
Drank from its limpid⁴ wave;

¹ O, COULD WE, O that we could.

³ BEYOND COMPARE, beyond comparison.

² GATES OF LIGHT, the part of the sky from which the light issues in the morning, as if from opening gates. Shakspeare writes,
⁴ MONTGOMERY, JAMES, an English poet; he died in 1854, eighty years old. He also wrote "The Daisy," p. 74.

⁵ LIMPID, clear.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

THE AMERICAN

The swallow brushed it with her wing,
And followed its meandering.¹

But not alone to plant and bird
That little stream was known ;
Its gentle murmur far was heard, —
A friend's familiar tone !
It glided by the cotter's ² door,
It blessed the labor of the poor.

And would that I could thus be found,
While travelling life's brief way,
An humble friend to all around,
Where'er my footsteps stray ;
Like that pure stream, with tranquil breast,
Like it, still blessing, and still blest. \

M. A. STODART.

IX. — THE DAISY.

On finding one in bloom on Christmas-day.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine ;
Race after race their honors yield, —
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,

¹ MEAN'DERING, winding course.

² COTTER, cottager.

Lights pale October in its way,
And twines December's arms.

3. The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory¹ mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;
But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

4. Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms, on consecrated ground,
In honor of the dead.
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,²
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile³ stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

5. 'Tis Flora's⁴ page.⁵ In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial⁶ grace,
And blossoms everywhere.
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

¹ MOOR'Y, having marshes and moors

² GEM, the first bud of the flower.

³ PEN'SILE, hanging, bending.

⁴ FLO'RA, the goddess of flowers.

⁵ PAGE, an attendant.

⁶ PER-AN-NI-AL, perpetual.

X. — FIRE-ARMS.

1. "It is time to get up, my boys!" said Uncle Robert, "if you wish to go to the woods with me this morning. It is almost sunrise!"

2. As the manly tones of their uncle's voice echoed through the chamber-entry, the boys arose, and shouted simultaneously,¹ "Yes, sir! — wait a minute, and we will be ready!" For they well knew they had no time for another nap, as Uncle Robert seldom waited long for anybody.

3. But, in their hurry, the boys made good the old adage,² "The more haste the worse speed." Richard put on the wrong jacket; Thomas seized and put on his younger brother Henry's socks, and had hard work to pull them off again; and James got into all the clothes but his own. A general confusion ensued, which was not diminished when Uncle Robert burst into the room, gun in hand, adding not a little to the excitement, and nothing at all to the orderliness, of the toilet.³

4. "Come, boys," said he; "we must get abroad while the dew is on the grass, or we shall all be disappointed; — and Carlo, too," he added, as the dog sprang into the room, unable to contain his sporting raptures, leaping first upon one, then upon another, and fairly barking for joy as he discovered the gun in Uncle Robert's hands.

5. "O, let me carry the gun!" cried one. "No, let me!" screamed another. "Is Carlo going?" vociferated⁴ a third. "To what woods are we going?" interposed⁵ a fourth. No one waited for an answer, or even expected it. Meantime Uncle Robert placed the gun in the corner, and assisted in bringing things into some order.

¹ SIMULTANEOUSLY (si-mul-ta'ne-o-us-ly), at have borrowed the phrase, he "made his one and the same time. toilet," for, he "dressed himself with rather

² AD'AGE, (ád'áj), a maxim, a proverb, a more care than usual."

wise old saying.

⁴ VO-CIF'ER-ATED, called out clamorously

³ TOI'LET means the act of dressing, noisily.

especially the finishing and ornamental ⁵ IN-TER-POSED', put in, interrupted part; it is from the French, from whom we

6. Richard was the first dressed, and, while waiting idly for the rest, went to the corner, took up the gun, and bringing it to his shoulder, thoughtlessly shouted, "Ready! aim! fire!" at the same time pointing the muzzle at his younger brother, Henry, who stood at the looking-glass combing out his curly hair.

7. Just then the father of the two boys entered the chamber. Observing the rash action of Richard, he turned the muzzle of the gun away with a strong hand, and, eying his son with severity, said, "Never, my son, allow yourself to point a gun or pistol at another." Richard burst into tears. "I speak with severity, my dear boy," continued the father, with returning tenderness, "because I wish, by touching your feelings deeply, to create a lasting impression."

8. Then, turning to the others, with his usual pleasant smile, Mr. Harper greeted them all with a hearty "good-morning," and led the way into the garden. Thence they passed into the fields, and took the path to the woods.

9. Two of the boys walked with Uncle Robert, who was teaching them how to carry a gun; the others walked one on each side of Mr. Harper. This judicious parent¹ now took occasion to recur to the incident of the morning, and, calling the boys around him, went on to remark: "This matter, my dear boys, of using fire-arms properly is one of no slight importance, and I want to say more to you about it. The newspapers frequently record fatal accidents from carelessness with guns and pistols, especially from that too common habit of boys, and sometimes of men, of aiming fire-arms at each other in sport. Horrible accidents frequently occur from the practice, the effects of which no subsequent sorrow, no poignancy² of regret, no agony of remorse, can repair! A moment of folly may thus destroy one's peace of mind for a lifetime."

10. Richard, who held his father's hand, looked distressed; but his countenance soon cleared up as his father reassured him by a look and a gentle pressure of the hand. "To prevent the forma-

¹ Pronounced *par'ent*

² POIG'NANCY (poi nán-sé), keenness, acute-ness, sharpness

³ The two dots over the *a* show that the two vowels are pronounced in two syllables, as *re-as*

tion of so dangerous a habit, one should never allow himself," continued Mr. Harper, "to point anything at another, not even a ~~stick~~. Indeed, many people, both on account of its evil tendency ~~and actual danger~~, resent such an act towards themselves as an insult, and rightly require an apology for it. These three rules, my boys, will keep you safe: Never put away a fire-arm ~~without~~ drawing the charge. Never lay one down, loaded or not, without pointing the muzzle in a direction safe under all circumstances. Never point the muzzle at any living thing, unless you intend to shoot it."

11. The happy group thus passed on towards the grove, buoyant¹ with the influences of the hour; for most of them were in the prime and morning of life, so aptly symbolized² by the sunrise which was now illuminating the horizon with gold, amber and rosy tints, and all the "purple light of youth." Thomas bore the basket of refreshments which the careful mother had provided; for the plan was, that at an appointed place and hour, she and their sisters should join them in a breakfast in the wood and spend the morning with them there.

12. "Before I leave this subject," said Mr. Harper, as they neared the woods, "I must relate an occurrence which happened to myself when I was in the naval service. I was sitting one evening in my state-room, writing, when a midshipman, named Holland, thrust in at the door a musket which he had just taken from the rack around the mainmast, in which the guns of the marines were kept. I struck up the barrel of the gun, and reprimanded³ the lad. He, however, went off laughing, with the usual foolish phrase, 'O, yes, it might go off without stock, lock, or barrel!'

13. "Passing into the steerage, the lad pointed the gun at several of the midshipmen there, and even snapped the lock, much to their annoyance. Then, as if to show how little danger there was, the rash boy pointed the musket out through a small port-hole of the steerage, pulled the trigger, and a bullet whistled shilly from it through the air! The midshipman turned pale, uttered an exclamation of horror, quietly set the gun

¹ BUOY'ANT (bu y'ant), floating lightly, gayly, elastic

² BYM BOI-1/AD, represented, typified

³ RIP-RI-MAND'ED, reproved with severity

up in its place on the rack, and was never afterwards known to point a musket at any one.

14. "It is singular to relate that this same midshipman, some years after, was passing ashore with another in a boat, when the other playfully presented a pistol at his head. Holland uttered a cry of indignation; but it was too late. The pistol was loaded with a bullet; — it was snapped, — fired, — and the bullet passed through the brain of poor Holland. He fell dead across the thwarts¹ of the boat!"

Original.

XI. — GOOD MANNERS ON THE ROAD.

SAMUEL and his sister Jane were one evening riding with their father, Mr. Silsbee, in a carryall, through a narrow road in the midst of a wood. Two heavily-loaded teams were in front of them. The road was wide enough at the places where the teamsters first caught sight of each other, but very narrow half way between, with a ditch and bog on either side.

Each of the teamsters was desirous to reach this narrow place and pass it first, and urged his horses to the utmost to do so, at the same time loudly crying out to the other teamster to stop.

The consequence of this selfishness was, that the two teams reached the narrow place at the same time; and, in the attempt to pass, their wheels came in violent collision, both were overturned, and their contents, teamsters and all, landed in the mud of the ditches on each side of the road.

The teamsters both rose at once, and were about proceeding to blows, when Mr. Silsbee turned his carryall to one side, hitched his horse, and came forward. Standing between the combatants, he thus addressed them: "My friends, you are both in luck to-day. You are both hale, strong and hearty enough to be of great service to each other in this disaster. Whereas, if you had been alone, either of your carts might have stayed where it is for many a day. How lucky to upset just when and where you could have each other's help!"

¹ THWARTS, seats placed across a boat.

This new view of the case, the singularity of the address, and the dignified air of the speaker, at once arrested the attention of the angry men. They both began at once to make him umpire in the dispute. Each attempted to justify himself and to blame the other.

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Silsbee, "it is growing dark; let us get the carts and horses and their loads out of the mud and into the road again, and then we will settle the dispute."

The teamsters accepted his advice, put their shoulders to the carts, hoisted them out on to the road, righted the loads, and harnessed the horses again in their places.

By this time coöperation with each other in kind offices had quieted the overbearing, spiteful feelings of the teamsters. Both teams were soon harnessed to one of the carts, and drew it back, so that the other could pass. When they were fairly in motion again, each turned, and, cheering the other with a hearty huzza, went his way, a wiser and a better man.

Mr. Silsbee returned to his carryall and children, and, driving on, soon left the teams behind him. The long and thoughtful silence was at last interrupted by the following dialogue:

Samuel. Father, will you please to tell me how those men ought to have done at first?

Mr. Silsbee. It was the duty of the one who first saw the other to halt and let him pass.

Samuel. How simple that rule is, father, and yet how effectual! How easy it would be to put in practice!

Mr. Silsbee. Yes, my boy; and the same spirit of politeness will enable you to pass smoothly through the journey of life, to avoid many an angry collision.

Samuel. I have often thought, sir, I would ask you to give us some rules for our conduct on the highway; and as we are now on a smooth, broad road, will you please to talk to us about politeness in the streets?

Jane. Yes, father, of all things; for, young as I am, I am often puzzled to know what to do on meeting another unexpectedly and awkwardly in the streets.

Mr. S. The three simple rules of politeness in the streets are,

always keep to your right ; always give way to a person who carries a heavy or bulky burden ; always, on meeting a lady or older person, when two cannot pass together, stop and let the lady or older person pass ; and especially give place in entering a door or gate, or at crossing another's path.

Samuel. But, by this latter rule, if both stop, and each wait for the other to pass, how can they ever get on ?

Mr. S. Offer to yield ; and then if the offer of yielding is made you, and your offer is refused, pass on with a bow.

Jane. How impolite it must be for a female to cause a man to quit the sidewalk unnecessarily, when a little spirit of accommodation would save all inconvenience !

Mr. S. Yes, I have frequently seen ladies deficient in this respect. They seem to exact what they should only accept. Thus they become very disagreeable. Perhaps I should add another rule, and that is, when several persons walking abreast meet, and there is not room to pass, one or two should drop behind, and the parties should pass in single file.

Samuel. What people are the best models, father, in manners ?

Mr. S. The French, my son, are generally supposed to be the most polite nation in the world, and best to understand the rules of manners. I will relate an anecdote of Napoleon, which will illustrate the subject.

He was once walking with an English and a French lady, when some laboring men passed, with their loads, across the path. One of the ladies roughly ordered them from the walk. "No, no, madam," said Napoleon ; "respect the burden-bearer," and yielded the pass to the laborers.

I recollect, also, during a stay in Paris, to have seen a specimen of street-manners which was perfectly natural there, but is uncommon with us, and would, I fear, be deemed overstrained politeness by most of us.

A porter was carrying a load on his shoulders, on one side of a muddy though paved street, without sidewalks. On the other side an elderly gentleman, dignified, handsomely dressed, in light shoes and silk hose, was carefully picking his way.

The hat of the porter fell off ; the gentleman instantly stepped

across the street, picked up the hat, replaced it on the head from which it had fallen, received the hearty thanks of the man, walked back, and went on his way.

The children, on their return home, expressed themselves highly pleased with their ride, and the instruction which they had received; and ever after were not unmindful of the lesson.

Original.

XII. — THE RISING MOON.

THE moon is up ! How calm and slow
 She wheels above the hill !
 The weary winds forget to blow,
 And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers with delight
 The rising brightness see,
 Revealing all the paths and plains,
 And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
 Its little ripple leaves ;
 It falls upon the forest shade,
 And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,
 The heavenly lustre spread,
 The gospel sounded from the blaze,
 And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
 Its guiding splendor throws ;
 Bright in the opening hours of life,
 But brighter at the close. PEABODY

XIII. — FORGIVENESS.

Father. Rufus, you are looking disturbed and unhappy; come with me and walk in the garden. We will seat ourselves under the shade of the linden-tree where all is calm and quiet. Perhaps in the course of conversation we may find some medicine to cure the disease which afflicts you before it breaks out into action.

"I am not sick, father," said Rufus, as they slowly approached the linden-tree at the end of the garden, and sat down upon a bench under its thick shade. It was a charming spot. Beneath, in full view, was a secluded valley, through which a stream meandered¹ amidst meadows and woods. In the distance lay a pond, unruffled in its stillness, and beyond were hills rising upon hills to the far-off blue horizon.²

Father. I have noticed, Rufus, several times, an expression on your countenance which I am sorry to see. It indicates, not only sadness and vexation, but a degree of malice.

Rufus. I think, father, if you had been served as I have been, you would look angry too.

Father. Perhaps I should, my boy; but you certainly know my love to you sufficiently well to confide all your troubles to me.

Rufus. I will tell you the whole story, father. Sister Lucy and I were playing with Thomas Watts. We had fixed a tilting-board on a log, near the mill-pond, by the brook, under the shade. Thomas accidentally pinched his finger a little between the tilting-board and the log. He got very angry, and said I did it on purpose. I told him I did not. He said I did, and flung a stone at me, and hurt my leg so that I have been lame ever since. If I ever get hold of him I will —

Father. Stop there, my son; that is not a part of the story. You have told your story; now listen to mine: During the French revolution, Prussia and France were at war. A Prus-

¹ ME-AN'DERED, wound sinuously, like a snake. ² HO-RI-ZON (ho-rí-zun), the line where the earth and sky appear to meet.

sian soldier was billeted¹ upon a French family in Champagne.² They treated him very kindly, yet he plundered them of every thing. A child of the family, eight years old, begged him to leave his father and mother their bedstead; but he spurned the boy from him with his foot. The boy's sister besought him to let her have back her cloak, as she had no outside garment. The Prussian soldier caught her up rudely and threw her into a well, and she was drowned.

Rufus. Miserable wretch! He was a great deal worse than Thomas Watts. Did not the French boy revenge himself on the soldier when he grew up?

Father. You shall hear. About eighteen years afterwards, in 1806, the French and Prussians were again at war. But this time the French were the invaders³ and conquerors; and this very French boy, now grown up, was a soldier, and billeted on a Prussian family in the town of Neisse.⁴

Rufus. I should not much blame him if he did the Prussians a great deal of mischief.

Father. On the contrary, he was very polite and considerate; and the mother of the family took excellent care of him, and lodged him at night in her best room. Next morning, after waiting breakfast for him, she went up to his room, and found him sitting up in the bed, his head bent down, his eyes fixed, his hands clasped before him, and his whole countenance and attitude expressive of profound grief.

As soon as he could command his voice, he asked her where she had procured that bedstead, and told her that it once belonged to his parents, and how they lost it. It was the remembrance of this that had agitated the brave soldier. She told him she had bought it of a Prussian hussar,⁵ who still lived in Neisse. The soldier at once went to the house of the hussar.

Rufus. Now I hope he gave the hussar his deserts.

Father. The young Frenchman confronted his enemy, the

¹ BILLETED, lodged as soldiers; this is done by giving each soldier a ticket or billet, country as soldiers and enemies. ² IN-VA'DERS, those who attack and enter a country as soldiers and enemies.

showing him to what house he is to go.

⁴ Pronounced *Néisse*.

² CHAM-PAGNE (*sham-pânyé*), an eastern province of France. ⁵ HUS-SAR' (*hüz-zär'*), a mounted soldier, armed with pistols, sabre and carbine.

Prussian, with full power to punish him and avenge himself. He told him who he was. The Prussian, struck with remorse and fear, fell on his knees, and could only murmur, "Pardon, pardon!" The noble Frenchman thought within himself, — we are all of us in the hands of God, and must not return evil for evil. He then said to the Prussian, solemnly and simply :

"The injury you did me I forgive. The injury you did my parents, reducing them to poverty and distress, they have long since forgiven you. As to your throwing my sister into the well, whence she never came out alive, may God forgive you that act." He then turned and left the house. The Prussian, from that moment, had not an hour of peace. He pined away with remorse, and died some four years after, — a better man, we may hope.

Rufus. Father, I thank you for the lesson you have given me. I will try to forget the injury done me by Thomas Watts, and leave him to the punishment of his own thoughts.

Original.

XIV. — CLOUDS.

William. See that cloud in the west, father. How fast it rises. Will you explain how a cloud is made?

Father. A cloud is a collection of vapors¹ raised from the waters of the earth by the heat of the sun, and again partially condensed² in the upper regions of the air.

George. Why does the vapor rise?

Father. Because it is lighter than the air which is nearer the earth; hence it rises, like a feather.

George. Why does it become condensed in the upper air?

Father. Because the upper air is colder, and takes away some of the heat which kept the particles³ apart; so that they come together into globules⁴ which are too heavy to rise higher, and therefore float along as clouds.

¹ VA'POR, an elastic fluid rendered aërial form by heat.

² CON-DENSED', made to occupy less space; pressed together; thickened.

³ PAR'TI-CLES, minute parts, corpuscles, atoms.

⁴ GLOB'LES, little globes or minute spherical drops.

William. Is there any difference between a fog and a cloud? They look very much alike.

Father. Clouds and fogs differ only in one respect. Clouds are elevated above our heads; but fogs come in contact¹ with the surface of the earth. When the surface of the earth is warmer than the air, the vapor of the earth, being condensed by the chill air, becomes mist or fog. But when the air is warmer than the earth, the vapor rises through the air and becomes cloud.

George. In pictures of mountains we often see clouds about their tops; why do clouds gather round mountain-tops?

Father. Because the air, being chilled by the cold mountain-tops, deposits or lays down its vapor there, in a visible form or cloud.

William. What is the chief cause of fog and clouds?

Father. The changes of the wind. If a cold current of wind blows suddenly over any region, it condenses the invisible vapor of the air into cloud or rain; but if a warm current of wind blows over any region, it scatters the clouds by absorbing their vapor.

George. I think I never saw two clouds exactly alike.

Father. No; they vary greatly in density,² height and color.

William. What are the general colors of the clouds?

Father. White and gray when the sun is above the horizon; but red, orange and yellow, at sunrise and sunset.

George. Why are the clouds at morning and evening generally of a red tinge?

Father. The sun's light is white, but each white beam is made up of blue, yellow and red rays. And because red rays are the least refrangible of all, they are the first to appear in the morning, and last to disappear when the sun sets in the evening.

George. What is meant by being "less refrangible"?

Father. Being less capable of being bent. Blue and yellow rays are more easily bent below the horizon by the resistance of the air; but red rays are not so much bent down; and, therefore, we see them earlier in the morning and later in the evening.

¹ CON'TACT, touch.

² DEN'SI-TY, closeness of the particles.

George. Why is not the color of clouds always alike?

Father. Because their size, density, and situation in regard to the sun, are perpetually varying;¹ so that sometimes one color is reflected, and sometimes another.

William. What influences the motion of the clouds?

Father. The winds principally; but sometimes electricity.

George. How do we know that clouds move by other influences besides wind?

Father. Because, in calm weather, we often see small clouds meeting each other from opposite directions.

William. How is it known that electricity affects or influences the motions of the clouds?

Father. Because clouds often meet from opposite directions; and, having discharged their opposite electricities into each other, vanish altogether.

George. What are the uses of clouds, father?

Father. They serve as screens, to arrest the radiation² or escape of heat from the earth; they temper the heat of the sun's rays; and they are the great store-houses of rain. But I must now defer³ pursuing this conversation till a future time.

Adapted from Brewer.

XV. — TO THE CLOUDS.

Ye glorious pageants!⁴ hung in air
To greet our raptured⁵ view;
What in creation can compare
For loveliness with you?

When through the eastern gates of heaven
The sun's first glories shine;
Or when his gentlest beams are given
To gild the day's decline;

¹ VA'RY-ING, changing.

² RA-DI-A'TION, a raying forth.

³ DE-FER', put off.

⁴ PA'G-EANTS (pa'jents), showy, splendid exhibitions; transient spectacles and shows.

⁵ RAP-TURED, enraptured, charmed.

All glorious as that orb appears,
 His radiance still would lose
 Each gentle charm that most endears,
 Without your softening hues.

When these with his refulgent¹ rays
 Harmoniously unite,
 Who on your splendid pomp can gaze,
 Nor feel a hushed delight?

'Tis then, if to the raptur'd eye
 Her aid the fancy brings,
 In you our fancy can descry
 Unutterable things!

Not merely mountains, cliffs and caves,
 Domes, battlements² and towers,
 Torrents of light, that fling their waves
 O'er coral rocks and bowers;

Not only what to man is known
 In nature or in art;
 But objects which on earth can own
 No seeming counterpart.³

As once the seer⁴ in Patmos saw
 Heaven's opening door revealed,
 And scenes inspiring love and awe
 To his rapt⁵ sight revealed;

So, in a faint and low degree,
 Through your unfoldings⁶ bright,
 Phantoms⁷ of glory yet to be
 Dawn on the wondering sight. ANONYMOUS.⁷

¹ RE-FUL-GENT, shining splendidly.

inspired writer of the Revelations. He was

² BAT-TLE-MENTS, a wall or parapet on the banished to the island of Patmos by the top of a building, with embrasures or open Roman emperor.

places to look through, or to discharge missile weapons; a breastwork.

⁵ RAPT, enraptured, in a trance.

³ COUN'TER-PART, the opposite or answering part.

⁶ PHAN-TOMS, shadows, ghosts, appearances.

⁷ A-NON-Y-MOUS, by some author whose

⁴ SEER IN PATMOS; the apostle John, the name is unknown.

XVI. — LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.

Charles. How still it seems to grow, father, and how dark the sky appears over the western horizon! That cloud has grown blacker and larger till it has covered half the sky. Did you see that vivid flash of lightning? There was a triple flash, and a streak of fire dashed crinkling¹ from the top to the bottom of the cloud; and see! another! and another! — how terribly beautiful! How startling! Hark! how the thunderclap succeeds! O, father, its roar makes me tremble!

Father. Yet, with this terror, my son, there mingles so much that is sublime and beautiful, that, instead of grovelling² fear, I always feel that pleasing, religious awe, which seems to have filled the soul of the Psalmist when he wrote the 29th Psalm, so full of majesty, piety, and confiding faith in God.

Charles. What a heavy peal! I do not wonder that David called thunder “the voice of God.”

Father. Can you repeat the lines of the Psalmist, my son?

Charles. I think I can recollect them :

“The voice of the Lord is upon the waters :
 The God of glory thundereth !
 The Lord is upon many waters !
 The voice of the Lord is powerful :
 The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
 The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars ;
 Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
 He maketh them also to skip like a calf ;
 Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.
 The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.
 The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness,
 The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.”

Father. Can you tell me, Charles, what lightning is?

Charles. I have heard it called electricity; but I do not know how and why it takes the form of lightning.

¹ CRINK'LING, running in and out in short | ² GROVEL-LING, mean, sordid, debasing-bends or flexures, zigzag.

Father. When a cloud, overloaded or overcharged with electric fluid, approaches another cloud which is non-electric, or undercharged, the fluid rushes from the electric cloud into the non-electric one, till the electricity is diffused uniformly throughout them both. Sometimes the passage of the fluid is invisible; but when it is visible we call it lightning. When the earth has less electricity than a cloud, the fluid passes from the cloud to the earth, till it is equally diffused through both. If the cloud has less electricity than the earth, when it approaches the earth, the fluid passes up into the cloud from the earth.

Charles. What a simple cause for such grand and beautiful effects! Is there any other cause of lightning besides this passing of the fluid?

Father. No; but sometimes mountains, trees and steeples, cause the fluid to discharge itself, as lightning, from a cloud floating near.

Charles. Are the lightning-clouds very high?

Father. Sometimes they are four or five miles high, and sometimes they actually touch the earth with one of their edges; but they are rarely discharged during a thunder-storm when they are more than seven hundred yards above the surface of the earth. The average height of all clouds is one and a half to two miles; though in a clear day they often float four or five miles above our heads.

Charles. I just noticed a flash that was forked; and that last flash, like many before, was zigzag,¹ or crinkled. What is the reason of this appearance?

Father. The cause is this, that the lightning-cloud is a long way off from that to which it communicates its electricity, and the resistance of the air to the passage of the fluid is so great that the electrical current is split; or, as is most usual, diverted into a zigzag course. Sometimes, when the fluid is very abundant, it splits into channels or flashes, and a double zigzag is seen.

Charles. But how does the resistance of the air make the lightning zigzag?

Father. As the lightning condenses³ the air in its path, it flies

¹ ZIGZAG, having sharp and quick turns. | ³ CON-DEN'SSES, crowds into a smaller space,
² DI-VERT'ED (di-vert'ed), turned aside. | thickens, compresses.

from side to side, in order to pass where there is the least resistance.

Charles. The flash I saw just now was quite straight; why is that?

Father. Because the lightning-cloud is ~~near~~ the earth; and, as the flash meets with very little resistance, it is not diverted; in other words, the flash is straight.

Charles. Many of the flashes have no chain or fiery mark.

Father. Yes; such a flash is called sheet-lightning. It is either the reflection of distant flashes not distinctly visible, or else several flashes intermingled.

Charles. Does lightning assume any other forms than chain and sheet-lightning?

Father. Sometimes the flash is globular;¹ and this is the most dangerous form of lightning. But there is another kind of fire-ball, which sometimes falls to the earth in a thunder-storm. These other balls are masses of explosive gas, and formed in the air; and they generally move more slowly than lightning.

Charles. When lightning strikes people, why does it destroy life?

Father. Because the electric current, passing through a man or beast, produces a most violent action upon the nerves.

Charles. When is a person struck dead by lightning?

Father. Only when his body forms a part of the lightning's path; that is, when the electric fluid, in its way to the earth, actually passes through his body.

Charles. But why are men sometimes only maimed² by lightning, while at other times they are killed outright?

Father. Because the electric fluid produces an action upon the nerves it passes through, sufficient to paralyze or otherwise injure them, but not to destroy the life of the whole body.

Charles. Thunder seems more frightful than lightning; yet it is not dangerous, but rather shows that the danger is past.

Father. Yes; thunder is only the noise made by the concus-

¹ GLOBULAR, shaped like a globe or ball. ² MAIMED (māmd), deprived of a limb or of the use of any necessary part.

sion¹ and other changes of the air when it closes again, after it has been parted by the lightning.

Charles. Why does lightning part the air through which it passes; it does not part a rod of iron?

Father. Iron is a conductor, and allows the fluid to pass freely over it; but air, being a non-conductor, resists its passage, and must be cut through.

Charles. Hark! that last peal of thunder seemed like one vast crash.

Father. That is because the lightning-cloud is near the earth; and as all the vibrations² of the air (on which sound depends) reach the ear at the same moment, they seem like one vast sound.

Charles. When the storm began, the peal of thunder was an irregular, broken roar; why was this?

Father. Because the lightning-cloud was then a long way off; and as some of the vibrations of the air have much further to travel than others, they reach the ear at different times, and produce a continuous³ roar of sound.

Charles. I have observed, sir, that a flash of lightning is generally followed by pouring rain.

Father. Yes. The flash produces a change in the condition of the air, rendering it unable to hold so much moisture as before; and, in consequence, a part of the moisture is given off in heavy rain.

Charles. In summer-lightning, or "heat-lightning," as it is called, why is there no thunder?

Father. Because the lightning-clouds are so far distant that the sound of the thunder is lost before it reaches the ear.

Charles. Is there really any such thing as a thunder-bolt?

Father. No; the notion of thunder-bolts arises, either from the globular form which the lightning sometimes assumes; or else from the gaseous⁴ fire-balls which sometimes fall from the clouds.

¹ Cox-ces'sion, violent shaking.

² Con-tin'u-ous, joined together; connected without a break.

³ Vi-brations, shakings to and fro, quivering.

⁴ Gas'e-ous, like gas, aeriform, like air.

Charles. I notice that the thunder is often several moments after the flash.

Father. Yes; it has a long way to come. Lightning travels nearly a million times faster than thunder; if, therefore, the thunder has a long way to come, it will not reach the earth till a considerable time after the flash.

Charles. Can we not tell the distance of a thunder-cloud by observing the interval which elapses¹ between the flash and the peal?

Father. Yes; as the flash is instantaneous everywhere; but thunder will take a second of time to travel three hundred and eighty yards; hence, if the flash be five seconds before the thunder, the cloud is nineteen hundred yards off.

Charles. How can we calculate the distance between us and the storm?

Father. To ascertain how far off the storm is, put your hand upon your pulse, and, when you see the flash, count how many times it beats before you hear the thunder. If it beats six pulsations, the storm is one mile off; if twelve pulsations, it is two miles off, and so on. But we have talked enough on this subject at present; and at some other time we will converse about the dangers from lightning, and how to avoid them.

XVII. — DANGER FROM LIGHTNING. — MEANS OF SAFETY.

Charles. I WAS so much instructed in our conversation on lightning and thunder, that I should like to continue the subject.

Father. Very well; let us now talk of the dangers of lightning, and the modes of avoiding them. Accidents from lightning are very few indeed, but knowledge will enable us to avoid both needless exposure and needless anxiety.

Charles. That will be a useful and important knowledge. What places are most dangerous in a storm?

Father. It is dangerous to be near a tall tree, or a lofty build-

¹ ELAPSES, passes away.

ing, or any running water ; because all these objects are conductors ; but a man's body is a still better conductor, and the fluid might leave the poorer conductor, and, passing through the better one, cause death.

Charles. How can a tree or spire cause electricity to discharge itself from the cloud ?

Father. Because it is nearer to the cloud than the earth is, which makes it a medium¹ of communication between the cloud and the earth.

Charles. Dry air is not a conductor of lightning ; why, then, does the lightning pass from a tree or spire through the air into a man standing near ?

Father. Lightning, or the electric fluid, always travels through the paths best fitted for it ; that is, electricity prefers the best conductors. The fluids of a man are better conductors than the substances of the steeple, or the fluids of the tree. The electric fluid chooses its path accordingly, and passes from the spire or tree to the man. Metals are better conductors than woods or fluids ; hence, if the steeple were of metal, no electric fluid would pass to and through the man.

Charles. I have noticed that the bark of trees struck by lightning is sometimes stripped off.

Father. Yes ; the electric fluid runs down the outside of trees, where the greatest flow of sap is ; hence, moist wood is a better conductor than dry, which is almost a non-conductor. In passing through a man the lightning passes inside, because the fluids, which are inside, are better conductors than the skin.

Charles. Why is it dangerous for a man to be near water in a thunder-storm ?

Father. Because the height of a man may be sufficient to discharge a cloud ; and, if there were no taller object nigh, the lightning might make the man its conductor to the water, as explained before.

Charles. I have heard people say that it is dangerous to ring church-bells during a thunder-storm.

¹ *Me'di-um*, a mean furnishing a passage or connection between two things.

Father. It is; for the steeple may discharge the lightning merely in consequence of its height; but, besides this, the ringing of the bells puts the air in motion, and diminishes its resistance to the electric fluid.

Charles. Why is it unsafe to run or drive fast during a thunder-storm?

Father. Because it produces a current of air; and, as air in motion affords less resistance to the flash, it is a better conductor than air in a state of rest.

Charles. Most persons are anxious during a storm; but few seem to know where to go for safety. What parts of a dwelling are most dangerous during a thunder-storm?

Father. The fire-place, especially if the fire be lighted; the attics and cellar. It is also better not to sit close by the walls.

Charles. Why do you think it dangerous, father, to sit before a fire during a thunder-storm?

Father. Because the heated air and soot¹ are conductors of lightning; especially when connected with such excellent conductors as the stove, fender and fire-irons.

Charles. Lightning seems often to strike churches and other buildings when they are full of people; is it, then, more dangerous to be in a crowd during a thunder-storm than to be alone?

Father. Certainly, and for two reasons; because a mass of people forms a better conductor than an individual; and because the vapor of insensible perspiration arising from a crowd increases its conducting power.

• *Charles.* Why is the danger increased by the vapor which rises from a crowd of men or animals?

Father. Because vapor is also a conductor; and the more conductors there are acting in the same direction, the greater the danger will be in that direction. A flock of sheep is therefore more likely to be struck than a single one; and the larger a flock, a herd, or a crowd is, the greater, of course, is the danger of its attracting the electric fluid.

Charles. If a person be abroad in a thunder-storm, what place do you think is the safest?

¹ Pronounced *sot*.

Father. Any place about twenty or thirty feet from some tall tree or building, except it be near to running water ;— because the lightning would always choose the tall tree as a conductor, and we should not be sufficiently near the tree for the lightning to diverge to us, as it would not pass far through so poor a conductor as the air.

Charles. If a person be in a house during a thunder-storm, what place is the safest ?

Father. The centre of any room in the middle story is best ; especially if you place yourself on a mattress, bed, or hearth-rug.

Charles. Why is the middle story of a house the safest ?

Father. Because the fluid, whether it came from above or below, would be diffused among several conductors of the upper or lower parts of the house before it reached the middle story ; in consequence of which its force would be weakened.

Charles. Why is the middle of the room more safe than any other part of it ?

Father. Because the lightning, if it struck the room at all, would come down the chimney or walls of the room ; and, therefore, the further distant from these the better.

Charles. You spoke of using a mattress, bed, or hearth-rug ; how are these a good security against injury from lightning ?

Father. Because they are all non-conductors ; and, as lightning always makes choice of the best conductors, it would not choose for its path such things as these.

Charles. I have heard it said that it is better to be wet than dry during a thunder-storm.

Father. It is ; because wet clothes form a better conductor than the fluids of the body ; and, therefore, lightning would pass down our wet clothes without touching our body at all.

Charles. And now, father, what is, after all, the safest thing a person can do to avoid injury from lightning ?

Father. He should draw his bedstead into the middle of his room, commit himself to the care of God, and go to bed ; remembering that our Lord has said, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Charles. I thank you, sir, for your patient explanations and

answers to my questions, and when I have reflected more upon the subject, I hope to show you that I have made a thoughtful use of your instructions. *Adapted from Brewer.*

XVIII. — THE WORLD WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

There is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy;
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing;
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world — and O how blest! —
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale;
'T is not refreshed by vernal¹ showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

No; for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

¹ VERNAL, belonging to spring.

There forms, that mortals may not see,
 Too glorious for the eye to trace,
 And clad in peerless¹ majesty,
 Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic² eye
 May seek to view the fair abode,
 Or find it in the curtained sky;
 It is the dwelling-place of God.

ANONYMOUS.

XIX. — THE DIVINE IMPRESS.

THERE 's not a tint that paints the rose,
 Or decks the lily fair,
 Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
 But God has placed it there.

At early dawn there 's not a gale
 Across the landscape driven,
 And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
 That is not sent from Heaven.

There 's not a grass, a single blade,
 Or leaf of lowest mien,³
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
 And heavenly wisdom seen.

There 's not a tempest dark and dread,
 Or storm that rends the air,
 Or blast that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,
 But Heaven's own voice is there.

There 's not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes⁴ the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But mercy gave it birth.

1 PEER'LESS, matchless without equal.

3 MIEN (mēn), look, aspect, air.

2 PHIL-O-SOPH'IC, reasoning from science.

4 IL-LUMES, illumines, lights up.

There 's not a cloud whose dews distil¹
 Upon the parching clod,²
 And clothe with verdure³ vale and hill,
 That is not sent by God.

There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
 The ocean deep or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,
 For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There Heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.⁴

SANDON.

XX. — UNCLE PHILIP AND HIS NIEPHews.

Henry. As Charles and I were crossing the fields this morning, we saw in the bark of trees some little holes as round as a gimlet could make them. We saw some grasshoppers and bees at work upon them, and we have been thinking whether these little creatures could bore the holes. Can you give us any information upon the subject?

Uncle Philip. O, yes, boys! I know of more than one insect that can bore as smooth and round a hole as any carpenter in the world. God is good! He cares for insects as well as for us, and he gives them implements⁵ to work with, as good and perfect as can be made by man. •

Charles. But how does the grasshopper make the holes?

Uncle Philip. There are some of the grasshoppers that have an excellent gimlet. The contrivance has five pieces in it; two of the pieces make a case to keep the augers in, two more are the augers or borers, and the other is a piece between the two borers

¹ Dis-till', condense into water from vapor.

² Clod, a piece of turf, a mass of earth; ere put for god.

³ Ver-dure, greenness.

⁴ Blends, mingles, unites.

⁵ Im-ple-ments, tools, utensils.

on which they slide ; this piece has a ridge on each side of it, and the augers have a groove which exactly fits the ridge. Besides this, each auger ends in a knob, and that knob has teeth all round it.

Henry. But what is the piece with the ridge for ?

Uncle Philip. That piece shows the wisdom and the goodness of God. "His tender mercies are over all his works ;" he has placed that piece there to keep the borers stiff, so that they cannot get out of joint or be broken when the little workman is boring.

Charles. What is the grasshopper's object in boring these holes ?

Uncle Philip. That is a very proper question, and I take pleasure in answering it. It is to make places in which to deposit¹ her eggs ; for it is the female only that works thus. When she has deposited her eggs, which generally number six hundred, and sometimes even a thousand, she dwindles away and dies in the course of a few days.

Henry. Well, this is very curious, indeed.

Uncle Philip. Yes ; but there are some of these insect workmen more curious still. Did you ever see a spy-glass ? You know it is a round, hollow piece of wood, with brass tubes in it, which are made smaller and smaller, so as to slide into one another when the glass is not used. Now, there is a little fly which has exactly such a contrivance to keep her gimlet in. It is in four pieces, and the smallest piece ends in five sharp points, three of which are longer than the other two ; she twists these five sharp points into one piece ; and, as some are longer and some shorter, when they are all put together, they make a sharp edge running all around, and are most exactly like an auger or gimlet. When she wants to use it, she just shoots out the different tubes, so as to make a stem for the gimlet ; and when she has done, she puts all back into its case again.

Henry. What are the uses of these gimlets ?

Uncle Philip. The same as that of the grasshopper ; to make holes in which to deposit her eggs.

¹ DE-POS-IT, lay up or put away for safe keeping

Henry. In some plant, I suppose.

Uncle Philip. No, my young friend, not in a plant, but in the skins of animals, and sometimes even in their nostrils.

Henry. The skins of animals! well, that is very odd, indeed.

Uncle Philip. The great Linnæus¹ says, there is a fly covered with a downy hair, called the reindeer gad-fly, which hovers over the reindeer, to lodge eggs on its back. This being effected, the worm perforates the skin, and remains under it the whole winter, and in the following year becomes a fly.

Charles. I have heard of the carpenter-bee; can you tell us why it is called by that name?

Uncle Philip. Because it is such an excellent wood-borer. It commonly looks for some old post or plank, or withered part of a tree, to work in; for the bee knows, just as well as any carpenter does, that it is very hard to get tools through wood. Have you ever seen, when an old post or dry board was split, a long, hollow groove in the middle of it, with little, round, thin pieces of something like paper, about as thick as a wafer, fastened in it by their edges, one above the other, all the way through?

Henry. I have, Uncle Philip; I saw one this morning as we were coming through the fields.

Uncle Philip. Well, these show the work of the carpenter-bee; she bored the hole, and she put these little partitions like paper in it, to separate the cells; and, more than that, she made the partitions out of the dust she got in boring. She always likes, too, to get a piece of wood in a place where the sun can shine on it; and when she has made her choice, she begins to bore into the post in a slanting direction at first, and, as soon as she has gone far enough in, she then turns and bores straight with the grain of the wood.

Charles. Does she do it quickly, Uncle Philip?

Uncle Philip. Not very quickly, for sometimes the wood is very hard. I have seen one of these holes nearly twelve inches long in a hard oak board. Sometimes she has to work at it for

¹ LINNÆUS, one of the most famous of species, according to a system called, from naturalists, a Swede; he died in 1778. He him, the Linnæan System. divided plants into classes, orders and 2 PERFORATES, bores through.

months; but she works steadily, boys, and that does a great deal. What makes it more tiresome is, that the poor little creature has to bring out all the dust she makes by boring. For days together she may be seen going in and out the hole, and shovelling out the dust.

Henry. How large does she make the hole?

Uncle Philip. O large enough to put my fore-finger in, and sometimes fifteen inches long. After she has bored it as deep as is necessary, she begins to divide it into separate cells; she commences at the bottom, and puts in a quantity of what is called bee-bread, until it reaches about an inch in height; on the top of this she lays an egg, and the bread is put there to feed the young one as soon as it comes out of the egg. She then makes a floor over it out of the dust, as I told you, bringing it grain by grain from the heap in which she put it when she first brought it out. She knows how to glue together this dust with the farina¹ of flowers mixed with honey; and she always begins by gluing the dust around the outside of the hole she has bored; she then glues another ring to that, and then another, and another, making each ring smaller and smaller, until she has it all filled; so that her floor, when it is done, appears like a parcel of rings, of smaller and smaller sizes, placed within each other. On the top of this floor she puts bee-bread as before, and places another egg on it, and covers it with a floor again; and so she goes on, making cells and filling them with bread, and covering each with a floor, until she has filled the hole. There are generally twelve compartments²; each of which, about one inch deep, receives an egg; and the whole tunnel is fifteen or twenty times the height of the workman.

Charles. But how do the young bees get out when the egg is hatched? It seems as if they were shut up forever in prison.

Uncle Philip. No, boys; there is a way for them to get out; and it shows the wonderful wisdom of God in teaching this poor bee how to contrive the matter. The egg which is put in, the lowest cell being the oldest, the little worm that is afterward to

¹ F-A-R-I-N-A (fa-ri-na), a fine pollen or dust ² Cow-PART-MENTS, rooms, apartments, divisions

because a bee will come out of that one first. Now, he never could get through all the cells over his head, filled as they are with bee-bread, so as to come out at the top of the hole; and, if he gets out at all, it must be at the bottom. The old bee knows this, and she so arranges these eggs that when the worm comes out it will be with his head pointed downwards; he falls to eating his bread, and so eats his way down to the bottom of his cell, and there he finds that his mother has bored a hole from his cell to the outside, and through that he comes out.

Henry. How do the others get out?

Uncle Philip. Precisely in the same way. When his brother in the cell above him has eaten his way down to the bottom of his cell, he just eats through the floor, and gets into the cell below, which is then empty, you know, and walks out at the same hole which his older brother used before him. And so all the rest, one after another, eat their way downwards into the empty cells below them, and get out at the same back-door, which the mother made by what we call her instinct, which means the share of wisdom which God gives to the lower animals to show them how to take care of themselves.

Henry. Why, that instinct, as you call it, Uncle Philip, is a curious thing.

Uncle Philip. Very curious, indeed, boys; and at some other time, if you wish, we will talk more about it, and I will tell you a great many stories of animals, which will show you their instinct. But for this time I have told you enough to keep you thinking till we meet again.

Henry. But first, Uncle Philip, do tell us how we may know a carpenter-bee from a common bee; for I should like to make an acquaintance with so ingenious¹ a little creature.

Uncle Philip. No doubt you would, and I will tell you. You may know it by its being larger than the common bee; but not quite so large as a humble-bee; not so downy, and more deeply colored.

Adapted from Uncle Philip's Conversations.

¹ IN-VENTIVE, inventive, skilful, capable of contrivance

XXI. — THE FIRST PAPER-MAKERS.

Uncle Philip. Ah, boys! how do you do? This is Saturday, and I have been expecting to see you for some time.

Henry. We should have been here sooner, but we went round by the old mill, because we thought that perhaps we might find in some of the old timbers holes bored by some of those industrious little carpenter-bees.

Uncle Philip. Well, and did you find any?

Charles. No, sir; but we have found something else, which we have brought to show you; and we have been talking about it all the way. We have not discovered any new tools among the animals, but we think we have found out a trade that some work at, and we wish you to tell us if we are right.

Uncle Philip. O, that I will do with pleasure, if I can. What is the trade that you think you have discovered?

Henry. It is paper-making, Uncle Philip. We have found this part of a wasp's nest, which we have brought along; and, as you told us it was always best to notice everything closely, we examined this, and it appeared so much like coarse paper, that we thought (for we knew it was made by wasps) that man did not make the first paper in the world.

Uncle Philip. Well, boys, that was not a bad thought. Now, you see the advantage of taking notice of things, and of thinking about what you see. You are perfectly right in supposing that wasps make paper; and, if you please, we will talk this morning about the wasps.

Charles. O, yes, sir, by all means, and we will thank you, too.

Uncle Philip. I must first tell you, then, that of the wasps there are several kinds. Some build their nests under ground, and some hang theirs in the air to the limb of a tree. This part of a nest which you have found belonged to the last kind; but, I will tell you something about both.

Henry. Tell us first of the wasps which build under ground.

Uncle Philip. As soon as the warm season begins, the first care of the mother wasp is to look for a fit place in which to

build; and in the spring of the year she may very often be seen flying about a hole in the bank of a ditch, and looking into it. The holes which she examines are the old houses of field-mice or moles, and some persons have thought, which I imagine is true, that she likes to take such old holes, because they save her a great deal of hard work. But still, as the holes are not large enough for her use, she has a great deal of labor to make them so.

Charles. How does she make them large enough?

Uncle Philip. She goes at once to work digging in the hole chosen, and makes a winding, zigzag gallery, about two feet long and about an inch in width. She digs up the earth, and carries it out, or pushes it out behind her as she goes on. This gallery ends in a large chamber, or hole, from one to two feet across when it is done; and now she is ready to begin her nest.

Henry. Now, then, Uncle Philip, she will begin to make paper, will she not?

Uncle Philip. Yes; she will alight on an old window-sash, or other dry wood, and pull off fibre after fibre about the tenth part of an inch long, and not so large as a hair. She will gather these up into a knot with her feet, and then fly to another part of the sash, and go to work stripping off more fibres or threads, and putting them to the bundle already made. She then wets this little bundle of bruised wooden fibres or threads with a kind of glue that she has, and this makes it stick together like pulp or paste; and while it is soft, the wasp walks backwards and spreads it out with her feet and her tongue until she has made it almost as thin as the thinnest paper. With this she lines the top of the hole in which she is going to build her nest, for she always begins at the top. But this lining is so thin that it would be too weak to keep the earth from falling in, and therefore she goes on spreading her papers one upon the other, until she has made the wall nearly two inches thick. These pieces are not laid exactly flat on each other, like two pieces of pasteboard, but with little open spaces between, being joined at the edges only. This is the ceiling; and when it is finished she begins to build what may be called the highest floor of the nest. This she makes, of the same

paper, in a great number of little cells, all joined together at the sides. Then, instead of fastening this floor to the sides of the nest, she hangs it to the ceiling by rods made also out of paper; these rods are small in the middle, and grow larger towards the ends, so as to be stronger. She then makes a second floor, and hangs it under the first by rods as before; and then a third, and so on until it is finished.

Charles. This wasp is a very ingenious little paper-maker, Uncle Philip.

Uncle Philip. Yes, boys, it is so. The one of which I have been telling you is the ground-wasp. The tree-wasp makes its nest of paper prepared in the same way; and the nests are of different shapes. One makes it in a round flattened ball, not much larger than a rose, and when cut open it shows layer upon layer of leaves of the same thin, grayish-looking paper. This kind is not so common, however. Another makes its nest of cells placed in separate floors, but without any outer wall to keep off the rain; and the most curious thing in the nest is, that it is not placed in a horizontal way; because then the cells would catch the rain, and the nest would be spoiled; but it is always placed slanting, so that the rain may run off; it is always placed, too, so as to face the north or the west, and I suppose it is because the wasp knows that there is more danger of rain from the south and the east.

Charles. Well, then, Uncle Philip, we were right in thinking that the wasps were the first paper-makers; and very glad we are that we saw this old piece of a wasp's nest. Who would have thought that so much could be learned by picking up this old scrap of wasp's work?

Uncle Philip. A wise man will learn something from almost anything. Use your eyes, and think of what you see. Now, as to this very trade of paper-making, I think that man would have found it out a great deal sooner if he had watched the wasps at their work. They have been excellent workmen at this business from the beginning; and man has gone on learning little by little of this very trade, as I will tell you at some other time, when he might have made a long step at once, had he but noticed wasps

and hornets. We go on very slowly sometimes in learning to make a trade as perfect as it can be; while the poor animal, with its knowledge such as God ~~gives~~ ^{gives} it, is often our superior. These creatures cannot teach us everything; there is a point to which they can go, and no further; but as far as they do know, their knowledge is perfect; and I make no doubt that a great many useful things not now known will hereafter be found out by watching dumb animals.

Uncle Philip's Conversations.

XXII.—THE JUMPING-MOUSE, ERMINE, ARCTIC FOX¹ AND WOLF.

1. SOME youthful hunters were travelling from the south to a fort on the Mackenzie¹ river, and were now near the banks of that stream. While one of them, named Lucien, was preparing a meal for his absent companions, his attention was attracted to an animal which appeared upon the snow at a short distance from where he sat.

2. A single glance showed him that the little animal was a mouse, but of a somewhat singular species.² It was about the size of a common mouse, but quite different in color. The upper half of its body was of a light mahogany tint,³ while the lower half, including the legs and feet, were of a milky whiteness. It was, in fact, the white-footed mouse, one of the most beautiful of its kind.

3. Here and there, above the tops of the snow, protruded⁴ the tops of arbutus⁵ shrubs; and the little creature was passing from one of these to the other, in search, no doubt, of the berries that remain upon these trees all the winter.

4. Sometimes it ran from point to point, like any other mouse, but now and then it would rear⁶ itself on its hind legs, and leap several feet at a single bound. In this it evidently assisted itself by pressing its tail, in which it possesses a muscular power,

¹ Mac-kei-ze-ni, a river in British America, flowing into the Arctic Ocean.

² Species, a kind or sort.

³ Tint, shade of color.

⁴ Pro-tre-di-d, projected through.

⁵ Arbutus, the strawberry-tree.

⁶ Re-ar (ier), to lift itself and stand up on the hind legs, as a horse.

against the snow. This mode of advancing has given it the name of the jumping mouse.

5. Lucien watched its motions until it had got nearly out of sight; he turned from it, and would perhaps never have thought of it again. But, upon casting his eyes in the opposite direction, he saw another animal upon the snow. Its body was nearly a foot in length, although not much thicker than that of the mouse. Its legs were short, but strong, and its forehead broad and arched convexly.¹ It had a tail more than half the length of the body, and tapering,² like that of a cat.

6. The form of the animal was that of a weasel; and, in fact, it was a species of weasel; for it was the famous ermine, celebrated for that soft and beautiful fur, so prized as an ornament of dress. It was white all over, with the exception of its tail; and that, for about an inch at the tip, was covered with black silky hair. On some parts of the body, too, the white was tinged with a primrose yellow; but the tinge is not found in all animals of this species, as some individuals are pure white.

7. Lucien observed that it kept its nose to the ground, and, as it drew nearer, he saw that it was following on the same path which the other animal had taken. To his astonishment he perceived that it was trailing³ the mouse! Wherever the latter had doubled,⁴ or made a bend, the ermine followed the track; and when the mouse had given one of its long leaps, then the ermine would stop, and after beating about⁵ until it struck the trail⁶ again, would resume⁷ its onward course at a gallop. Its manœuvres⁸ were exactly like those of a hound upon the fresh trail of a fox.

8. Lucien now looked abroad to discover the mouse. It was still in sight, far off upon the snow; and, as Lucien could see, busily gnawing at the arbut, quite unconscious that its greatest enemy was so near,—for the white-footed mouse is the natural prey of the ermine.

1 CONVEX, bulging outwards 2 BEATING ABOUT, going hither and
 FOLLOWING, becoming gradually smaller thither, yet still forward
 and smaller 3 TRAIL, track, scent, trace
 4 TRAILING, following the track or scent of 5 BEAT-ABOUT, take up again
 6 DOUBLED, that is returned on its track, 7 RESUME, resume (REVENIR), start again,
 or nearly so 8 MANŒUVRES, tricks, modes of managing

9. The mouse was soon made aware of its danger, but not until the ermine had got within a few feet. When it perceived the latter, it shrunk at first among the leaves of the arbutus; but seeing there would be no protection there, as the other was still springing forward to seize it, it leaped up and endeavored to escape by flight.

10. Its flight appeared to be in alternate¹ jumps and runs, but the chase was not a long one. The ermine was as active as a cat, and after a few skips, its claws were struck into the mouse. Then was heard a short, slender squeak, and then a "crunch," like the cracking of a hazel-nut, and all was over with the mouse.

11. Lucien turned round to get hold of his rifle, intending to punish the deed, although the little ermine, in doing what it did, had only obeyed the law of its nature. The boy had grasped his gun, and was raising himself to creep a little nearer, when his eye was arrested by the motions of another creature coming along the top of the wreath of snow.

12. This last was a snow-white animal, with long, shaggy fur, sharp-pointed snout, erect ears and bushy tail. Its aspect was fox-like, and its movements and attitudes had all that semblance² of cunning and caution so characteristic of these animals. Well might it have such a look, for it was a fox, — the beautiful white fox of the Arctic regions.

13. When first seen, the fox was engaged in hunting, and, with its nose to the snow, was running in zigzag lines, quartering³ the ground like a pointer-dog. Presently it struck the trail of the ermine, and with a yelp of satisfaction followed it. This, of course, brought it close past where Lucien was; but, notwithstanding his eagerness to fire, it moved so rapidly along the trail that he was unable to take sight⁴ upon it. It did not halt for a moment, but ran on, still keeping the track of the ermine.

14. The latter, hitherto busy with its own prey, did not see the fox until it was itself seen, when it reared itself up upon its hind quarters, like a squirrel or a monkey, at the same time spit-

¹ ALTERNATE, now this, now that, follow- (going over the ground, part by part, hither and thither, to start game)

² SEMBLANCE, seeming, appearance

⁴ TO TAKE SIGHT, is to bring the barrel of

³ QUARTERING, a sporting term, it means the fire-arm into a line with the object by running the eye along it

ting as spitefully as any other weasel could have done. In a moment, however, it changed its tactics,¹ for the open jaws of the fox were within a few paces of it; and after making a short, quick run along the surface, it threw up its hind quarters, and plunged head-foremost into the snow! The fox sprung forward, and, flinging his brush² high in the air, shot after it like an arrow!

15. For a moment the surface of the snow was disturbed above the spot where they had gone down; but the next moment all was still. Lucien stood watching the hole, with his rifle ready, thinking that the fox, at least, would soon come up again. He had waited for nearly five minutes; when his eye was attracted by a movement under the snow, at a considerable distance — quite fifty paces — from where he stood. The frozen crust was seen to upheave, and the next moment, the head of the fox, and afterwards his whole body, appeared above the surface. Lucien saw that the ermine lay transversely³ between his jaws, and was quite dead.

16. He was about to fire, but the fox, suddenly perceiving him, shot off like an arrow, carrying his prey along with him, and was soon out of reach. All at once, however, he was observed to stop, turn in his tracks, and run off in a new direction. Lucien soon ascertained the cause of this strange manoeuvre. Coming down from the rocks was a large animal, five times the size of the fox, but in other respects not unlike him. It was also of a snow-white color, with long hair, bushy tail, and short, erect ears, but its aspect⁴ was not to be mistaken, — it was the great white wolf.

17. When Lucien first saw this new-comer, the latter had just espied the fox, and was about stretching out into a full gallop towards him. The fox, watching backwards as he ran, had not seen the wolf until he was within a few springs of him; and now, when he had turned, and both were in full chase, there were not over twenty yards between them. The direction in which they

¹ TACTICS, properly military arrangements and manoeuvres; but also applied, as here, to any management or contrivance for effecting a given purpose.

² BRUSH is a sporting name for the tail of a fox.

³ TRANS-VERSELY, crosswise.

⁴ ASPECT, looks, appearance, countenance.

ran would bring them near to Lucien; and so they came, and passed him, neither of them seeming to heed his presence.

18. They had not gone many yards further before Lucien perceived that the wolf was fast closing on the fox, and would soon capture him. The wolf, however, had noticed Lucien coming after, and although the next moment he closed his great jaws upon the fox, he did not pause for a single instant, but, lifting the latter clear up from the ground, ran on without the slightest apparent diminution¹ of speed! Reynard² struggled, kicked and squeaked, like a shot puppy; but his struggles soon came to an end.

19. With some disappointment Lucien was about to return to his cooking; he lingered, however, for a moment, with his eyes still fixed upon the departing wolf that was just about to disappear over the crest of the ridge. The fox hung limber and dead, as his legs swung loosely on both sides of the wolf's head.

20. At that moment Lucien saw the wolf suddenly stop in his career,³ and then drop down upon the surface of the snow as if dead! He fell with his victim in his jaws, and lay half doubled up and quite still. Almost at the same instant that he fell, a puff of blue smoke shot up over the ridge, and quickly following was heard the sharp crack of a rifle. Then a head with its cap of raccoon skin appeared above the snow, and Lucien, recognizing the face of Basil, whose shot it was that killed the wolf, ran forward to meet him.

21. Both soon stood over the dead animals. First, there was the great gaunt⁴ body of the white wolf, stretched along the snow, and quite dead. Crossways in his mouth was the fox, just as he had been carried off; and across the jaws of the latter lay the long, worm-like body of the ermine, still retaining between its teeth the half-devoured remains of the white-footed mouse! A very chain of destroyers! These creatures died as they had lived, preying one upon the other.

Mayne Reid.

¹ DIM-I-NUTION, lessening.

³ CA-REER', course, swift running or on-

² REY'NARD (rén'ard), a name for the fox; ward motion.
It is from the French.

⁴ GAUNT (gänt), lean, bony, meagre.

XXIII. — POETICAL EXTRACTS.

1. *Time Speeds Away*.—KNOX.¹

TIME speeds away—away—away;
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly or so smooth as he.

Like fiery steed, from stage to stage
 He bears us on from youth to age;
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

2. *The Eagle*.—DOANE.²

What is that, mother?—

The eagle, boy,
 Proudly careering his course of joy,
 Firm in his own mountain vigor relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt³ defying;
 His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
 He swerves⁴ not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
 Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
 Onward and upward, true to the line.

3. *Who is my Neighbor?*—ANON.

Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form,
 Less favored than thine own,

¹ KNOX, VICESIMUS, an eminent author and eloquent preacher, head-master of Tunbridge grammar-school, England; born in 1752, died in 1821

² DOANE, GEORGE W., Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey.

³ BOLT, the lightning.

⁴ SWERVES, turns aside, deviates.

Remember 't is thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

4. *Those Evening Bells.*—MOORE.¹

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!²

Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards³ shall walk these dells,⁴
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

5. *The Deep.*—BRAINARD.⁵

There's beauty in the deep:—
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And, though the sun shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-genus glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earthborn whirlwinds wake the wave;

¹ MOORE, THOMAS, the distinguished lyric poet; a native of Ireland; he died in 185

³ BARDS, poets.

² CHIME, harmonious

⁴ DELLS, narrow valleys.

a set of bells is so much that a tune can be poet and writer; for several years editor of played upon them; this is called their chime. the *N. Y. Mirror*. He died in 1828.

⁵ BRAINARD, JOHN G. C., an American

Above, let care and fear contend
 With sin and sorrow to the end ;
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
 That frets above our peaceful home,
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,
 Nor know the rage that yells above.
 There 's quiet in the deep.

6. *Hymn.*—MRS. OPIE.¹

There 's not a leaf within the bower,
 There 's not a bird upon the tree,
 There 's not a dew-drop on the flower,
 But bears the impress, Lord, of thee !

Yes, dew-drops, leaves, and buds, and all,
 The smallest, like the greatest things,
 The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
 Alike proclaim thee King of kings.

7. *The Worm.*—GISBORNE.²

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
 Nor crush that helpless worm ;
 The frame thy wayward looks deride
 None but a God could form.

The common Lord of all that move,
 From whom thy being flowed,
 A portion of his boundless love
 On that poor worm bestowed.

Let such enjoy their little day,
 Their lowly bliss receive ;
 O do not lightly take away
 The life thou canst not give !

¹ O-PIE', AMELIA, wife of John Opie, and a highly distinguished authoress. She was born, England ; an eminent philosophical, born in Harwich, in England, 1771, and died theological and miscellaneous writer. He in 1854, aged 83.

² GISBORNE, THOMAS, prebendary of Dur-

XXIV. — THE LION-SLAYER.

1. JULIUS GERARD was born in France. In 1842, he joined the French army in Algiers,¹ as a volunteer.² He was fond of hunting, and occasionally went on shooting excursions in the neighborhood of Bona,³ for this region abounded in quails, partridges, water-fowl, hares, rabbits, foxes, antelopes, jackals and wild-boars. The soldiers did not generally venture far from the town for fear of the Arabs, who were yet unconquered, and also from dread of panthers and lions and flies; for the heights of Algiers are infested by swarms of green flies, which fix themselves by myriads⁴ on the bodies of men and animals, and worry them to death.

2. This kind of life was too inglorious for Gerard, and he obtained an appointment⁴ to go to Guelma, near Mount Atlas, where he distinguished himself in battle. Gerard had heard that an old lion, from the Atlas mountains, was ravaging the country in that region, and had destroyed innumerable victims, men as well as cattle. The whole population was in despair. Gerard offered to kill the lion for them.

3. Taking his dog with him, he crossed the vast plains of Guelma, which abound in a rich and luxuriant growth of plants. Having examined the regions the lion had devastated,⁵ and made himself familiar with the localities, he calmly awaited the return of night.

4. The hour of the evening watch has sounded. Refreshments circulate in the hospitable tent where are assembled the elders of the tribe of Arabs resident there. And to stimulate the courage of Gerard, who was their guest, one of the most gifted of the natives chants a long ballad⁶ in honor of the famous lion-slayer, Arseme.

5. Having lighted his pipe, Gerard took leave of his entertain-

¹ BO'NA is a town of Algiers, or Algeria, in North Africa.

² VOL-UN-TEER', one who offers himself for a soldier, or for any enterprise.

³ MYRI-ADS. A myriad is ten thousand.

⁴ AP-POINT'MENT, a commission or election for any office or function.

⁵ DE-VAS'TAT'ED, desolated, ruined.

⁶ BAL-LAD, a simple, plaintive song.

ers, and set forth towards the woody ravines.¹ During the entire summer night he explored the district in vain. The next evening, he was still on his daring search. At about eight o'clock the terrific howling of a lion, repeated again and again by the echo, was heard to issue from a neighboring ravine. At the dread sound all things seemed to tremble, and all animals, both wild and tame, fled away and hid themselves from the king of beasts.

6. Gerard was impatient to meet his foe. He pressed towards him, and, removing the branches, his eye eagerly attempted to penetrate the gloom. The watchful dog followed his master's eye, and suddenly crouched at his feet, without uttering so much as a cry of terror. Fear had palsied² his voice.

7. There stood one of the largest and fiercest of the lions of North Africa. It was a terrible sight! His shaggy mane floated in the wind, his eyes seemed to shoot fire, and his mouth was reeking³ with blood.

8. He had planted himself within twenty paces of Gerard, whose pulse throbbed—not with fear, but with joy at having reached the crisis⁴ of his enterprise, and finding himself face to face with the enemy he had been seeking.

9. The lion saw his antagonist,⁵ who seemed to him an easy and certain prey, so often had he killed men in his midnight depredations.⁶ Profiting by the few seconds during which the monster stood glaring at him, Gerard schooled⁷ himself to sustain his flashing eye without quailing.⁸ Then, bringing his weapon cautiously to his shoulder, he grasped it firmly. His body was slightly inclined forward, resting on limbs as immovable as buttresses⁹ of masonry.

10. He pauses a moment to steady his aim. If it fail the monster will be upon him before he can reload. Life and death

1 RA-VINES' (rā-vīnēs') long hollows on the edge of a hill or bluff, generally formed by nature.

2 PALSID (pāl'zīd), rendered powerless.

3 REEK'ING, moist and smoking, or steaming; here it means wet and dripping.

4 CRISIS, decisive and critical moment.

5 AN-TAG-O-NIST, opponent, enemy.

6 DEP-RE-DATIONS, plundering and mischief.

7 SCHOOL'ED, disciplined, educated, trained.

8 QUAIL'ING, letting fall the eye in fear, as if overpowered.

9 BUTTRESSES, supports to a wall, props

are at issue upon that single shot. Now he is ready. His finger presses the trigger.——An explosion, of sweeter melody to his ear than strains of softest music, shows that the trusty weapon has not failed. Stricken exactly between the two eyes, the huge beast shakes the earth with a convulsive bound; and as the volume¹ of smoke clears away, Gerard contemplates² his victim gasping out his latest breath at his feet.

11. As the news spread that the lion was dead, men, women and children, filled the air with shouts of joy. The traces of their despair and misery passed away. Torches were burned; guns were fired as the signal for a feast. Wheaten puddings, light beer and biscuits, circulated freely round. Discordant flourishes of native music, songs and dances, made up an Arabian festival, full of spirit and originality. *

12. The entire population poured forth along the path to the dead lion, their torches shining like a long riband of flame; and soon, illumined by the reflection of a thousand torches, the monster was seen stretched out motionless on the earth. He measured seventeen feet in length, and a thick, curly and knotted mane veiled half of his huge form.

13. One instant kept silent by astonishment, the delirious³ joy of the multitude quickly found vent in shouts that rent the air. A thousand voices joined in one, like the voice of a thousand grains of powder uniting in the report of a cannon, hailed Gerard as the Lion-Slayer.

14. Such was his first exploit in a career which has since gained this young Frenchman such renown. The fame of his prowess⁴ quickly spread abroad, and numerous applications were made to him for succor⁵ from districts ravaged by lions. These he has again and again accepted, and always with complete success.

15. There is, it must be recollected, a very essential difference between such exploits⁶ as those of Gerard⁷ and the killing of ani-

¹ VOLUME means, here, a thin mist.

² CONTEMPLATES, considers, looks on.

³ DELIRIOUS, crazy.

⁴ Prowess, courage and conduct.

⁵ SUCCOR, help.

⁶ RAVAGES, devastated, spoiled.

⁷ EXPLOITS, famous acts.

⁸ Pronounced *je-rard*.

mals for sport. The defence of society against beasts of prey is a duty, and when we see the habitations of peaceful families invaded by such monsters, who have left the forest to search for prey, — their flocks ravaged, and their children destroyed, — we should be thankful that there are men endowed¹ with courage and presence of mind² to become the deliverers of a neighborhood from such fearful intruders.³

16. Julius Gerard may indeed be honored as a hero, for his intrepidity⁴ has freed many a village from a terrible scourge.⁵ And the very qualities which made him a hero, and fitted him to do battle with fierce lions, would make him disdain to inflict⁶ pain, or hurt, or death, on any of God's harmless creatures.

Romance of Adventure.

XXV. — ANECDOTES OF DOGS*

1. SOME years ago, an American ship, called the *Washington*, bound for China, had on board, among other passengers, an officer, with his wife and child, a little boy, five years old, and a large Newfoundland dog, called Brutus.

2. Everybody in the ship liked Brutus, he was so good-tempered and frolicsome; but the little boy was the dog's constant playmate. He was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Brutus as Brutus was of him.

3. One evening, when it was growing dark, as the little boy and the dog were romping together, the ship gave a roll, and splashed, went the child into the ocean. A cry was raised, "A hand over! — A hand over!" and brave Brutus sprang over the taffrail,⁷ clearing it like a greyhound, and swam⁸ towards the stern⁹ of the ship.

¹ EN-DOWED, gifted.

² PRESENCE OF MIND, self-possession, the power to use all one's faculties on a sudden

⁵ SCOURGE (skürj), instrument of punishment or mischief.

⁶ IN-FLECT, lay on, apply, cause.

⁷ TAFF-RAIL, the rail, parapet or fence at

³ IN-TRUDERS, those who come where they are not wanted and have no right to come.

⁸ STERN, the hinder part of a ship.

⁴ IN-TREPID-ITY, fearlessness.

4. The little boy's father, half frantic, leaped with others into the jolly-boat, but it was too dark to see far before them. All gave the child up for lost. At last they heard a splash to the larboard.¹ "Pull on, quick!" cried the father. The helmsman turned the tiller,² the men pulled with redoubled force, and in a moment brave Brutus, holding up the child with his mouth, was alongside. Joy! Joy! Joy!

5. The boat was rowed back to the ship, the half-drowned boy was recovered, the parents were delighted, and brave Brutus was patted and caressed by all. The little boy hugged his favorite in his arms, and every man on board the ship loved the dog as a father loves his child.

6. I will relate another instance of affection in a dog. A few days before the fall of Robespierre,³ a revolutionary tribunal,⁴ in one of the departments⁵ of the north of France, condemned to death an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable⁶ man, as guilty of a conspiracy.⁷

7. He had a water spaniel, ten or twelve years old, of a small breed, which had been brought up by him, and when he went to prison followed him. He was refused admittance, but he passed an hour before the door of the prison every day, and then returned.

8. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master, and clung to him. It was difficult to separate them, but the jailer forced him away, and the dog returned to his retreat.⁸

9. He came back the next morning, and every day; once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked him in the face, again licked his hand, and went away of himself.

10. When the day of sentence⁹ arrived, notwithstanding the

1 LARBOARD, the left side of the ship when looking forward from the stern.

2 TILLER, the handle of the rudder.

3 ROBESPIERRE (rôb'spi-er).

4 TRI-NU'NAL, a court of judgment, where offences and criminals are tried.

5 DE-PART'MENTS; France is divided for

government purposes into eighty six divisions, called departments; they resemble our counties in some respects.

6 ES-TI-MA-BLE, worthy of esteem.

7 CON-SPIR'A-CY, plot against government,

or others, by several individuals.

8 RE-TREAT', place of retirement or refuge.

9 SEN'TENCE, the result of a trial, and the announcement of the result.

crowd,* and the vigilance of the guard, the dog penetrated¹ into the hall and crouched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose forever. The judges condemned him; he was reconducted to the prison, and the dog from that time did not quit the door.

11. The fatal hour arrives; the prison opens, the unfortunate man passes out; it is his dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand, that hand which so soon must cease to put his caressing head. He follows him; the axe falls; the master dies; but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away; the dog walks at his side; the earth receives it; he lays himself upon the grave; refuses nourishment; pines away and dies.

XXVI. — LUCY GRAY.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
 She dwelt on a wide moor;
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a cottage door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night,
 You to the town must go;
 And take a lantern, child, to light
 Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father, I will gladly do;
 ’T is scarcely afternoon —
 The minster² clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon.”

¹ PEN'E-TRAT-ED, pushed into, pierced. | ² MIN'STER, a cathedral church.

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band ;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither¹ is the mountain roe ;²
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from the door.

They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
“ In heaven we all shall meet,” —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet !

Half breathless, from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed —
The marks were still the same ;
They track them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

(1'er), more gay, more joyous. | ² Roe, roebuck, a small deer.

~~THE ADVENTURE~~
They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank —
And further there were none !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen. WORDSWORTH.

XXVII. — ORDER AND DISORDER.

Sarah. MOTHER, our teacher is always talking about order. Why does she say so much about it ?

Mother. Not always, my daughter, but I do not wonder that she insists upon it a great deal. Children are very apt to be disorderly.

Sarah. But I have often heard people say that the whole world of mankind is full of disorder.

Mother. That is true. And that is why it is so necessary to strive to bring children into order, that when they grow up they may make the world more orderly.

Sarah. But, mother, has the fixing my books rightly in my desk, having my clothes arranged, having a place for everything and everything in its place, — has all this anything to do with making the world more orderly ?

Mother. A great deal more, Sarah, than some people think. Get your work and sit down beside me, and I will try to make it plain to you. Do you recollect the fire that happened near us, about a year ago ?

Sarah. Indeed I do, mother ; such a hurrying and driving, and exclamations and orders ; it seemed as if people were crazy.

Mother. Do you remember that some people threw looking-glasses out of the window, and brought feather-beds carefully

down stairs in their arms? Do you recollect how one ran this way and another that, with different parts of the same articles, till things were scattered about, and ruinously piled and jumbled together?

Sarah. It was distressing, but almost laughable. People seemed to have lost their wits.

Mother. But how soon was all this changed, when the chief engineer arrived and took command of the crowd! He placed his assistants in their order, calmly led the hose to where it would do most good, and set certain men to one kind of work, and certain men to another. Do you remember how at once order reigned everywhere, and how much was accomplished in a little time?

Sarah. Yes, mother, I remember all this very distinctly, and I perceive that, without order, people lose their wits, and have not the proper command of even their ordinary faculties.

Mother. Look abroad into the animal world; how could there be growth, preservation, existence even, without the orderly arrangement of vessels, fibres, muscles, bones, and various organs?

Sarah. I have just been studying botany, and I am sure there is order there, and I see that beauty and usefulness, and even existence, would be lost without it.

Mother. It is the same in the mineral world; in every particle of matter, and in all worlds. Order reigns everywhere in nature, throughout the universe of God, so that the Bible says, "God is a God of order, and not of confusion."

Sarah. I see it all very plainly. Will you now explain how order is connected with good morals and religion?

Mother. We find that, in the confusion of the fire near us last winter, people could not command their thoughts nor themselves. Now, if people cannot think correctly, except there be order, how can they receive truth in their midst, and make a proper use of it, unless there be order?

Sarah. Yes, mother; but it was mental order that was wanting.

Mother. But did not the disorder and confusion of the material things around create and increase the disorder of their minds?

And did not the putting in order of the things about them, the orderly arrangement of external things, bring their minds into order again?

Sarah. I suppose we can learn grammar, arithmetic, geography, and all other sciences, in much less time, and with much less labor, in consequence of their being arranged in our school-books in an orderly manner.

Mother. Yes; without this order we could not master any science, much less all sciences.

Sarah. I think I have always noticed that the best sort of people are the most orderly.

Mother. No doubt it is so; hence the poet tells us that "order is Heaven's first law."

Sarah. It seems to me as if people that were slovenly about their houses, and in their personal habits, were generally slovenly in their moral habits, if not vicious.

Mother. Frequently, at least, they are so, my daughter. And as the habits of the mind and heart, as a person grows older, express themselves in the lineaments¹ of the countenance, so will they express themselves in what surrounds us.

Sarah. I recollect that you once told me that cleanliness was a help to virtue, and a want of it a help to vice. I suppose that order acts and reflects² upon our habits in the same way.

Mother. If you try the experiment a short time, you will perceive the effects of disorder very plainly. You will find that order in the arrangement of your dress, books, and workbox, will assist your temper, save your time, help your efficiency³, and give you the power to do right and be useful; while disorder will produce the contrary effects.

Order in the distribution and allotment⁴ of your time will give tenfold usefulness to your life.

Order in the disposal of your thoughts will give you clearness of conception, and beauty and force in expressing your ideas.

¹ LINE-AMENTS, lines, features.

² REFLECTS, acts back again, returns the producing effects, or accomplishing things.

³ EFFICIENCY, power of action, ability of

⁴ ALLOTMENT, portioning out

Order in the government, control, and direction of your affections, will secure you peace and happiness.

Sarah. Can you not give me some rules for securing this last and most important kind of order?

Mother. The ten commandments are the best rules I can give you, my dear child; and these are summed up in the two great precepts of divine order given by our Saviour, namely: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy mind, and all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Original.

XXVIII. — AN INDIAN STRATAGEM.¹

1. DURING the war of the American Revolution, a regiment² of foot-soldiers was stationed upon the confines of a boundless savanna,³ in the southern part of the Union. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main army; the sentinels,⁴ whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks. But they were perpetually surprised⁵ upon their posts by the Indians, and borne off their stations, without communicating any alarm, or being heard of afterwards.

2. One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man, with warmth, "I shall not desert."

3. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They

¹ SEAT'-A-GEM, trick, artifice in war; ingenious device.

² REG'T MENT, a body of soldiers, formed of six or eight companies, or one or more battalions, and commanded by a colonel or lieutenant-colonel.

³ SA-VAN'NA, a southern prairie, or grassy plain, without wood.

⁴ SENG-TI-NELS, guards stationed to give alarm on the approach of an enemy.

⁵ SUR-PRIS'D, attacked, captured, or killed [unexpectedly]

searched round the spot, but no traces of him could be found. It was now more necessary than ever that the station should not remain unoccupied; they left another man, and returned to the guard-house.

4. The superstition¹ of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel, being apprized of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant,² and the man gone!

5. Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered, and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method.

6. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable³ resolution, trembled from head to foot.

7. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will." A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended⁴ his resolution.

8. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me at the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery."

9. The colonel applauded⁵ his courage, and told him he would

¹ *SUPERSTITION*, belief in omens, lucky and unlucky days, &c.

² *VACANT*, empty, without occupant

³ *INCOMPARABLE*, matchless

⁴ *COMMENDED*, praised

⁵ *APPLAUDED*, praised highly

be right to fire upon the least noise that he could not satisfactorily explain. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding.¹ The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house.

10. An hour had now elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment.

11. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

12. "I told you, colonel," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. That resolution I took has saved my life. I had not been long at my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw a wild hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees among the leaves.

13. "As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it seriously, but kept my eyes fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous² passage, for a thick grove immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and, as it was now within a few yards of the copse, I hesitated whether I should fire.

14. "My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim, discharged my piece; and the animal was immediately stretched before me, with a groan which I thought to be that of a human creature.

¹ Fore-bod ing, expectation and prophecy of evil.

² Cir-cu'i-tous, roundabout.

³ Cop'sick, grove, low wood, copse

15. "I went up to it, and, judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped¹ himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and his feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait² and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animals, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and bushes, the disguise could not be detected³ at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and tomahawk⁴."

16. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped⁵ them. They then bore their bodies away, and concealed them at some distance in the leaves.

ANONYMOUS.

XXIX. — DIONYSIUS,⁶ PYTHIAS,⁷ AND DAMON.⁸

Dionysius. AMAZING! what do I see? It is Pythias just arrived—it is, indeed, Pythias. I did not think it possible. He is come to die, and to redeem his friend!

Pythias. Yes, it is Pythias. I left the place of my confinement with no other views than to pay to Heaven the vows I had made, to settle my family concerns according to the rules of justice; and to bid adieu to my children, that I might die tranquil and satisfied.

¹ ENVELOPED, wrapped, clothed, cov-²title of king, B.C. 404. Such kings were called

³ Gait, manner of walking

⁴ TOMAHAWK, found out

⁵ SCALPED, peeled off the

⁶ DIONYSIUS, a citizen of Sicily, who became

overthrew the government

called "tyrants" by the Greeks

⁷ PYTHIAS, a Sicilian, of Sicily. Dionysius had condemned Pythias to die, but

allowed him to visit his relations, to take

leave of them, on condition that Damon would

take his place, as a hostage for his return at

a certain specified hour

⁸ DAMON, a philosopher, a disciple of Py-

thagoras

Dionysius. But why dost thou return? Hast thou no fear of death? Is it not mad, then, to seek it?

Pythias. I return to suffer, though I do not deserve death. Honor forbids me to leave my friend to die for me.

Dionysius. Dost thou, then, love him better than thyself?

Pythias. No, I love him as myself; but I know I ought to suffer death rather than my friend, since it was I whom thou hadst decreed to die. It were not just that Damon should suffer, to free me from that death which was not for him, but for me only.

Dionysius. But thou sayest that it is as unjust to inflict death upon thee as upon thy friend.

Pythias. Very true; we are both innocent, and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer.

Dionysius. Why dost thou, then, say that if were wrong to put him to death instead of thee?

Pythias. It is unjust in the same degree to inflict death either on Damon or on myself; but I should be highly culpable¹ to let Damon suffer that death which the tyrant² had prepared for me only.

Dionysius. Dost thou return hither to-day with no other view than to save the life of thy friend, by losing thy own?

Pythias. I return, in regard to thee, to suffer a death which it is common for tyrants to inflict; and, with respect to Damon, to perform my duty by freeing him from the danger which he incurred by his kindness to me.

Dionysius. And now, Damon, let me speak to thee. Didst thou not really fear that Pythias would never return, and that thou wouldst be put to death for him?

Damon. I was but too well assured that Pythias would return; and that he would be more anxious to keep his promise than to save his life. Would to heaven that his relations and friends had detained him by force! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men; and I should then have the satisfaction of dying for him.

¹ CULPABLE, to blame, in fault

² TYRANT, an oppressive ruler

Dionysius. What! art thou not fond of life?

Damon. No; I am not, when I see and feel the power of a tyrant.

Dionysius. It is well! Thou shalt see him no more; I will order thee to be put to death.

Pythias. Pardon the feelings of Damon — of a man who feels for his dying friend, but remember it was I who was devoted by thee to death. I come to submit to it, that I may redeem my friend. Do not refuse me this comfort in my last hour.

Dionysius. I cannot endure men who despise death and defy my power.

Damon. Thou canst not endure virtue.

Dionysius. No; I cannot endure that proud, disdainful virtue, which contemns life, which dreads not pain, and which feels not the charms of riches and pleasure.

Damon. Thou seest, however, that it is a virtue which feels the dictates of honor, justice, and friendship.

Dionysius. Guards, take Pythias to execution. We shall see whether Damon will still despise my authority.

Damon. Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited his life, and deserved thy favor, but I have excited thy indignation, by placing myself in thy power in order to save him. Be satisfied, then, with this sacrifice, and put me to death.

Pythias. Hold, Dionysius; remember it was I alone that offended thee; Damon could not.

Dionysius. Alas! what do I see and hear? Where am I? How miserable; and how worthy to be so! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. Not all my power and honors are sufficient to produce love. I cannot boast of having gained a single friend in the course of a reign of thirty years, and yet these two persons, in private life, love one another tenderly, fully confide in each other, are mutual'y happy and ready to die for each other's preservation.

Pythias. How couldst thou, who hast never loved any person, expect to have friends? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared and oppressed mankind, and they both fear and detest thee.

Dionysius. Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a third friend in a connection so perfect. I give you your lives, and I will lead you with riches.

Damon. We have no desire to be enriched by thee; and as to thy friendship, we cannot accept or enjoy it till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou must be virtuous, kind, just, and know how to live on a sort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

• ANONYMOUS.

XXX.—THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "The few locks which are left you are gray;
 You are hale,¹ Father William, a hearty old man;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
 That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "And pleasures with youth pass away,
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth could not last;

¹ HALF, in vigorous health

I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age!" SOUTHEY.¹

XXXI.—FABLES² IN PROSE.

1. *The Wolf and the Lamb.*

A WOLF and a lamb were, by chance, quenching their thirst at the same brook. The wolf stood towards the head of the stream, and the lamb at some distance below. The wolf, resolved on a quarrel, demands, "How dare you disturb the water which I am drinking?" The poor lamb, all trembling, replies, "How, I beseech you, can that be the case, since the current sets from you to me?"

Struck by the force of truth, he changes the accusation. "Six months ago," says he, "you vilely slandered me." "Impossible," returns the lamb, "for I was not then born." "No matter, it was your father, then, or some of your relations." So, seizing the innocent lamb, he tore him to pieces.

Moral.

When cruelty and injustice are armed with power, and determined on oppression,³ the strongest pleas of innocence are preferred⁴ in vain.

¹ SOUTHEY, ROBERT, a distinguished poet¹ (ages, which have been invented by the wise of England. He was born at Bristol, England, in 1774, and died in 1843. He was appointed, by the King, poet of the king's household, and wrote numerous valuable works in prose and poetry.

² FABLES are those stories common in all

³ OPPRESSION, forcible injustice

⁴ PRESENTED as convincing and moralizing

⁵ PRESENTED as convincing and moralizing

2. *The Boys and the Frogs.*

On the margin of a large lake, in which there was a great number of frogs, a company of boys chanced to be at play. Their diversion¹ was duck and drake;² and whole volleys of stones were thrown into the water, to the great danger of the poor frogs.

At length, one of the most hardy, lifting up his head above the surface of the lake: "Ah! dear children," said he, "why will you learn so soon the cruel customs of your race? Consider, I pray you, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us."

Moral.

It is unjust to raise mirth for ourselves at the expense of another's peace and safety.

3. *Industry and Sloth.*

An indolent young man, being asked why he lay in bed so long, answered, "Every morning of my life I am hearing causes;³ I have two persons, whose names are Industry and Sloth, close to my bedside, as soon as I awake, urging their different suits."⁴

"One entreats me to get up; the other persuades me to lie still; and then each gives her reasons why I should rise, and why I should not. This detains me so long, as it is the duty of an impartial judge to hear all that can be said on either side, that, before the pleadings⁵ are over, it is time to go to dinner."

Moral.

Our term of life does not allow time for long and slothful deliberations.

4. *The Frog and the Ox.*

A frog being struck with the vast size of an ox that was grazing in the marshes, could not forbear trying to expand⁶ herself to the same bulk. After puffing and swelling for some time, "What think you, sister?" said she, "will this do?" "Far from

¹ DIVERSION, amusement, play.

² DUCK AND DRAKE, skipping flat stones on the water.

³ CAUSES, trials, pleadings before a court.

⁴ SUITS, prosecutions or actions pleaded before a court.

⁵ PLEADINGS, arguments for and against.

⁶ EX-PAND', swell.

it." "Will this?" "By no means." "But this surely will?" "Nothing like it."

In short, after many efforts to the same purpose, the simple frog burst her skin, and died upon the spot.

Moral.

The wish to vie with our superiors in outward figure is often the cause of our ruin.

5. *The Farmer, the Cranes, and the Stork.*

A stork was, by chance, drawn into company with some cranes, who were just setting out on a party of pleasure, as they called it, which was, in truth, to rob the fish-ponds of a farmer who lived near. Our simple stork agreed to make one; and it so happened that they were all taken in the fact.

The cranes, having been old offenders, had very little to say for themselves, and were soon killed; but the stork pleaded hard for life. He urged, that it was his first fault, that he was noted for love to his parents, and for many other virtues.

"Your love and virtue," said the farmer, "may, for aught I know, be great; but your being in company with thieves makes it very doubtful; and you must, therefore, submit to share the same fate with your companions."

Moral.

They who keep bad company must often expect to suffer for the errors of their associates.

XXXVII. — THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

1. In a pleasant wood on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy:

2. "What! must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in the same hole? I see a great number

of the birds who inhabit this wood ramble about to a distance, wherever their fancy leads them, and, at the approach of winter, set out for some remote country, where they enjoy summer weather all the year round.

3. "My neighbor Cuckoo tells me he is just going; and even little Nightingale will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings, like them, but I have legs nimble enough; and if one does not use them, one might as well be a mole or a dormouse.¹ I dare say I could easily reach to that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees. No doubt it must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears all covered with red and yellow, and the finest colors imaginable. There can be no harm at least in trying, for I can soon get back again if I do not like it. I am resolved to go, and I will set out to-morrow morning."

4. When the squirrel had taken this resolution, he could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and at peep of day, prudently taking with him as much provision as he could conveniently carry, he began his journey in high spirits. He presently got to the outside of the wood, and entered upon the open moors² that reached to the foot of the hills. These he crossed before the sun was very high; and then, having eaten his breakfast with an excellent appetite, he began to ascend.

5. It was heavy, toilsome work, scrambling up the steep sides of the mountains; but the squirrel was used to climbing, and for a while he proceeded expeditiously.³ Often, however, was he obliged to stop and take breath; so that it was a good deal past noon before he had arrived at the summit of the first cliff.⁴ Here he sat down to eat his dinner, and looking back was wonderfully pleased with the fine prospect. The wood in which he lived lay far beneath his feet; and he viewed with scorn the humble habitation in which he had been born and bred.

6. When he looked forwards, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence⁵ rose above him, full

¹ DORMOUSE, a small animal that remains torpid, or without feeling, most of the winter.
² MOORS, tracts of low, watery land.

³ E-XP-E-D-I-T-I-O-N-S-L-Y, quickly, without loss of time.

⁴ CLIFF, a high, steep rock.

⁵ E-M-I-N-E-N-C-E, height.

as distant as that to which he had reached ; and he now began to feel stiff and fatigued. However, after a little rest, he set out again, though not so briskly as before.

7. The ground was rugged, brown, and bare ; and, to his great surprise, instead of finding it warmer as he got nearer the sun, he felt it grow colder and colder. He had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits were almost spent ; and he seriously thought of giving up the point, and returning before night should come on.

8. While he was thus deliberating with himself, clouds began to gather round the mountain, and to take away all view of distant objects. Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came, driven by a violent wind, which pelted the poor squirrel most pitifully, and made him unable to move forwards or backwards. He had, moreover, completely lost his road, and did not know which way to turn towards that despised home, which it was now his only desire again to reach.

9. The storm lasted till the approach of night ; and it was as much as he could do, benumbed and weary as he was, to crawl to the hollow of a rock at some distance, which was the best lodging he could find for the night. His provisions were spent ; so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the furthest corner of the cavern, and rolling himself up, with his bushy tail over his back, he got a little sleep, though disturbed by the cold, and the shrill whistling of the wind among the stones.

10. The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when the squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced, as well as he could, towards the brow of the hill, that he might discover which way to take. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry hawk, soaring in the air above, descried¹ him, and, making a stoop,² carried him off in her talons.³

11. The poor squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably⁴ doomed⁵ to become food for the hawk's young ones ; when an eagle, who

¹ DE-SCRIED', discovered from afar.

² STOOP, downward sweep, swoop.

³ TAL'ONS, claws of a bird.

⁴ IN-EV'i-TA-BLY, without possibility of escape.

⁵ DOOMED', devoted, sentenced, distressed.

10. Once, while flying near a forest, he dared to attack a young fox, which, being seen by a man, he was fired at twice. The fox was killed by the shot, and the bird had his wing broken, but contrived to escape from the man, and was lost for seven days. The man knowing, by the noise of the bell on the bird, to whom he belonged, went and informed the owner what he had done. Search was made, but the buzzard could not be found.

11. A whistle, which used to call him home, was blown every day, for six days, but the bird made no answer. On the seventh day, however, he answered with a feeble cry, and was soon found, with his wing broken, being very weak and lean. He had walked a mile and a half from the place where he was wounded, and had nearly reached his master's house. In six weeks his wounds were healed, and he began to fly about, and follow his old habits as before. Thus he continued for about a year, when he disappeared, never to return. Whether he was killed, or escaped from choice, was not known.

COMSTOCK.¹

XXXV. — THE MOCKING-BIRD.

1. The name of this bird very properly expresses its principal quality, that of mocking or imitating the songs and notes of other birds.

2. This bird is a native of America, and in its wild state is nowhere else to be found. As a natural and untaught songster, it stands unrivalled among the feathered creation; there being no bird capable of uttering such a variety of tones, or of giving equal entertainment to an audience.

3. The mocking-bird builds her nest on some tree not far from the habitations of men. Sometimes an apple-tree standing alone answers her purpose, and she places it not far from the ground. But if these birds are not careful to conceal their habitation, the male is always ready to defend it; for neither cat, dog, man, nor any other animal, can come near while the female is setting, without meeting with a sudden and violent attack. The cat, in

¹ COMSTOCK, J. L., an American writer.

particular, is an object of the most inveterate¹ hatred, and is tormented with such repeated assaults² as generally to make her escape without delay.

4. The black snake is another deadly enemy, and when found lurking about the nest is sure to meet with a sound drubbing, and does well to come off even with this; for the male sometimes darts upon it with such fury, and strikes it on the head with such force, as to leave it dead on the field of battle.

5. Having destroyed his enemy, this courageous bird flies to the tree which contains his nest and his companion, and, seating himself on the highest branch, pours forth his best song in token of victory.

6. Although the plumage of the mocking-bird is not so beautiful as that of many others, his slim and well-made figure entitles him to a respectable standing for looks among his feathered brethren. It is not, however, his appearance, but his song, that raises him so high in the estimation of man, and fixes his value above that of almost any other bird.

7. A stranger, who hears him for the first time, listens with perfect astonishment. His voice is clear, strong, full, and of such compass³ as to enable him to imitate the notes of every other bird he has ever heard.

8. He also has a most remarkable memory; for, when there is not another songster in his hearing, he will recollect and repeat the songs of nearly every bird in the forest. This he does with such truth, passing from one song to another with such surprising rapidity, that one who did not see him, and know the secret, would believe that half the feathered creation had assembled to hold a musical festival. Nor do the notes of his brother songsters lose any of their sweetness or brilliancy⁴ by such repetition. On the contrary, most of the tones are sweeter and better than those of the birds which are imitated.

9. Sometimes the mocking-bird deceives and provokes the sportsman by imitating the notes of the game he is in pursuit of,

¹ IN-VET'ER-ATE, not to be appeased, long-continued, obstinate.

² AS-SAUITS', attacks.

³ COM'PASS (kūm'pas), reach, extent as to tones, and from high to low.

⁴ BRILL'IAN-CY, splendor, spirit.

and thus leading him the wrong way. Sometimes, also, he brings many other birds around him by counterfeiting¹ the soft tones of their mates, or by imitating the call of the old ones for their young; and then, perhaps, he will throw them into the most terrible alarm by screaming out like a hawk.

10. One who has never heard this bird, after all that can be said, will have but a faint idea of his powers. He will perhaps begin with the song of the robin, then whistle like a quail, then squall like a cat-bird, then twitter like a swallow; and so on, running through the notes of every bird in the woods, with surprising truth and rapidity.

11. When tamed, he mocks every sound he hears with equal exactness, and it is often very amusing to witness the effect of this deception. He whistles for the dog; the dog jumps up, wags his tail, and runs to look for his master. He peeps like a hurt chicken, and the old hen runs clucking to see who has injured her brood. He mews like a kitten, and another puss hearkens and stares, to find where the noise comes from; and many other things of this kind he does to perfection.

12. When we walk out into the woods, how are we cheered with the songs and gratified with the sight of the birds which surround us! The green grass, the beautiful flowers, and the tall trees of the forest, it is true, are pleasant to the sight. But these are inanimate;² they preserve a dead and perpetual silence.

13. They gratify the eye, but the ear would be left untouched, and the charms of nature but half complete, without the feathered songsters. When we walk alone through the solitary forest, they become our companions, and seem to take pleasure in displaying their beauties, and raising their best notes for our amusement.

COMSTOCK.

XXXVI. — THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee, let me be idle to-day;

¹ COUNTERFEITING (KŪN'YET-FIT-ING), imitating exactly, feigning. ² IN-AN'I-MATE, without animal life or thought.

Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly,¹ under the bright blue sky.

See, how slowly the streamlet glides ;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides ;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely spies the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one ;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother hear
How the hum-drum grass-hopper soundeth near ;
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.²

I wish, O, I wish I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud !
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

MRS. GILMAN.

XXXVII. — THE LITTLE WOOL MERCHANT.

1. IN a remote part of Ireland there lived an honest, but poor farmer, who had three sons, and three daughters. The youngest of the sons was named Nichols. He was very small in stature.

¹ Languid-ly, *dispiringly, feebly, faintly,*
without vigor.

² SPRAY, a twig, or sprig.

³ GILMAN, MRS. CAROLINE, of Charleston,
South Carolina, editress and authoress of
various publications of merit

and talked very little; but he had a great deal of good sense, industry and observation.

2. When he was very young he began to think that his father was too poor to keep him at home, and that it was his duty to go away and earn his living as soon as possible. One day, when he went to a store to do an errand, he heard some traders in wool speaking of a very beautiful kind, which they brought from a distant county in Ireland; and from which they made a great deal of money.

3. Nichols listened to their talk with great attention, and wished very much that he had a little money to buy some of this wool. He did not tell his wishes to his father; but he thought much of the conversation he had heard, and laid a great many plans to procure money.

4. He was scarcely twelve years old when he first asked his father's permission to go from home and earn his own living. His father was very poor, and knowing Nichols to be an honest, industrious boy, he told him he might go, and try to find something to do.

5. Dressed in a suit of strong, coarse clothes, the boy left home, with no other provisions than a small cheese and a loaf of bread. In the country where the sheep were so remarkably fine, he had heard that there was a very rich and very generous man, called the Baron¹ of Baltimore.

6. Emboldened by what he had heard of this gentleman's kindness, Nichols went to his house, and asked if he could not employ him for a little while, that he might earn money to buy some wool. The boy seemed so intelligent, and so frank, and showed such a disposition to be industrious, that the baron was very much pleased with him.

7. From his honest simplicity of manner, and the good sense and modesty of his answers, the gentleman rightly concluded that he was no idle vagabond, or artful knave. It was a strange thing for a boy of his age to undertake such an enterprise; but

¹ BARON, the lowest title of nobility in England, except baronet ² ENTERPRISE, undertaking, disposition to engage in arduous undertakings

his appearance was so much in his favor, that the baron was resolved to trust him with a hundred crowns.¹

8. Some of his friends laughed at him for taking such a fancy to the boy, and told him that he would never see his money again. "I think it doubtful whether I ever do," replied the baron; "but I like the lad's enterprise, and if he be as good a boy as he seems, I am willing to give it to him."

9. Nichols never dreamed of having such a large sum in his hands. His heart came up in his throat with very joy, and it seemed as if he could not find words to express his gratitude² to his benefactor.

10. He made his purchases with a great deal of discretion,³ and, with the wool that he bought, he travelled back to the counties where sheep were very scarce. Here the little merchant found such a demand for wool, that he sold it all, immediately, for nearly double the money he had given for it.

11. This success gave him new courage; and he resolved to travel back as quick as possible to buy some more; but first he resolved to visit his good friend, the baron, that he might tell him of his good fortune, and thank him again for his kindness.

12. "Sir," said he, "that which you had the goodness to lend me has nearly doubled. The money I have made is quite sufficient to carry on my little commerce; therefore I beg of you to take back the hundred crowns, with my most sincere thanks; and may my heavenly Father bless you for your kindness to a poor boy like me."

13. The baron was so much charmed with the judicious way in which the money had been managed, and with the honest and prompt payment of the debt, that he insisted on making a present of it.

14. "No, my benefactor,"⁴ replied the young merchant; "keep your money to lend somebody else, who needs it. You have helped me to take the first step; and now, if I am pros-

¹ CROWNS, a silver coin of the value of five shillings sterling, and equal to about one dollar and eleven cents of our money.

² GRATITUDE, a due sense of benefits

³ DISCRETION (dis-kresh un), prudent management, judgment.

⁴ BENEFACCTOR, one who has done a kindness, a doer of good to another

pered, I can get along very well myself. All the favor I ask, is, that you will allow me to consider you as a friend, and permit me now and then to give you an account of my little fortune."

15. The baron was charmed with this reply. "Continue to think as you now do, my good boy," said he, affectionately placing his hand on the lad's head, "and I promise you I will always assist you with my advice, and my purse, too, if you need it."

16. Nichols could not refrain from tears. He pressed the hand of his benefactor, and, kissing it respectfully, he thanked him with all the eloquence of gratitude.

17. As soon as he had bidden his friend farewell, he again set out on his journey. When he returned to the place where he first bought wool, he found the farmers were willing to let him have more than he could pay for, provided he would promise a speedy return. Nichols accepted their offer, telling them he certainly would come back and pay them if he were living.

18. Though he took a much larger quantity of wool than at first, he found no difficulty in disposing of it; and very few weeks passed before he was able to go back to pay his debts, and purchase more. This honest industry soon gained friends; and, far and near, people told the story of the enterprising little wool merchant.

19. He drove his trade so briskly, and was so popular in the country, that it became necessary for him to buy horses and wagons to transport his goods from one place to another. In the midst of success, however, he did not forget that there are some things more valuable than wealth. He set apart some time from business to be devoted to his studies; he hired the best masters in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, and bought many interesting and useful books, such as voyages and travels.

•XXXVIII. — THE LITTLE WOOL MERCHANT — CONCLUDED.

1. In three years our little adventurer had acquired more money than his father had seen in his whole life; and he naturally became very anxious to go home and tell his parents his

good luck. He had never visited them, nor had they heard one syllable from him, since he left them.

2. His father had heard others talk, and he had often talked himself, about the famous little wool merchant; but he never once dreamed it was his own son. Nichols for some time intended to write to his father; but then he thought how grand it would be to go home of a sudden, with handsome presents, and surprise them all with his riches!

3. It was a joyful day for the little merchant when he came within sight of his native town, after such a long and eventful absence. He left his horses, his wagons, and his domestics, at a neighboring inn, and, having put on the self-same clothes he wore away (which, by the way, could not be made to fit decently without considerable ripping, piecing, and pulling), he bent his steps towards his father's dwelling.

4. He opened the kitchen door just as the family were sitting down to supper. One of his brothers remembered his old clothes, and the moment he saw him he threw himself on his neck, exclaiming, "It is my brother! It is my brother!" "Yes, yes," said one of the girls, jumping and catching hold of the skirts of his coat, "it is our Nichols!"

5. His mother sprang forward, and the little wanderer sank on his knees before her. She kissed him again and again; but her voice trembled so that she could not speak for many minutes. "It is, indeed, our boy," said the father, dashing the tears from his eyes. "He has been gone so long," said the mother, "that I cannot find it in my heart to scold at him for not letting us know where he has been. Poor child! he has on the same old coat that he wore away!"

6. "What have you been doing all this time?" said his father, looking a little displeased at his forlorn appearance. "When you have heard my story, I do not think you will blame me," replied Nichols in a respectful tone; "but first let me give my brothers and sisters the presents I have brought for them." So saying, he gave his father a purse containing a hundred pieces

of gold; one to his mother, containing fifty pieces; and one to each of his brothers and sisters, containing twenty-five pieces.

7. The old man blushed and turned pale at the sight of so much money; and, fearing that Nichols could not have gained it honestly, he cried out, in a sorrowful tone, "Ah! my child, where did you obtain all this money?" Then Nichols told him how he had gone to the Baron of Baltimore to obtain work; how kindly that gentleman had assisted him; how he had bought wool with the money; how he had sold it for double what it cost him; and, finally, that he had become rich enough to keep horses, wagons, and a man of his own. "Ah, ah!" shouted his brothers, "you are the little wool merchant we have heard so much talk about?"

8. "Is it possible?" asked his delighted father, bursting into tears.

9. "Yes, my dear father," replied the happy son, "it is even so; and, if you will go to the inn with me, I will prove it by my loaded wagons, and letters from the richest merchants in the country."

10. The whole story seemed like a dream to the family, till his horses, his wagons, and his letters, were shown them. You may be sure the fortnight Nichols spent at home was a happy one. When, at the end of that time, he told his mother he must leave her, she said it did not seem as if she had seen him a single day; but his father said he should not be urged to stay longer. "He has grown rich by attending to his business," said he, "and that is the way he must keep so."

11. After many a kind and sorrowful farewell, Nichols returned to business again. In process of time he became a rich and celebrated merchant; but the love of money did not, as it sometimes does, destroy all other tastes and affections.

12. Before Nichols was thirty years old he gave up his profitable traffic to one of his brothers, and purchased a fine large farm, not far from home, where he spent the remainder of his industrious and useful life. He had given his sisters a good

¹ TRAFFIC, trade.

education, and they were all well married, and lived within a day's ride of their father's house.

13. The father and mother were happy with their children. When the neighbors talked of what the little wool merchant had done for them, the old lady would smile and say, "Why, to be sure, we are comfortable and happy; how can we be otherwise, when we have such good children?" And Nichols would answer, "How could we be otherwise than good, when we have such a good mother?"

14. The Baron of Baltimore removed to London, about the time Nichols made his visit at home, and his young friend did not see him for several years. He could not, however, endure the thought of looking upon the good old gentleman no more before his death; and, when he quitted business, he made a journey to London, on purpose to thank him again for all he had done for him.

15. He found no difficulty in ascertaining the residence of his friend; and he found, as he expected, a most affectionate welcome. The baron observed that Nichols carried a wooden box under his arm; and, as soon as the first kind inquiries were over, he asked what it contained. "It is a present I have brought for you," said the young merchant.

16. When opened, it was found to contain a small portrait of the little peasant,¹ just as he first presented himself before his generous benefactor. "My kind friend," said he, "all I have in the world I owe to you. If Providence had not raised me up such a friend, I should have been nothing, and should have had nothing. The picture is not worth much, for I thought it most proper to set it in a plain wooden frame; but when people ask you why you have it in your house, tell them, I pray you, that it is a poor little peasant boy, who came to you a beggar, and who, by means of your kindness and counsel, came at last to ride in his carriage."

17. The old gentleman was affected to tears. "I shall teach my nephews,"² said he, "that it is more valuable than the por-

¹ PEASANT (*pé-z'ant*), a rural laborer, a rank. Neither of the three classes exists in class below the nobility and gentry in social the United States. ² Pronounced *né-vous*.

trait of an emperor cased in gold ; for it is the exact likeness of one who deserved good luck for his honesty and intelligence, his modesty and gratitude."

18. The baron and his young friend often exchanged letters ; and many a kind token of remembrance found its way to London from the Irish farm. The baron died of a good old age. When his nephews talked to their sons about their great uncle, they often used to point to the portrait, and repeat the story of his kindness to the Little Wool Merchant.

JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

XXXIX.—WATCHING LITTLE CHILDREN.

MOTHER, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden-wall,
Rounding through the busy street.
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs ;
Little feet will go astray ;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task ?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prating eloquent and wild ;
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 't is broken ;

This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true;
Culling out each noxious weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

Anonymous.

XL. — TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

Mr. Stone. COME and stand by me for a moment, Samuel; I wish to read you something from this book. Do you know where Persepolis¹ is?

Samuel. It is in Persia; or rather, I should say, that its ruins are; and it was once the capital.

Mr. Stone. Yes, it was the cradle of Persian liberty and glory; the sacred place, or national sanctuary of the Persian empire. And who was Darius Hystaspes?²

Samuel. He was a king of Persia. He ruled over the twenty-three countries, or one hundred and twenty-three provinces, of the Persian empire, five hundred years before the Christian era. His empire was the greatest in the world.

Mr. Stone. Very well. This great king caused a huge slab of stone, twenty-six feet long and six feet wide, to be built into the southern wall of a structure at Persepolis; and there it is now, two thousand two hundred and fifty years old. On this stone we may still read an inscription, in arrow-head³ letters, which proclaims, among other things, "Says Darius, the King; may Ormuzd⁴

¹ Pronounced *Pēr-sēp'-o-lis*.

² Pronounced *Da-r'ius Hys-tās'pēs*.

³ ARROW-HEAD, or wedge-shaped. This

ancient kind of writing, found at Babylon.

is in letters made up of different combinations of the shape of a wedge, or barbed arrow-head.

⁴ Pronounced *Or'mūzd*.

(God) protect this province from slavery, from decrepitude,¹ from lying. Let not war, nor slavery, nor decrepitude, nor lies, obtain power over this province."

Samuel blushed, for he was not a truthful boy. His father continued, "Do you know of any other testimony² against lying as old as this?" Samuel hesitated. At last he said,

"Yes, sir, the Bible says, 'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.'"

Mr. Stone. Is there not another testimony, older than this, in the form of a precept?

Samuel. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor;" it is one of the commandments.

Mr. Stone. Do you recollect asking me, yesterday, my son, whether lies were not sometimes necessary, or at least useful? How would the commandment read, if it was written, "Thou shalt not bear false witness, unless it is necessary, or unless it is useful?" Would not such an exception destroy the command?

Samuel. I think it would, sir; because every one would be apt to think that the particular lie he wished to tell was necessary, or at least was useful.

Mr. Stone. Then there is no exception. Let us put the strongest case you can think of, and see if there is any exception.

Samuel. Supposing that a man were to lift up an axe, and threaten to dash my brains out, if I did not tell a lie; should I not be right in doing it?

Mr. Stone. No. Did you never read about the martyrs?³ How they might have avoided many sufferings, and horribly painful deaths, if they would have told a lie; or if they would deny that to be true which they thought to be true?

Samuel. I am afraid that I should not have the courage of a martyr to die for the truth. How wicked a thing it must be to induce⁴ another person to tell a lie, if lying is so strictly forbidden by God, and no exception in any case allowed!

Mr. Stone. Yes; and you can see why lying is so great a

¹ DE-CREP-I-TUDE, infirmities of age.

² TES-TI-MO-NY, witness, condemning evidence.

³ MAR-TYR, a witness for the truth, who dies for it.

⁴ IN-DUCE, persuade, cause.

fault, if you consider the value of truth. Think what a condition we should all be in, if people did not recognize the obligation to speak the truth to each other. Language would be of no use; man might as well be dumb, for no speech could have any meaning.

Samuel. I know some boys who are not believed when they assert anything important, unless it is corroborated¹ by other boys, or some kind of evidence. These lying boys may be said to have deprived themselves of their tongues.

Mr. Stone. Yes, indeed; their wickedness carries its punishment with it. Never forget, my son, when you are tempted to tell a lie, that truth comes from God, and belongs to God; and that there is therefore a sacredness in it which must never be profaned.²

Original.

XLI.—KINDNESS AND UNKINDNESS.

Amanda. HERBERT, how could you speak so unkindly to Joseph when he came to you with the message from your father? Did you not see how his lip quivered and his face swelled with emotion as he turned to go away?

Herbert. O, sister, you would make a baby of Joseph! I did not mean to speak harshly to him, though I felt very cross at the time.

Emma. Why cannot boys be frank and manly, without being rude and unkind? Here comes Ambrose; he is kind, and yet he is neither soft nor silly. Ambrose, we are talking of kindness and unkindness to companions.

Ambrose. It appears to me as though there was no one thing in which boys, and girls too, so often do wrong, as in their deportment to each other. Why is unkindness so common a fault?

Amanda. Because we are selfish; at first we care only for ourselves, think only of our own amusement, and seek our playmates only to be amused. Of course, if our whole care is for

¹ CORROBORATED—STRENGTHENED, confirmed

² TEMPTED, enticed to evil, allured
PROFANED, polluted by wickedness

ourselves we do not care for them. The truth is that we do not really love them nor desire to do them good. If we love ourselves only, and have no love for others, we continually require others to yield their wishes to our own.

Emma. Yes; and then comes the next step: we express our wicked feelings by unkind words and acts, because our companions do not gratify our selfishness by giving up their own wishes to ours. Then follow, in hasty troops, the unkind looks, the harsh tones, the domineering¹ orders, the sarcastic² or abusive epithets, the malicious³ replies, the spiteful retorts,⁴ the quarrels, the blows.

Amanda. Go yet further, Emma. The commandment says, "Thou shalt not kill;" our Saviour says, "He that is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment;" and the apostle John declares that "he that hateth his brother is a murderer."⁵

Ambrose. This is a terrible reflection!* Yet do not revengeful feelings bring us to this? When I revenge myself upon another, I endeavor to pay back the injury or pain inflicted, and a little more besides; just enough more to gratify my own excited feelings; that is, revenge requires more than justice. My antagonist pays me back, revenge and all, and adds an overplus,⁶ to please his own passion. I pay back again, with added interest;⁷ and so it goes on, till the worst consequences may follow.

Herbert. We see it is so with the savages of our western wilds. By their law of revenge, whole tribes have been exterminated,⁸ and the whole race will soon be swept away into oblivion.⁹

Emma. I never thought before what unkindness is, for I never before carried it out to its end.

Amanda. It does not end in the death of the body; for all unkindness, if loved and practised, helps to form a bad character, which may remain with us forever.

¹ DOMINEERING, ruling insolently, overbearing.

² SARCASTIC, taunting, keen, satirical.

³ MALICIOUS, thus denoting quality, name.

⁴ RETORTS all disposed malignant and injurious.

⁵ RIGOROUS, severe, short replies.

⁶ OVERPLUS, what remains over, more than enough, surplus.

⁷ INTEREST, price paid for the use of money, here for the privilege of using.

⁸ EXTERMINATED, utterly destroyed.

⁹ OBIVION, forgetfulness.

Ambrose. The remedy seems to be a very simple one; it is this: always meet your brothers, sisters, playmates and companions, bearing in your bosom a heart filled with love for them; and a desire to do them good.

Herbert. I cannot help thinking how vast the difference is between a world of savages and a world of Christians; yet, mutual kindness seems to make all the difference.

Amanda. It was only this morning I saw a confirmation of your remark, Herbert. I will read it, and it will then be time to study our lessons. In this story we see what selfishness is, and what it comes to when carried out.

“In the north of Borneo are found men living absolutely in a state of nature. They neither cultivate the ground nor live in huts; they neither eat rice nor salt; they do not associate with each other, but rove about the woods like wild beasts. Marriage does not exist. The children, when old enough to shift for themselves, usually separate, neither one afterward thinking of the other. These creatures are hunted by a race of somewhat superior savages, who go out in parties of twenty-five or thirty, and amuse themselves by shooting at the children in the trees. The men taken in these hunts are killed; the women, if young, preserved; the children retained. But, as the children will run off, though treated kindly, the captor maims them in one of their feet, and thus their escape is prevented, and their services in paddling canoes retained.”

Herbert. If selfishness is so hideous, I think I will hereafter try to rid myself of it, and treat every person I meet with true politeness and kindness.

•Original.

XLII. — AN UNHAPPY TEMPER.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Here it is for you, my dear; I have finished it.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it. I hate stale news. Is there anything in the paper? for I cannot be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr. Bolingbroke. Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Who? Who?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin, John Nettleby.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Mrs. Nettleby! Dear! But why did you tell me?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. O, but it's a hundred times pleasanter to read the paragraph one's self. One loses all the pleasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage?

Mr. Bolingbroke. O, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the pleasure of the surprise.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. But you see I cannot find it. How provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell me.

Mr. Bolingbroke. Our friend, Mr. Granby.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Mr. Granby! Dear! Why did not you make me guess? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him *our* friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion¹ to him, as you may remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr. Bolingbroke. I am sorry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Miss Cooke.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Cooke! But there are so many Cookes. Can't you distinguish her in any way? Has she no Christian name?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Emma, I think. Yes, Emma.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Emma Cooke! No; it cannot be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

¹ A-VERSION, repugnance, dislike, antipathy.

Mr. Bolingbroke. This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. May be so, — I'm sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr. Bolingbroke. I have seen very little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Then, my dear, how could you decide that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr. Bolingbroke. Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I understand that compliment¹ perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear anything better than irony.²

Mr. Bolingbroke. Irony! my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Yes, yes; in earnest, — so I perceive. I may naturally be dull of apprehension,³ but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend you too well. Yes, it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from experience; you have been disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr. Bolingbroke. My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. No—you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr. Bolingbroke. But I said that only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. But I would rather that you thought ill of me, than that you did not think of me at all.

Mr. Bolingbroke. Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you, if that will please you.

¹ COM'PLI-MENT, an act or ex-pression of civility, usually understood to mean less than it declares.

² IRON-Y ('i-rŭn-e), a mode of speech in

which the meaning is contrary to the words; praise bestowed when censure is intended.

³ AP-PRE-HEN'SION, faculty of seizing an idea.

had seen the hawk seize the prey, pursued her in order to take it ; and, overtaking her, gave her such a blow as caused her to drop the squirrel in order to defend herself.

12. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time. At last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that, though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury. After lying a while, he came to himself again ; but what was his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest !

13. "Ah !" said he, "my dear native place and peaceful home, if ever I am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo a second time all the miseries and dangers from which I am now so wonderfully escaped."

LXXXIII.—THE SWALLOW AND THE TORTOISE.²

A Tortoise in a garden's bound,
An ancient inmate¹ of the place,
Had left his winter quarters under ground,
And with a sober pace
Was crawling o'er a sunny bed,
And thrusting from his shell his pretty toad-like head.

Just come from sea, a Swallow,

As to and fro he nimbly flew,

Beat our old racer hollow :

At length he stopped direct in view,

And said, "Acquaintance, brisk and gay,

How have you fared this many a day ? "

"Thank you !" replied the close house-keeper,

"Since you and I last autumn parted,

I've been a precious sleeper,

And never stirred nor started :

¹ MA-TI'OU, i. e., important.

[land and sea species. It is sometimes called

² Tortoise (turtle), an animal covered turtle in the United States.
with an oblong shell, of which there are two species. Inhabitant, resident

But in my hole I lay as snug
As fleas within a rug ;
Nor did I put my head abroad
Till all the snow and ice were thawed."

" But I," rejoined the bird,
" Who love cold weather just as well as you,
Soon as the warning blasts I heard,
Away I flew,
And, mounting in the wind,
Left gloomy winter far behind.
Directed by the midday sun,
O'er sea and land my vent'rous¹ course I steered,
Nor was my distant journey done
Till Afric's verdant coast appeared.
There, all the season long,
I chased gay butterflies and gnats,
And gave my negro friends a morning song,
And housed at night among the bats.
Then, at the call of spring,
I northward turned my wing,
And here again her joyous message bring."

" Dear, what a deal of needless ranging !"
Returned the reptile grave,
" Forever hurrying, bustling, changing,
As if it were your life to save !
Why need you visit foreign nations ?
Rather, like me and some of your relations,
Take out a pleasant half-year's nap,
Secure from sorrow and mishap."

" A pleasant nap, indeed !" replied the Swallow.
" When I can neither see nor fly,
The bright example I may follow :
Till then, in truth, not I !

¹ VENT'ROUS, for venturous, daring

I measure time by its employment,
And only value life for life's enjoyment.
As good be buried all at once,
As doze out half one's days, like you, you stupid dunce."

GAY.¹

XXXIV. — THE BUZZARD.

1. The buzzard is a kind of falcon, or hawk; but he is a clumsy and lazy bird, and cannot fly so well as other kinds of hawks. He catches frogs and mice, and such insects as he can take without the trouble of flying after them.

2. The buzzard is found in Europe, and in some parts of America. Count Buffon,² who lived in France, and wrote many excellent books about birds and other animals, tells us that one of his friends had a tame buzzard, which was taken in a snare, and given to Buffon's friend.

3. At first he was wild and ferocious; but, on leaving him without food for a time, he became more tame, and would eat out of the hand. In about six weeks he became quite familiar, and was allowed to go out of doors, though with his wings tied to prevent his flying away. In this condition he walked about the garden, and would return when called to be fed.

4. After some time he became quite tame, and seemed to be attached to his master, and then his wings were untied, a small bell was tied to his leg, and a piece of copper was fastened around his neck, with the owner's name marked on it. He was then given full liberty to go where he pleased, which, however, he soon abused by flying away into the woods.

5. The gentleman now gave up his buzzard as lost, but in four hours afterwards he rushed into the house, followed by five

¹ GAY, JOHN, an eminent poet of England; Frenchman, and one of the most eloquent he wrote *Fables*, *Rural Sports*, the *Neggar's* and distinguished writers on *Natural His-*
Opera, and other works. He was born in a way that ever lived. He was born in Bur-

² BUFFON, GEORGE LOUIS LE CLERC, a ³ AT-TACHED, united by love or otherwise.

other buzzards, from whose attacks he was glad to seek a place of safety. After this caper he became more familiar than before, and so attached himself to his master as to sleep every night in his bed-room.

6. He was always present at dinner, and sat on one corner of the table. He would caress his master with his head and bill, but would do this to no other person. One day, when the gentleman rode on horseback, the buzzard followed him several miles, constantly flying near him, or over his head.

7. This bird did not like either dogs or cats, but was not the least afraid of them. Sometimes he had battles with these animals, but always came off victorious. To try his courage, four strong cats were collected together in the garden with the bird, and some raw meat thrown to them. The bird beat them all, so that they were glad to retreat, and then took all the meat himself.

8. This buzzard had such a hatred to red caps, that he would not suffer one to be on the head of any person in his presence. And he was so expert at taking them off, that the laborers in the field, who wore them, often found themselves bare-headed, without knowing what became of their caps. He now and then would also snatch away wigs, without doing the wearer any other injury than stealing his property. These caps and wigs he always carried into a tree, the tallest in the neighborhood, which was the place where he deposited¹ all his stolen goods.

9. He would never suffer any other bird of the rapacious² kind to stay near his dwelling, but would attack them boldly, and put them to flight. He did no mischief among his master's poultry, nor were the chickens and young ducks, after a while, afraid of him. But he was not so kind to the hens and chickens of his neighbors, and would sometimes pounce upon them, so that his master was often obliged to advertise that he would pay for all mischief his buzzard might be guilty of. He was, however, frequently fired at, and, at different times, received fifteen musket shots, without, however, having a bone broken.

¹ DE-POS-IT-ED, laid up for keeping.

² RA-PA-CIOUS, preying on other animals.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this, I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As long as you had the slightest remains of love for me, you could not make me an object of derision; ridicule and love are incompatible.¹ Well, I have done my best to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not cut out to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby!

Mr. Bolingbroke. Happy, I hope sincerely that she will be with my friend; but my happiness must depend on you, my love; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cook. I'll go and see her directly. See her I must.

Mr. Bolingbroke. I am heartily glad of it, my dear; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real pleasure.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure, or you either; but to satisfy my own —
curiosity.

MISS EDGEWORTH.²

XLIII. — POETICAL EXTRACTS.

1. *Now or Never.* — SHAKESPEARE.³

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;

¹ IN-COM-PAT-I-BLE, inconsistent, irreconcilable; ridicule and love cannot exist together.

² EDGEWORTH, MISS MARIA, the celebrated Irish novelist, moralist, and authoress. Her works have had great influence in promoting the cause of education and social morality. She was born in Oxfordshire,

England, in 1766; resided chiefly with her father, in Ireland, at Edgeworthstown, and died in 1849, aged 83.

³ SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, the greatest of dramatic poets; he was born at Stratford, on the River Avon, in England, April 23, 1564, and died, in 1616, on his fifty-second birthday.

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

2. *Moonlight.* — POPE.¹

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !
O'er heaven's clear azure² spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
Around her throne the vivid³ planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

3. *Danger of the Sea.* — SOUTHEY.⁴

'T is pleasant, by the cheerful hearth,⁵ to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements ;
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not ; to look round, and only see
The mountain-wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark —
O God ! this is, indeed, a dreadful thing !
And he who hath endured the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

¹ POPE, ALEXANDER, the most finished and one of the most famous of the poets of England ; he was born in London, in 1688, and died May 30, 1744, aged 56.

² AZURE, blue.

³ VIVID, full of life, very bright.

⁴ SOUTHEY, see previous note, page 132

⁵ Pronounced *härth*.

4. *Early Rising.* — HURDIS.¹

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
 The breath of night's destructive to the hue
 Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
 And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
 Soon as the sun departs. Why close the eyes
 Of blossoms infinite ere the still moon
 Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
 Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
 That nature boasts to night's unkindly damp.
 Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
 Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
 Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
 Give to repose the solemn hours she claims;
 And from the forehead of the morning steal
 The sweet occasion. O, there is a charm
 That morning has, that gives the brow of age
 A smack of youth, and makes the life of youth
 Breathe perfumes exquisite! Expect it not,
 Ye who till morn upon a down bed lie,
 Indulging feverish sleep, or, wakeful, dream
 Of happiness no mortal heart has felt
 But in the regions of romance.

5. *Human Life.* — HENRY WARE, JR.²

'T is not in man
 To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
 Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
 Meets the o'erarching heavens on every side,
 Blending their hues in distant faintness there.
 'T is wonderful! — and yet, my boy, just such
 Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
 As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
 As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven

¹ HURDIS, DR. JAMES, a learned English divine, and very pleasing poet; professor of poetry at Oxford; he died in 1801.

² WARE, HENRY, JR., an eminent American author, clergyman and professor at Harvard College. He died Sept. 22, 1843.

Smiles on it; and 't is decked with every hue
 Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
 Arise; contending winds of fate go forth;
 And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
 And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
 Eventful voyage. The wise may suffer wreck, —
 The foolish must. O, then be early wise!
 Learn from the mariner his skilful art,
 To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
 And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path,
 'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port
 Unerringly secure. O, learn from him
 To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
 To guard thy sail from Passion's sudden blasts,
 And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
 Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
 Points to the light that changes not in heaven.

XLIV. — ADVENTURE WITH A BUFFALO.¹

1. As soon as I saw the buffaloes, said Basil, a young hunter, my first thought was to get near and have a shot at them. They were worth a charge of powder and lead, and I reflected that if I could kill but one of them, it would insure² us against hunger for a couple of weeks to come.

2. So I hung my game-bag to the branch of a tree, and set about approaching them. I saw that the wind was in my favor, and there was no danger of their scented me. But there was no cover near them — the ground was as level as a table, and there was not a score of trees upon as many acres.

3. It was of no use crawling up, and I did not attempt it, but walked straight forward, treading lightly as I went. In five minutes I found myself within good shooting-range. Neither of

¹ BUFFALO is the name given in the Asia and Africa. The American buffalo is, United States to an animal which differs properly, the bison.

very much from the true buffalo of Europe, ² IN-SURE, make sure, or secure.

the bulls had noticed me. They were too busy with one another, and in all my life I never saw two creatures fighting in such earnest.

4. They were foaming at the mouth, and the steam poured out of their nostrils incessantly.¹ At times, they would back from each other like a pair of rams, and then rush together head-foremost, until their skulls cracked with the terrible collision.² One would have fancied that they would break them at every fresh encounter;³ but I knew the thickness of a buffalo's skull before that time. I remember having fired a musket at one that stood fronting me, not more than six feet distant, when, to my surprise, the bullet flattened and fell to the ground before the nose of the buffalo.

5. Well, continued Basil, after a pause, I did not stop long to watch the battle of the bison-bulls. I was not curious about that. I had seen such many a time. I was thinking about the meat; and I paused just long enough to select the one that appeared to have the most fat upon his flanks, when I drew up my rifle and fired.

6. I aimed for the heart, and my aim was a true one, for the animal came to its knees along with the crack. Just at that moment the other was charging upon it, and, to my surprise, it continued to run on, until, striking the wounded one full upon the forehead, it knocked the latter right over upon its side; where, after giving half a dozen kicks, it lay quite dead.

7. The remaining bull had dashed some paces beyond the spot, and now turned round again to renew the attack. On seeing his antagonist stretched out and motionless, he seemed to be as much astonished as I was. At first, no doubt, he fancied himself the author of a grand, decisive stroke, for it was plain that up to this time he had neither noticed my presence nor the report of the rifle. The bellowing noise that both were making had drowned the report; and the dust, together with the long, shaggy tuft that hung over his eyes, had prevented him from seeing anything more than his rival, with whom he was engaged. Now

¹ IN-CES-SANT-LY, continually.

² COL-LI-SION, running against each other.

³ EN-COUNT'ER, fight, contest, coming together in a hostile manner.

that the other was no longer able to stand before him, and, thinking it was himself that had done the deed, he tossed up his head and snorted in triumph.

8. At this moment the matted hair was thrown back from his eyes, and the dust having somewhat settled away, he observed me where I stood reloading my gun. I fancied he would take off before I could finish, and I made all the haste in my power, — so much so that I dropped the box of caps at my feet. I had taken one out, however, and hurriedly adjusted¹ it, thinking to myself, as I did so, that the box might lie where it was until I had finished the job.

9. I brought the piece to my shoulder, when, to my surprise, the bull, instead of running away, as I had expected, set his head, and, uttering one of his terrible bellows, came rushing towards me. I fired, but the shot was a random one, and, though it hit him in the snout, it did not in the least disable him. Instead of keeping him off, it only seemed to irritate him the more, and his fury was now at its height.

10. I had no time to load again. He was within a few feet of me when I fired, and it was with difficulty that, by leaping to one side, I avoided his horns; but I did so, and he passed me with such violence that I felt the ground shake under his heavy tread.

11. He wheeled immediately, and made at me a second time. I knew that if he once touched me I was gone. His horns were set, and his eyes glared with a terrible earnestness. I rushed towards the body of the buffalo that lay near, hoping that this might assist me in avoiding the onset. It did so, for, as he dashed forward over it, he became entangled among the limbs, and again charged without striking me.

12. He turned, however, as quick as thought, and again rushed bellowing upon me. There was a tree near at hand. I had noticed it before, but I could not tell whether I should have time to reach it. I was now somewhat nearer it, and, fearing that I might not be able to dodge the furious brute any longer upon the ground, I struck out for the tree.

¹ ADJUSTED, fitted.

13. You may be sure I did my best at running. I heard the bull coming after, but, before he could overtake me, I had got to the root of the tree. It was my intention, at first, only to take shelter behind the trunk; but when I had got there, I noticed that there were some low branches, and, catching one of these, I swung myself up among them.

14. The bull passed under with a rush — almost touching my feet as I hung by the branch; but I was soon safely lodged in a fork, and out of his reach. My next thought was to load my gun, and fire at him from my perch, and, with this intention, I commenced loading. I had no fear but that he would give me an opportunity, for he kept round the tree, and at times attacked the trunk, butting and goring it with his horns, and all the while bellowing furiously.

15. The tree was a small one, and it shook so that I began to fear it might break down. I therefore made all the haste I could to get in the load, expecting soon to put an end to his attacks. I succeeded at length in ramming down the bullet, and was just turning the gun to put on a cap, when I recollected that the cap-box was still lying on the ground where it had fallen! The sudden attack of the animal had prevented me from taking it up.

16. My caps were all within that box, and my gun, loaded though it was, was as useless in my hands as a bar of iron. To get at the caps would be quite impossible. I dared not descend from the tree. The infuriated¹ bull still kept pacing under it, now going round and round, and occasionally stopping for a moment and looking angrily up.

17. My situation was anything but a pleasant one. I began to fear that I might not be permitted to escape at all. The bull seemed to be most pertinacious² in his vengeance. I could have shot him in the back, or the neck, or where I liked, if I had only had one cap. He was within three feet of the muzzle of my rifle; but what of that, when I could not get the gun to go off?

18. After a while I thought of making some tinder-paper, and

¹ IN-FU'RI-AT-ED, very angry, enraged.

² PER-TI-NA'CIOUS, persevering, persisting, perversely resolute.

then trying to "touch off" the piece with it; but a far better plan at that moment came into my head. While I was fumbling about my bullet-pouch, to get at my flint and steel, of course my fingers came in contact with the lasso¹ which was still hanging around my shoulders. It was this that suggested my plan, which was no other than to lasso the bull, and tie him to the tree.

19. I lost no time in carrying it into execution. I uncoiled the rope, and first made one end fast to the trunk. The other was the loop-end, and, reeving it through the ring, I held it in my right hand while I leaned over and watched my opportunity. It was not long before a good one offered. The bull still continued his angry demonstrations below, and passed round and round.

20. It was no new thing for me to fling a lasso, and at the first pitch I had the satisfaction of seeing the noose pass over the bison's head, and settle in² proper position behind his horns. I then gave it a twitch, so as to tighten it; and after that I ran the rope over a branch, and thus getting a purchase² upon it, I pulled it with all my might.

21. As soon as the bull felt the strange cravat around his neck, he began to plunge and rout with violence, and at length ran furiously out from the tree. But he soon came to the end of his tether; and the quick jerk, which caused the tree itself to crack, brought him to his haunches, while the noose tightening on his throat was fast strangling him. But for the thick matted hair it would have done so; but this saved him, and he continued to sprawl and struggle at the end of the rope.

22. The tree kept on cracking, and, as I began to fear it might give way and precipitate me to the ground, I thought it better to slip down. I ran direct to where I had dropped the caps; and, having got hold of the box, I soon had one upon my gun. I then stole cautiously back, and while the bison was hang-

¹ LASSO, a long rope, made of a strip of raw hide, with a slip-noose at the end of it. It is sometimes fifty feet long.

² PURCHASE, a mechanical advantage, enabling one to apply his strength to better purpose.

ing himself as fast as he could, I brought his struggles to a period by sending a bullet through his ribs.

Mayne Reid.

XLV. — MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

1. DURING the summer, all the boys in our neighborhood, whose labor was worth anything on the farm, were kept at home; so I did not go to school until winter. The school-house was quite two miles from my uncle's, over by Pilot Mountain—the very same little brick school-house where James went to meeting. It was a very pleasant walk in summer, but a very bleak and cold one in winter.

2. I was thankful to go to school again, when the winter-school began. My books looked very precious to me, and I took to my studies with the best appetite in the world. The master, a young man from college, was kind-hearted and intelligent. He loved the boys, and the boys loved him.

3. There is no lack of real desire to improve, nor of earnest, thorough study, in a country winter-school. Opportunities for improvement are few and far between. The older youth having the opportunity to attend school not more than three or four months in a year, those months are diligently improved while they last.

4. The class in which I was placed was composed of nearly twenty boys, and girls, most of them older than myself. The class, as a class, made a very poor figure in grammar and spelling, which determined the master to offer the prize of a silver pencil-case to the one who made the greatest improvement in those two branches. As he held up the silver pencil-case, O, how it glistened!

5. Now, grammar had never been one of my favorite studies. I had often thought that I should like to make a bonfire of all the grammars in the world. I wished the pencil could be given to the best scholar in arithmetic, or in geography, or in something more interesting than grammar; but grammar and spelling were the branches for which the prize was to be given, so there

was nothing for us to do but to study. The worst of it with me was, I had not the book which the other boys had.

6. One morning, towards the last of December, James said he thought there would be no school that day, at least for me. The fine snow was already falling, and every now and then a gust of wind hurled it in eddies through the air. I always arose in the morning with James, whose first duty was to make a roaring fire in the great kitchen fire-place. By the light of it I used sometimes to get an hour's study before daylight.

7. My uncle was then from home. After breakfast, the boys, Nathan and William, concluded it was of no use to go into the woods that day. On pleasant winter days the men all went to the forest to cut down and chop up wood. They meant to keep snug by the fire that day, they said, and play checkers or fox-and-geese. I put on my great-coat, — rather tight and short for me, for it was its first winter, and I had, of late, begun to grow very fast.

8. "Hugh,¹ I think you had better not go to school to-day," said my aunt; "the wind howls dreadfully, and it is a long way there." "The master wanted us never to miss, and he is going to explain all about verbs to-day," I replied. "I was afraid, once, I should never understand about active-transitive and active-intransitive verbs; but now I am determined to try; besides, I have not the book in which they study. I use Joseph Price's book."

9. "What nonsense!" exclaimed William, who was preparing some corn to parch. "What good will it ever do? I would never trouble my head with it, and I used to tell the master so." "It helps us to talk and write properly," I answered. "I wonder how much wiser Hugh will ever be for it?" added Nathan. "It will do me good to try, though, will it not? Mother used to say there is as much in trying to overcome difficulties, as there is in actually obtaining the thing which we desire."

10. "O, your ears!" said my aunt; "you must tie them up or they will freeze;" and she pulled an old silk pocket-handker-

¹ Pronounced *Hu*

chief from her pocket, which she put over my head, and tied under my chin. "He is not warm enough yet," said James, who just then came in with an armful of wood. "It is very cold, and my advice to Hugh is not to go to school to-day." "But, James, to-day is the day that the master is going to explain something; and if he can go there and explain, I am sure that the boys ought to go and hear him."

11. My aunt just then thought of a blue frock, which William had outgrown, while it was yet as good as new, and this she went out to get. "That is it!" said James; "that is it!" So over my plaid coat, shrunk on all sides, she threw the coarse blue frock, which came over my knees and fell loosely over the body. Thus armed and equipped,¹ I set forth for my walk of two miles. "Better stay at home and snap corn with us," said William, as I went out at the door. "I wish most heartily, he would," added my aunt.

12. James went out of the gate with me, and followed me with his eyes until I made the turn towards Pilot Mountain. The north wind hurled troops of snow-flakes right into my eyes, nose and mouth, and, for a few moments, I was almost blinded. "O!" thought I, bending to the blast; "but General Washington's soldiers had a worse time than this, and they had not warm clothes on, as I have;" and my heart kept warm with thankfulness for the blue frock and silk handkerchief.

13. "I have nothing but the wind and snow to fight, and they had an enemy—a real enemy; wind and snow are not enemies—not real enemies,"—although, just at that moment, I could not see clearly that they were real friends. On I went, until I came to a group of trees, which partially sheltered me from the driving blast. Here I stopped to take breath. No living thing was in sight; no boy, no man, no sleigh. At other times this was a much travelled road; now the snow was fast drifting into heaps. The pine-trees cracked and groaned under the storm, and everything wore a wild and dreary look.

14. "If I only had had Joseph Price's book at home, I do not

¹ E-EQUIPPED, furnished, fitted with everything necessary.

believe I should have come," I began to say, my face smarting with the cold. I almost dreaded to emerge from the shelter of the woods. Whenever we were disposed to find fault, be discontented, or grow faint-hearted, my mother used to incite us on by contrasting¹ our situation with that of those who were worse off than ourselves.

15. "Well" (I now remember saying to myself), "this is not so bad as Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego,"² in the fiery furnace. God took care of them, and he will take care of me. It is not so bad as it was for Napoleon and his army to go over the Alps, when the avalanches³ came tumbling down the mountain-side, burying his men. It is not so bad as being at sea, and the ship going to pieces!" And, with these examples, I summoned up my flagging⁴ courage, and went on my way.

16. "If I only had Joseph Price's book, I do not believe I should come. O dear! but I have not Joseph Price's book, nor any book in which to study the parsing and spelling lessons! Uncle Hugh might get me one — O dear!" and with this I sank down behind the stone wall to take breath. I thought of my mother. She was in the cold ground, and I almost wished I was by her side. How lonely and desolate I felt! How cold and frowning was everything!

XLVI. — MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS — CONCLUDED.

1. At last the brick school-house appeared in sight! I straightened up and began to run; but my hands were too much benumbed to hold up my blue frock, and down I tumbled into a drift. I scrambled¹ up and made my way as fast as I could, until I reached the school-house door. How glad was I at the sight of it! I seized the latch! It was fastened, and the snow was drifting against it.

¹ CON-TRAST'ING, considering the difference.

² Pronounced *Shā'drach, Mē'shech, A-bed'ne-go*. See the book of Daniel, Chap. iii.

³ AV'A-LANCH-ES (āv'a-lānsh-es), vast bodies of snow and ice, or soil, stones, &c., sliding down a mountain.

⁴ FLAC'GING, drooping, growing feeble.

2. "O, mercy!" I cried; and well I might have cried for mercy, for my strength and warmth were now almost exhausted. The school-house locked and empty! The storm was raging worse than ever, and I had almost despaired; when the door was opened from within, and the round warm face of Joseph Price himself peeped through the open crack.

3. "It is Hugh!" he cried, in a friendly tone, — "Hugh Fisher, and he can but just get out of the bank. We locked the door because the wind forced it open. O, Hugh is as cold as he can be!"

4. The master soon appeared. "My poor boy!" he said, drawing me in and helping off my outside gear.¹ I could scarcely move or speak. But the fire sparkled, the wind swept up the broad chimney's throat. The master spoke kind and comforting words to me. The scholars all looked glad to see me. O, how good and delightful did that school-room seem to me! The storm without appeared to die away as the pleasant warmth stole through my limbs. It came from friendly faces as well as the friendly fire.

5. The school was quite small in numbers: instead of fifty there were twenty-one, and those mostly from the neighboring farms. Of our own class there were nine. The master soon gave us an interval² for play, for I found my walk had consumed far more time than usual. After the boys had collected round me, and then dispersed out of doors for a frolic among the drifts, he came and sat down beside me.

6. I still kept the first chair I sank into on reaching the room. "Well, Hugh," said the master, "there is no boy here who came as far as you did. You are a courageous little fellow! What made you venture out in a day like this?" "O, sir," I answered, "I did not want to miss hearing about the verbs. Then, it was not as though I had a book of my own in which to study the parsing lessons at home. I study from Joseph Price's book, for I have none. I have to study when I get the best chance, you see."

¹ Gear, dress, harness, rigging; accoutrements.

² IN'TER-VAL, space or time between two periods or places.

7. "What did your Uncle Hugh say, when you asked him for a grammar?" "He said, 'I might take Charles' or William's book, or go without.' They have not this book; so I do the best I can." I shall never forget the kind look which the master bestowed upon me. "And you are an orphan?" he said.

8. "Yes, sir," I answered. "I suppose I shall have to make my way in the world alone. I always wanted to get an education. My father and mother both intended to have me educated, but—" "But what, Hugh?" asked the master.

9. "Things are so altered now, sir!" I suppose I said it mournfully, for the thought of it always made me sad, in spite of myself. "Uncle Hugh thinks it is worse than folly to get an education. He never will listen to a word of it, I suppose; but I am willing to work for it, or do almost any way." "Well, my boy," said the master, patting me on the head as he rose to call the school to order; "well, Hugh, where there is a will there is a way."

10. We had a very pleasant school that day. Joseph Price and I studied together. The master made us understand about transitive verbs as clear as day, and new light was thrown upon my mind about decimal fractions. There were fewer of us there, and when the class went to recite, there was time to ask the master a great many more questions. Ever after that I understood transitive verbs and decimal fractions.

11. After school was dismissed, and the boys were scrambling for tippets, caps and coats, and Joseph Price was urging me to go to his house, which I never thought for a moment I could do, the master came up, and laying his hand on my shoulder, said, "Hugh, you must come home with me. I cannot think of letting you go home such a tempestuous night as this; you would, in all probability, lose your way and perish—it is very much drifted."

12. "I am sure I should like to go with you; but will they not scold at me at home for not returning?" "I will see to that," said the master. "No, they shall not scold at you."

13. So I went home with the master. As we all walked out together into the storm, how thankful I was that the

long, lonely walk to Uncle Hugh's was not before me! Joseph Price and I kept a little while together; then he stopped, and I went on to the next house, where the master boarded.

14. He took me into the kitchen, where the family were, — Mr. Drew and Mrs. Drew, and two or three daughters, and a married son and his wife and the baby. He told them I was Hugh Fisher, and how I braved the storm and came to school, and how, when I had reached the school-house, I sank almost exhausted into a snow-drift by the door. And then Mrs. Drew took me by the hand, and said she was very glad the master brought me to their house, and placed a little green chair by the fire, for me to sit down in and warm my feet. How she seemed to speak like my mother!

15. Then Mr. Drew said, "Ah, yes, I remember this little fellow's father; he was as brave as a lion. He is just like him, — got the turn of his eye. Well, Hugh, I hope you will be as good a man as your father. Your father, when he was a boy, was one of the best boys anywhere about."

16. O, what good words were those! Nobody here had ever spoken so of my father before. Uncle and Aunt Hugh had spoken of him, but in such a way that I would rather they had not spoken. I could not help drawing my chair close by Mr. Drew, and asking him to tell me more about my father.

17. After a good supper, on which we sought God's blessing, the great family Bible was laid upon the table before Mr. Drew, who put it before the master to read. The master read a chapter, a hymn was sung, and then we all kneeled down, and Mr. Drew engaged in prayer. How he thanked God for his mercies, and how he prayed for any poor wanderers who might be out on a night like this!

18. This was the first time I had seen family worship since my mother's death. It was like a soft south wind to my soul. Then Mr. Drew asked me to come and sit by him, and he talked to me a good while about my father, and asked all about our family, — my mother, Henry and Agnes. It was so pleasant to talk about them and not feel afraid!

19. After a pleasant chat among the elders, by whom I sat and listened, the master asked me to go to his room with him. How cheerful it looked! There was a bright open fire, a large round stand full of books, with pens, ink, and paper, his comfortable bed in one corner; but the books! — It did my eyes good to see some books again.

20. "O!" I exclaimed delightedly, "it seems like home, — those books!" And I stood gazing at the table with wonder and gladness. "Sit down and look over them," said the master. "Here is the Reader which your class parse and spell from; though I am glad Joseph Price is so friendly as to let you study in his, it is better you should have one, and I will lend you this, Hugh; you will be careful of it, I know."

21. The lesson was not wholly learned before I grew sleepy, and began to nod over my book. "It is quite late in the evening, and you had better go to bed, Hugh," said the master. "You can sleep on the cot-bed. Warm your feet first." The master betook himself to his book again, and I to warming my feet.

22. Perhaps I lingered¹ a little longer near the fire on account of his presence, but at last I went, as was my custom, and knoeled down by the bedside. I was sure I had a great deal to thank God for, and it made me very humble and tender-hearted to think what friends God had raised up for a poor orphan boy, and how thankful I ought to be for a good bed to sleep upon, when I might have got lost among the pines. Then, creeping into bed, I popped my head out from the pillow, and cast a glance round the room.

23. There sat the master before the fire, and the flames danced on the walls; there was the round stand, full of books, — big ones and little ones, — and the bed felt so good! It was not like the wood-house chamber at Uncle Hugh's, where the snow kept driving in through the cracks. O, it seemed like home!

24. The next morning, the clouds had all gone; the sky was of a clear, deep blue; the sun shone beautifully upon the drifts and fields of pure snow.

¹ LINGERED (ling'gerd), loitered, lagged, delayed

" The drifts of snow were hanging by the sill,
 The eaves, the door ;
 The haystack had become a hill,
 All covered o'er.
 E'en the old posts that held the bars,
 And the old gate,
 Forgetful of their wintry wars
 And age sedate,
 High-capped and plumed, like white hussars,
 Stood there in state."

25. Perhaps there are some who would like to inquire, " Well, I wonder who ever got the prize — that silver pencil-case — which the master offered to the parsing and spelling class? Hugh Fisher, I dare say."

26. No, Hugh Fisher did not get it; his friend, Joseph Price, won the pencil-case, and Hugh was very glad that he did. There were some who gumbled, and declared the master was partial; but almost the whole school concurred, with him, that Joseph Price deserved it, if anybody did. *Anonymous*

XLVII.—A CONVERSATION WITH THE BIRDS.

THE SWALLOW.

SWALLOW, why homeward turned thy joyful wing?
 — In a far land I heard the voice of spring;
 I found myself that moment on the way;
 My wings, my wings, they had not power to stay.

What hand lets fly the skylark from his rest?
 — That which detains his mate upon the nest;
 Love sends *him* soaring to the fields above;
She broods below, all bound with cords of love.

THE CUCKOO.

Why art thou always welcome, lonely bird?
 — The heart grows young again when I am heard.

Nor in my double note the magic lies,
But in the fields, the woods, the streams and skies

THE RED-BREAST.

Familiar warbler, wherefore art thou come?
—To sing to thee when all beside are dumb;
Pray let thy little children drop a crumb.

THE SPARROW.

Sparrow, the gun is levelled; quit that wall.
—Without the will of Heaven I cannot fall.

THE RING-DOVE.

Art thou the bird that saw the waters cease?¹
—Yes, and brought home the olive-leaf of peace;
Henceforth I haunt² the woods of thickest green,
Pleased to be often heard, but seldom seen.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Minstrel, what makes thy song so sad, so sweet?
—Love, love; there agony and rapture meet;
O, 't is the dream of happiness, to feign
Sorrow in joy, and wring delight from pain!

THE WATER-WAGTAIL.

What art thou made of,—air, or light, or dew?
—I have no time to tell you, if I knew;
My tail,—ask that,—perhaps may solve the matter,
I've missed three flies already by this chatter.

THE WREN.

Wren, canst thou squeeze into a hole so small?
—Ay, with nine nestlings too, and room for all:
Go, companion sea and land in search of bliss,
Then tell me if you find a happier home than this.

¹ See Genesis, chapter vi.

² HAUNT (hant) resort to, frequent.

THE THRUSH.

Thrush, thrush, have mercy on thy little bill.
 —“I play to please myself, albeit ill;”
 And yet, but how it comes I cannot tell,
 My singing pleases all the world as well.

THE BLACKBIRD.

Well done! ~~they~~ they're noble notes, distinct and strong;
 Yet more variety might mend the song.
 —Is there another bird that chants like me?
 My pipe gives all the grove variety.

THE BULLFINCH.

Bully, what fairy warbles in thy throat?
 —O! for the freedom of my own wild note!
 Earth hath enthralled¹ my voice; I strive in vain
 To break the “linked sweetness” of my chain;
 Love, joy, rage, grief, ring one melodious strain.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Live with me, love me, pretty goldfinch, do!
 —Ay, pretty maid, and be a slave to you;
 Wear chains, fire squibs, draw water, —nay, not I,
 While I've a bill to peck, or wing to fly.

THE STONE-CHAT.

Why art thou ever flitting to and fro?
 —Plunge through those whins,² their thorns will let thee know
 There are five secrets brooding here in night,
 Which my good mate will duly bring to light;
 Meanwhile she sees the ants around her throng,
 And hears the grasshopper chirp all day long.

THE GRAY LINNET.

Linnet, canst thou not change that humble coat?
 Linnet, canst thou not mellow that sharp note?

¹ EN-THRALLED', enslaved, enchained. | ² WHINS, furze, gorse, briars and thorns.

—If rude my song, and mean my garb appear,
Have you, sir, eyes to see, or ears to hear?

THE RED LINNET.

Sweet is thy warble, beautiful thy plume!
—Catch me, and cage me, then behold my doom!
My throat will fail, my color wane away,
And the *red* linnet soon become a *gray*.

THE CHAFFINCH.

Stand still a moment!
—Spare your idle words,
I'm the perpetual *mob-i-le*¹ of birds;
My days are running, rippling, twittering streams,
When fast asleep, I'm all afloat in dreams.

THE CANARY.

Dost thou not languish for thy father-land,
Madeira's fragrant woods and billowy strand?
—My cage is father-land enough for me;
Your parlor all the world—heaven, earth, and sea.

THE TOMTIT.

Least, nimblest, merriest bird of Albion's² isle,
I cannot look on thee without a smile.
—I envy thee the sight, for all my glee
Could never yet extort³ a smile from me.
Think what a tiresome thing my life must be.

THE SWIFT.

Why ever on the wing, or perched elate?⁴
—Because I fell not from my first estate;
This is my charter for the boundless skies,
“Stoop not to earth, on pain no more to rise.”

¹ *MOB-I-LE* (*mob i-le*), a Latin word, meaning movable, moves about; a thing which causes or keeps up perpetual motion.

² *AL-BI-ON*, Great Britain.

³ *EX-TORT*, drag forth, bring out by force.

⁴ *E-LATE*, elevated in mind or body.

THE KING-FISHER.

Why dost thou hide thy beauty from the sun?
 — The eyes of man, but not of Heaven, I shun;
 Beneath the mossy bank, with alders crowned,
 I build and brood where running waters sound;
 There, there the halcyon¹ peace may still be found.

THE WOODLARK.

Thy notes are silenced, and thy plumage mowed;²
 Say, drooping minstrel, shall both be renewed?
 — Voice will return, — I cannot choose but sing;
 Yet liberty alone can plume³ my wing;
 O, give me that! — I will not, cannot fly
 Within a cage less ample than the sky;
 Then shalt thou hear, as if an angel sung,
 Unseen in air, heaven's music from my tongue;
 O, give me that! — I cannot rest at ease
 In meaner perches than the forest trees;
 There, in thy walk, when evening shadows roll,
 My song shall melt into thine inmost soul;
 But till thou let thy captive bird depart,
 The sweetness of my strain shall wring thy heart.

THE COCK.

Who taught thee, chanticleer, to count the clock?
 — Nay, who taught man that lesson but the cock?
 Long before wheels and bells had learned to chime,
 I told the steps unseen, unheard, of time

THE JACKDAW.

Canst thou remember that unlucky day,
 When all thy peacock plumes were plucked away?
 — Remember it? — believe me that I can,
 With right good cause, for I was then a man!

¹ HALCYON, peaceful, serene; it was the Greek name of the sea-swallow, which only appears in fair, calm weather.

² MEWED, moulted, shed.

³ PLUME, to give feathers to; to pick and adjust feathers; to feather.

And for my folly, by a wise old law,
 Stript, whipt, tarred, feathered, turned into a daw;
 Pray, how do you like my answer? Caw, caw, caw!

THE BAT.

What shall I call thee,—bird, or beast, or neither?
 —Just what you will; I'm rather both than either;
 Much like the season when I whirl my flight,
 The dusk of evening,—neither day nor night.

THE OWL.

Blue-eyed, strange-voiced, sharp beaked, ill-omened fowl,
 What art thou?

—What I ought to be, an owl;
 But if I'm such a scarecrow in your eye,
 You're a much greater fright in mine,—good-by!

ROOKS.

What means that riot in your citadel?¹
 Be honest, peaceable, like brethren dwell.
 —How, when we live so near to man, can life
 Be anything but knavery, noise and strife?

Thou hast a crested poll, a scutcheoned² wing,
 Fit for a herald of the eagle king,
 But such a voice! I would that thou couldst sing!
 —My bill has tougher work,—to scream for fright,
 And then, when screaming will not do, to bite.

THE PEACOCK.

Peacock! of idle beauty why so vain?
 —And art *thou* humble, who hast no proud train?
 It is not vanity, but Nature's part,
 To show, by me, the cunning of *her* art.

¹ CITADEL, the fortress or stronghold of
 a city.

² SCUTCH'ZONED, painted with the picture
 of a coat of arms.

THE SWAN.

Sing me, fair swan, the song which poets dream.
— Stand thou an hundred years beside this stream,
Then may'st thou hear, perchance, my latest breath
“ Create a soul beneath the ribs of death.”

THE PHEASANT.

Pheasant, forsake the country, come to town;
I'll warrant thee a place beneath the crown.
— No; not to roost upon the throne, would I
Renounce the woods, the mountains, and the sky.

THE RAVEN.

Thin is thy plumage, death is in thy croak;
Raven, come down from that majestic oak.
— When I was hatched, my father set this tree,
An acorn; and its fall I hope to see,
A century after thou hast ceased to be.

THE PARROT.

Came'st thou from India, popinjay — and why?
— To make thy children open ear and eye,
Gaze on my feathers, wonder at my talk,
And think it almost time for Poll to walk.

THE MAGPIE.

Magpie, thou too hast learned by rote to speak,
Words without meaning, through thy uncouth beak.
— Words have I learned, and without meaning, too?
No wonder, sir, for I was taught by you.

THE CORN-CRAKE.

Art thou a sound, and nothing but a sound?
— Go round the field, and round the field, and round,
You'll find my voice forever changing ground;
And while your ear pursues my creaking cry,
You look as if you heard it with your eye.

THE STORK.

Stork, why were human virtues given to thee?
—That human beings might resemble me;
Kind to my offspring, to my partner true,
And dutieous to my parents, — what are you?

THE WOODPECKER.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, I hear thy knocking hill,
Then thy strange outcry when the woods are still
— Thus am I laboring for my bread,
And thus give thanks to find my table spread.

THE HAWK.

A life at every meal, rapacious hawk!
Spare helpless innocence!

— Troth, pleasant talk!

Yon swallow snaps more lives up in a day
Than in a twelvemonth I could take away.
But hark, most gentle censor, in your ear
A word, a whisper, — you — are you quite clear?
Creation's groans, through ocean, earth and sky,
Ascend from all that walk, or swim, or fly.

VULTURES.

Abominable harpies!² spare the dead.
— We only clear the field which man has spread;
On which should Heaven its hottest vengeance rain?
You slay the living, we but strip the slain.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Art thou a bird, or bee, or butterfly?
—Each and all three. A bird in shape am I,
A bee, collecting sweets from bloom to bloom,
A butterfly in brilliancy of plume.

1 CEN'SOR, one who censures or criticizes.

3 HAR'FIES, fabulous birds, with faces of women, that feed on human flesh.

THE EAGLE.

Art thou the king of birds, proud eagle, say?
 — I am; my talons and my beak bear sway;
 A greater king than I if thou wouldst be,
 Govern thy tongue, but let thy thoughts be free.

THE HERON.

Stock-still upon that stone, from day to day,
 I see thee watch the river for thy prey.
 — Yes, I'm the tyrant here, but when I rise,
 The well-trained falcon¹ braves me in the skies:
 Then comes the tug of war, of strength and skill;
 He dies, impaled on my updarted bill,
 Or, powerless, in his grasp, my doom I meet,
 Dropt as a trophy² at his master's feet.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The bird of Paradise!³
 — That name I bear,
 Though I am nothing but a bird of air:
 Thou art a child of earth, and yet to thee,
 Lost and recovered, Paradise is free;
 O, that such glory were reserved⁴ for me!

THE OSTRICH.

Hast thou expelled the mother from thy breast,
 And to the desert's mercies left thy nest?
 — Ah! no; the mother in me knows her part;
 Yon glorious sun is warmer than my heart.
 And when to light he brings my hungry brood,
 He spreads for them the wilderness with food.

— MONTGOMERY.

¹ Pronounced *fāw'kn*.

² TROPHY, a monument or evidence of a garden of bliss.

³ PAR'ADISE, heaven, the garden of Eden,

⁴ RE-SERVED, laid up, kept in store.

XLVIII. — PALESTINE.

1. PALESTINE¹ is very little changed since the time of our Saviour. You remember that the prophets and Jesus foretold its desolation; this has come to pass. A person may travel from morning till night without seeing a single house. The whole country is sad, desolate and solemn as the grave. There are very few birds or animals to be seen; though sometimes the scream of the jackal is heard, and sometimes, in passing a mountain thicket, the cry of the partridge. Travellers are seldom met; for, until within the last few years, people have been afraid to travel there without a strong guard, because the Arabs were in the habit of plundering and murdering those whom they encountered. Besides this, there are no roads; a circumstance which, of course, greatly impedes travelling.

2. I will first tell you of the mountains of Palestine. The first peak in our course, after we started from Beyrout on the sea-coast, was Mount Hermon. The day was very warm, though it was in February; but the top of Mount Hermon was covered with snow. We had plentiful showers of rain all the time we were near it. It was a beautiful sight to see its silvery needles, standing up against the sky.

3. Mount Tabor is a singular mountain. It rises, like a round green hill, from the plains which lie around it. The top of it is flat and broad, and it was there that our Saviour delivered his "Sermon on the Mount." Mount Tabor resembles very much some of the Vermont hills; only they are all rounded at the top, and not flattened like it.

4. The mountains of Lebanon² are very lofty. A proof of their very great height is their barrenness. On the tops of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, not a shrub or blade of grass grows, and so it is with the mountains of Lebanon. We

¹ PALESTINE, situated in the centre between Europe, Asia and Africa, and equally distant from the United States and China. Most of the incidents mentioned in the Bible took place in this remarkable land.

² MOUNT LEBANON consists of two ridges, Lebanon, nearest the coast, and Anti-Lebanon, further back; Hermon is a peak of Anti-Lebanon. Little Hermon, a long hill south of Tabor, is famed for its dew.

travelled upon them a whole day, without seeing a single green leaf or spire of grass.

5. David speaks, in the Bible, of stormy vapor fulfilling the word of God. We experienced this stormy vapor; for, in crossing the mountains of Lebanon, there arose a violent storm of hail, wind and mist. The guides refused to go on; but my companion and myself, feeling that we were as likely to perish in staying as in proceeding, deterred to advance, and our guides followed us.

6. Olivet, or the Mount of Olives, is near Jerusalem. It is covered with old gnarled¹ and decayed olive-trees that were probably there in the time of our Saviour. A portion of the ground at the lower part of the hill, enclosed with a wall higher than a man's head, contains several of the oldest of these trees, and is probably the Garden of Gethsemane.²

7. Let me next describe the waters of Palestine. One reason why so many wells and fountains are preserved is that people value them very highly, and many a person who would murder a man would think it wicked to stop up a well. Near Nazareth is a well called the Well of Mary, from the mother of Jesus. Many gentle-looking Christian women were near it, and I could imagine readily that Mary had drawn water there.

8. The pool and fountain of Siloam are near the walls of Jerusalem. It has lately been discovered by an American that this pool is supplied by water brought in aqueducts³ from Beth-lehem, and which Solomon must have built about a thousand years before the Christian era, and nearly three thousand years ago. These aqueducts are of stone; and the water, after first supplying the temple, bubbles up in the pool of Siloam.⁴ The waste water from its fountain refreshes the gardens near it.

9. The renowned Sea of Galilee, or, as the Arabs call it, the Sea of Tiberias, from the only town on its borders, is a large lake, shut in by hills. I spent one night encamped by its side, and I cannot describe to you the utter loneliness of the scene. No signs of life were around, except near our encampment, which

¹ GNARLED (närk'd'), cross-grained, knotty, twisted into knots.

² Pronounced Geth-se-m'a-nē.

³ AQ'UE-DUCT (äq'ue-dükt), an artificial water-course or channel.

⁴ Pronounced Sil'o-am

consisted of low, black tents, made of camel-skin, around which our cattle were tethered.

10. You remember that the disciples of Christ used to fish on the lake, and there is in it a great abundance of delicious fish. I myself tasted one of them. But now not a boat is to be seen on the lake. It is still subject to those fearful squalls which terrified the disciples.

11. Tiberias is built almost down into the lake, and the only other inhabited place near is Magdala, — a little collection of six houses, and the birth-place of Mary Magdalene; Magdalene signifying belonging to Magdala.

12. The river Jordan, the only large river of the country, has been supposed to rise in Lake Merom, a lake which is a marsh in the summer, and which pastures a great number of sheep; but an American missionary has lately discovered that it has two sources. This stream is very irregular and winding. The whole distance, from its mouth to its source, in a straight line, is sixty miles, but the length of its course is two hundred.

13. It is very shallow in some places, so that the water would not come above the knees; and a little above, at a place where I bathed, it is about twelve feet deep. It has, too, very many falls and rapid currents, so that it has never been used, and probably never will be, for purposes of business. It discharges itself into the Dead Sea.

14. The Dead Sea, or, as the Arabs call it, the Sea of Lot, is a most remarkable place. I left Jerusalem shivering with the cold; and, when I arrived at the Dead Sea, the heat was insupportable. It lies a thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and has sulphur springs near it, and there is a sulphurous odor around constantly.

15. The water is so heavy that neither men nor horses can swim in it, and it imparts a tingling, smarting sensation to the skin. Fishes could not live in it; and though birds might skim its surface, yet, as they could not find their food in it, a wing never rests upon it.

16. Captain Lynch, of the United States exploring expedition, let a book fall into the lake, which he could never dry. Its leaves

were always covered with a kind of slime. The substances which render the water so heavy are found to be muriate of soda and muriate of potash. It has no visible outlet, and the water which the Jordan pours into it appears to escape only by evaporation.

17. Some of the ancient customs of Palestine are still retained. A man who takes a poor man's garment for the payment of a debt returns it now at night, as he did in the time of Moses. The reason is this. The people there do not undress as we do to go to bed. They merely draw out a mat, lie down upon it, wrap their clothes around them, and go to sleep. The nights are sometimes extremely cold, and a man deprived of his upper garment would suffer much. This also explains some other facts in the Bible. It is no impropriety for a whole family to sleep in one room, and strangers always sleep in the room with the family.

18. Jesus, when he predicted¹ the destruction of Jerusalem, said, "Let him who is on the house-top not come down." This is the explanation. Most of the houses are one story high, and built against the side of a hill, so that at the back the roof of the house touches the hill, and a person could escape into the country much more easily from the roof than by going down into the street.

19. Jesus also says, "Two women shall be grinding corn." Hand-mills are used throughout Palestine for grinding corn, and are invariably² turned by women. When great haste is necessary, two men are employed, one of whom supplies the mill with corn and the other grinds.

20. Let me next describe to you two or three of the towns of Palestine. Nazareth contains four or five thousand inhabitants, the greater part of whom are Christians. Their church is built over what they say was the house where Jesus lived. The descent to it is down about twenty stone steps under the altar. It consists of a sort of grotto, divided into two rooms. Now, as many of the poorer people of Nazareth live to this day in caverns

¹ PRE-DICT'ED, foretold.

| ² IN-VA'R-I-A-B-L-Y, always, without change.

of this sort, it is not improbable that this may have been the spot.

21. At Bethlehem, the stable is shown where the Saviour was born. This is also a cavern, and is just on the edge of the town, on the side towards Jerusalem, where Mary and Joseph would have been most likely to stay. A silver star marks the spot over which the star in the heavens stood. Bethlehem is almost in ruins, most of the houses having been torn down by the Turks, because the people would not submit to them, when they had conquered the country. The inhabitants of this town subsist entirely on money gained from the pilgrims by the sale of little crosses, or other figures of olive-wood or ivory, which travellers buy as remembrances of the Holy Land.

22. At Jerusalem, the narrow and winding streets strike a person very forcibly. Here is the church of the Holy Sepulchre, enclosing, as they say, the tomb of Jesus. This also is not improbable. The church is in a part of the town where wealthy people, like Joseph of Arimathea, lived. The sepulchre is a rock, hollowed out by nature, and such as is frequently found in lime-stone countries like Palestine. These were often used as burial-places, and Joseph might have destined this for his own tomb. In this church many different sects of Christians come to worship; but each has a separate place assigned it.

Adapted from the Child's Friend.

XLIX. — THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

1. The clouds had hung, all the morning, cold and heavy over the earth; the sun had not been able to peep through them, with its glad smile of encouragement. The wind howled over the fields with a gloomy sound; while the trees, now nearly stripped of their leaves, bent before it. At last, thick white snow-flakes began to fall slowly down, till, gathering courage, they came faster and faster, darkening the air with their numbers.

¹ DESTINED, designed, allotted.

2. The wind, meanwhile, increased; and, catching the flakes as they fell, whirled them round and round, hither and thither, until it was hard to see how they reached the ground. But soon the cold, black earth assumed a grayish hue, and gradually became quite white. The few remains of grass were covered, and, in corners and nooks, under fences, or in the clefts of trees, small white heaps began to form, foretelling future drifts. It was the first snow-storm.

3. "The first snow-storm! hurrah!" shouted a school-boy, as he rushed home from school. "Just see, mother, how it is coming down! Why, it will soon be a foot deep! O, I hope it will keep on all the afternoon and all night, and then what fun we shall have to-morrow! I must go put a new string to my sled, Reindeer, the first thing."

4. "The first snow-storm! how glad I am!" said a merry little girl, as she came skipping into the room. "The ground looks so much prettier, all white and smooth, than this black, dirty road. Then the sleigh-bells sound so merrily, too; and perhaps father will take us to ride, if it snows enough. I do love winter."

5. "The first snow-storm!" echoed the careful mother. "Well, I believe I am all ready for winter. Cloaks and bonnets, comforters and woollen stockings — O, no! William wants some thick mittens: he will be out half the time, now, snow-balling. Then Anne's¹ hood needs new strings; she likes it better than her bonnet, it keeps her ears so warm. I will see to them now."

6. "Here is the first snow-storm!" said the father of the family, thoughtfully. "I do not believe I have laid in wood enough: it burns away so fast when winter has fairly set in. I meant to have bought some more before the snow came. But the house is nicely banked up, and the potatoes and apples are all safe in the cellar. I think, upon the whole, I am ready for the snow."

7. "The first snow-storm! O, how early!" sighed a poorly-dressed, unhappy-looking woman. "We never, never shall be able to get through the winter. John will not be able to finish

¹ Pronounced *Ann*.

his job, if the snow is at all deep; and where shall we find enough to live upon? The children are all in rags, and the wood is almost gone. Why should we be so poor, when other folks are so rich?" But, alas! she turned away, and sought to forget her troubles in that which, her conscience might have told her, was one great cause of her poverty and wretchedness.

8. "Well, wife," said a rough-looking man, as he shook off the snow at the door of a poorly-furnished room, — "here is our first snow-storm! Thank Heaven, we have some prospect of living through the winter. I have seen the overseers,¹ and they will supply us with wood, at least till my arm is well; and, if you can but get washing, we shall not starve. But clothes for the children trouble me most.

9. "If Peter does not have a better pair of shoes to go out in the snow with, he will be laid up with chilblains, just as he was last year; and Mary must not go to school with that thin shawl. But I know what you are going to say," he continued, smiling, "'Cast thy burthen upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee.' Yes, we will try to trust in Him, and believe that He knows what is best for us."

10. "The first snow-storm!" said a benevolent man to himself: "now we shall certainly hear of much suffering. Let me see: there are five families, noted down in my pocket-book, that I ought to visit this afternoon. I will see the president of the Humane Society, and find out how their funds are this year; and I must remember to ask my wife about those old clothes. I hope we shall not have so severe a winter as the last was, it is so bad for the poor!"

11. Meanwhile, how was the snow received by the inhabitants of the fields and woods? "Dear me!" chirped a squirrel, as he peeped out of his hole, winking and starting back, when he felt the snow blow in his face, "how it does snow! I shall not be able to find another acorn nor chestnut, and my wife thinks I have not picked up half enough. Well, it cannot be helped now; so I think we had better both go to sleep."

¹ O-V-E-R-S-E-E-R-S', officers appointed to take care of the poor.

12. "O, how cold is the snow!" murmured the few late flowers, as the chilling flakes fell upon them: "we shall be frozen to death." But the snow soon covered them up, like a warm blanket, and kept their roots from the hard, black frost.

13. "Chick-a-dee-dee! chick-a-dee-dee!" burst from a flock of merry snow-birds. "The snow, the snow! the snow has come again! who so happy as we? Chick-a-dee-dee!" And away they flew, one over the other, as wild and joyous as a troop of school-boys.

14. So the snow was greeted by man and beast, bird and flower. But, regardless of them all, still it fell, faster and faster. Whiter grew the ground, more heavily drooped the branches of the trees, colder whistled the wind; until at last, when the morning sun drove away the broken clouds,

"Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Was onewide, dazzling waste."

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

L. — PAIRING-TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask John James Rousseau,¹
If birds confabulate² or no;
'T is clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And even the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanced then, on a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,

¹ Pronounced *Ross-ss*. He was an eloquent, but dangerous, French writer, born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1712, and died in 1778. It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals

should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

² CON-FAB'U-LATE, talk easily together, converse, chat.

The birds, conceiving a design,
 To forestall¹ sweet St. Valentine,²
 In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
 Assembled on affairs of love ;
 And with much twitter, and much chatter,
 Began to agitate the matter.
 At length a bullfinch, who could boast
 More years and wisdom than the most,
 Entreated, op'ning wide his beak.
 A moment's liberty to speak ;
 And, silence publicly enjoined,
 Delivered briefly thus his mind : —

“ My friends, be cautious how ye treat
 The subject upon which we meet ;
 I fear we shall have winter yet.”

A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
 With golden wing and satin poll,
 A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
 What marriage means, thus pert replied : —

“ Methinks the gentleman,” quoth she,
 “ Opposite in the apple-tree,
 By his good will, would keep us single
 Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
 Or (which is likelier to befall),
 Till death exterminate us all.
 I marry without more ado ;
 My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ? ”

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
 Turning short round, strutting and sidling,
 Attested, glad, his approbation
 Of an immediate conjugation.³
 Their sentiments so well expressed,
 Influenced mightily the rest,
 All paired, and each pair built a nest.

¹ FORE-STALL', anticipate, take up beforehand.

² St. Valentine was considered the patron of lovers, and the 14th of February was

assigned as this saint's day. Hence lovers send letters to each other, and birds are said to choose their mates, on that day.

³ CON-JUG-A-TION, marriage.

" But though the birds were thus in haste,
 The leaves came on not quite so fast,
 And destiny, that sometimes bears
 An aspect stern on man's affairs,
 Not altogether smiled on theirs.
 The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
 Now shifted east and east by north;
 Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
 Could shelter them from rain or snow;
 Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
 Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled:
 Soon every father bird and mother
 Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other;
 Parted without the least regret,
 Except that they had ever met;
 And learned in future to be wiser,
 That to neglect a good adviser.

After.

Misses, the tale that I relate
 This lesson seems to carry —
 Choose not alone a proper mate,
 But proper time to marry.

COWPER.

XL — THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

So goes the world; — if wealthy, you may call
 This, friend; that, brother; — friends and brothers all;
 Though you are worthless, witless — never mind it;
 You may have been a stable-boy — what then?
 'T is wealth, my friends, makes honorable men.
 You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.

But if you are poor, Heaven help you! though your sire
 Had royal blood in him, and you

Possess the intellect of angels, too,
 'Tis all in vain ; — the world will ne'er inquire
 On such a score : — why should it take the pains ?
 'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
 Witty and wise ; — he paid a man a visit,
 And no one noticed him, and no one ever
 Gave him a welcome. "Strange," cried he, "whence is it ?"
 He walked on this side, then on that,
 He tried to introduce a social chat ;
 Now here, now there, in vain he tried ;
 Some formally and freezingly replied,
 And some said, by their silence — "Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,
 As CROÏSUS rich ; — I'm sure
 He could not pride himself upon his wit ;
 And as for wisdom, he had none of it ;
 He had what's better, — he had wealth.
 What a confusion ! all stand up erect —
 These crowd around to ask him of his health ;
 These bow in honest duty and respect ;
 And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
 And these conduct him there.
 "Allow me, sir, the honor ;" — then a bow
 Down to the earth — is 't possible to show
 Meet gratitude for such kind condescension ?¹

The poor man hung his head,
 And to himself he said,
 "This is indeed beyond my comprehension :"²
 Then looking round, one friendly face he found,
 And said — "Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
 To wisdom ?" — "That's a silly question, friend !"

¹ CON-DE-SCEN'SION, coming down to an equality with inferiors.

² COM-PRE-HEN'SION, understanding, capacity of conceiving or embracing in one's mind.

Replied the other — "Have you never heard,
 A man may lend his store
 Of gold or silver ore,
 But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

KREMITZEN.¹

LII. — THE WORM OF THE STILL.

* — "Outvenoms all the worms of Nile." — *Shakespeare*.

1. Who has not heard of the rattle-snake or copper-head? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of the country, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that, compared with it, even the venom³ of the rattle-snake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind is the object of this lesson.

2. This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch in diameter; but, as it is rarely seen except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull leaden color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests.⁴ They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly coya.⁵

3. Many of these reptiles have long infested our land, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow-citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses.

4. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance; and delirium, of the most horrid character, quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

¹ KREMITZEN, a distinguished Russian poet.

² RE-COIL, start back.

³ VENOM, poison.

⁴ MO-LESTS, troubles, vexes, injures.

⁵ COYA, a highly venomous serpent.

5. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and, such is the spell¹ in which his senses are locked, that, no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm² of insanity, occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the destroyer, for the sole purpose of being bitten again.

6. I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his steps slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking³ place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope, that his son would be the "staff of his declining years," had supported him through many a sorrow. Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called The Worm of the Still.⁴

J. RUSSELL.⁵

LIII. — POLITENESS AND FRIENDSHIP.

1. ONE Saturday afternoon, when William had no school, he had leave to go and visit one of his playfellows, whom he had not seen for several weeks. The name of this boy was Albert, and he was thought to be one of the most generous and well-behaved boys in the town where he lived. He was at leisure to play with William, and was careful to bring all his choicest books and playthings to amuse him.

2. Albert was willing to give William the best of everything that he had; and he was always just so generous and polite to all who came to see him. In order that he might please his visitors, he would even hide away the good things which he received, until they came.

3. When it was nearly time for William to go home, Albert's

¹ SPELL, charm, magical power.

² PAROX-YSM, fit, powerful and intermittent.

³ LURK'ING, hiding, skulking.

⁴ STILL, a long tube, coiled so as to raise

vapor and condense it to a liquid. Thus fermented juices are boiled into steam, and become ardent spirits.

⁵ RUSSELL, JOHN, an American writer: citizen of Iowa.

mother brought some nuts and fruit, and placed them upon the table for the boys to eat. •Albert very carefully selected the best for William, and ate the meanest himself. This was noticed by his mother, and she remembered it.

4. After William had gone, Albert began to play with his brothers and sisters. Instead of allowing them the best of everything, and doing all he could to please them, he continued to turn them off with the meanest, and was very spiteful when they did not try to do everything as he wished. So it was when they had their supper: he took the largest piece of cake, and was very fearful lest his sister should take more berries than he did.

5. When they came and sat down by their mother in the evening, she asked Albert why he treated his visitors so differently from what he did his brothers and sisters. She inquired whether he loved William better than he did them.

6. "No, mother," said Albert; "I do not love William nor my other school-fellows so well as I do my brothers and sisters; but it would not be polite to treat visitors as we treat those of our own family."

7. "Ought you," said his mother, "to treat your visitors well, for the sake of being polite, or because you feel friendly towards them, and love to do them good, and make them happy?"

8. "I suppose," said Albert, "that the reason why I am polite to them is because I feel friendly, and wish to make them happy. Politeness would be merely selfish, if it did not proceed from friendship towards them; and I suppose it would not be right to treat them well merely for the sake of having them think me polite and generous."

9. "What you say is certainly right," said his mother; "but why then is it that you treat your school-fellows so much better than your brothers and sisters? I noticed that you treated William in all respects better than you did yourself; and so you treat all that come to see you. You are very careful to speak kindly to them, and to give them the best, and to do all you can to make them happy; but you speak unkindly to your brothers

and sisters, and take the best from them, and seem to expect them to do everything to please you."

10. Albert saw that all this was true, and he began to suspect that he treated his visitors well, more to have them think well of him, than because he felt any real friendship for them. His mother also told him that it was a sad thing if he had not friendship enough for those of their own family to make him treat them as well as politeness would make him treat others.

11. All the children needed this conversation, for the rest were somewhat guilty of the same fault. They all remembered what had been said, and learned to think more of being friendly than of being merely polite; and were ever afterward more careful than they had been to treat each other as well from friendship as they treated visitors from politeness.

S. WORCESTER.¹

LIV. — PROGNOSTICS² OF THE WEATHER. **

1. Red clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend³ fine weather; the reason of which is, that the air, when dry, refracts⁴ more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected⁵ in the horizon.

2. A coppery or yellow sunset generally foretells rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo⁶ round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and, consequently, the more ready to fall.

3. The old proverb is often correct:

"A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight."

A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing the rain

¹ WORCESTER, REV. SAMUEL, of Massachusetts; the author of several school books, and minister at Bridgewater. He died in 1844, Dec. 25.

² PROGNOSTICS, things that foretell, signs.

³ PORTEND, foretell.

⁴ REFRACTS, bends from a straight course.

⁵ REFLECTED, caused to rebound, as a ball; bent back at the same angle.

⁶ HALO, a circle of light.

are opposite to the sun. In the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road to us; whereas, the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

4. When the swallows fly high, fine weather may be expected or continued; but when they fly low and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows: Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata¹ of our air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

5. When sea-gulls assemble on the land, stormy and rainy weather is almost always approaching; the reason of which might be thought to be, that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm. This is not the case, however. The storm is their element; and the little petrel² enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and he may be seen flitting above the edge of the highest surge.

6. The reason of this migration of gulls and other sea-birds to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish on which they prey in fine weather, on the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms.

7. The search after food is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds

¹ STRATA, beds, layers, as of earth, stone, &c. | it seems to walk on the water, as the apostle Peter did. Sailors call these birds "Mother

² PETREL, that is, "little Peter," because | Cary's Chickens."

always migrate when rain is about to take place. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and there is no doubt, that the augury¹ of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instinct of birds.

8. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but two may be always regarded as a favorable omen; and the reason is, that, in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but if two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favorable for fishing.

SIR H. DAVY.

LV. — WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AWAKE! 'tis the terror of war!

The crescent² is tossed on the wind;
But our flag flies on high, like the perilous star
Of the battle. Before and behind,
Wherever it glitters, it darts
Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

Who are they that now bid us be slaves?

They are foes to the good and the free;
Go, bid them first fetter the might of the waves!

The sea may be conquered; but we
Have spirits untamable still,
And the strength to be free, — and the will!

The Helots⁴ are come: in their eyes

Proud hate and fierce massacre burn;
They hate us, — but shall they despise?

They are come, — shall they ever return?

¹ AUGURY, prediction by signs, foretelling by omens. This was resorted to a pretended science, and experts called augurs.

² DAVY, SIR HUMPHRY, one of the most eminent among modern chemists; president of the Royal Society, London. He

was born in Cornwall, England, in 1778, and died in 1829.

³ CRESCENT, the moon-shaped standard of the Turks.

⁴ HELOTS, the ancient conquered people of Greece, of whom the Greeks made slaves.

O, God of the Greeks! from thy throne
Look down, and we'll conquer alone!

Our fathers, — each man was a god,
His will was a law, and the sound
Of his voice, like a spirit's, was worshipped: he trod,
And thousands fell worshippers round:
From the gates of the West to the Sun,
He bade, and his bidding was done.

And we, — shall we die in our chains,
Who once were as free as the wind?
Who is it that threatens, — who is it arraigns?¹
Are they princes of Europe or Ind?²
Are they kings to the uttermost pole?
They are dogs, with a taint on their soul!

BARRY CORNWALL.

LVI. — THE DRUM.

YONDER is a little drum, hanging on the wall;
Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round about it fall.
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's³ hills watched the sheep whose
skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its din.

O, pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
And pleasant 't is, among its heath, to make your summer bed;
And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills, that trickle to its vales,
And balmy its tiny flowers breathe on the passing gales.
And thus hath felt the shepherd-boy whilst tending of his fold;
Nor thought there was, in all the world, a spot like Cheviot's
wold.⁴

And so it was for many a day! — but change with time will
come;

And he — (alas for him the day!) he heard the little drum!

¹ ARRIGNS', brings to trial, places at the bar as a criminal.

² IND, hither and farther India.

³ CHEVIOT'S HILLS are in the south-east part of Scotland.

⁴ WOLD, a plain, open country.

"Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in story!
 For he who strikes a foe¹man down, wins a wreath of glory."
 "Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!" the drummer beats away —
 The shepherd lets his bleating flock o'er Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid¹ wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying;
 Around him many a parching tongue for "water!" faintly
 crying:

O, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure² spread,
 Or lying 'mid the blooming heath³ where oft he made his bed:
 Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
 Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain gales!

At length, upon his wearied eyes, the mists of slumber come,
 And he is in his home again — till wakened by the drum!
 "Take arms! take arms!" his leader cries, "the hated foe⁴man's
 nigh!"

Guns loudly roar — steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to
 die.

The shepherd's blood makes red the sand: "O! water — give
 me some!"

My voice might reach a friendly ear — but for that little drum!"

'Mid moaning men, and dying men, the drummer kept his way,
 And many a one by "glory" lured,⁵ did curse the drum that day.
 "Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!" the drummer beat aloud —
 The shepherd died! and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his
 shroud.⁴

— And this is "Glory?" — Yes; and still will man the tempest
 follow,

Nor learn that Glory, like its drum, is but a sound — and hollow!

DOUGLAS JERROLD.⁵

¹ Arid, dry, sandy.

² Heath, a barren tract, covered with
 heath plants.

³ Lured, enticed; attracted or allured by
 something held out as a bait.

⁴ Shroud, the clothes or sheet, in which
 corpses are buried.

⁵ An English author and journalist, dis-
 tinguished for feeling, humor, and liberal
 sentiment; editor of Jerrold's Magazine.

LVII. — A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES, AND GLOVES ON.

1. WHEN I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writer calls the "bracing air of poverty." My mother — light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit! — was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants¹ dynasties,² finds a legitimate³ sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened.

2. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances, and the pinching gripe of necessity, produced endless shifts⁴ and contrivances, at which, were they told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would recall their own experiences,⁵ would sigh. But let me not disturb that veil of oblivion which shrouds from profane⁶ eyes the hallowed mysteries⁷ of poverty.

* 3. On one occasion it was necessary to send me upon an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves, and before whom it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated⁸ wardrobe,⁹ and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and, by way of throwing over my equipment a certain sprinkling of gentility, my toil-hardened hands were enclosed in a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother.

4. I sallied¹⁰ forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our poverty, and none of our spirit. He was an impudent varlet,¹¹ with a swagger in his gait, and a sort of "I am

¹ SUP-PLANTS', sets aside and takes the place of.

² DY-NAS-TY, a race or family of sovereigns in succession.

LE-GIT-I-MATE, lawful, proper, appropriate.

⁴ SHIFTS, making one thing do for another, expedients.

⁵ EX-PE-RI-EN-CE, trials; trying occurrences, resulting in knowledge or proof.

⁶ PRO-FANE, not holy; irreverent, impious.

⁷ MYST-E-RIOUS, things above human intelligence, things not explained.

⁸ DE-LA-TED, falling to decay.

⁹ WARD-ROBE, clothes; a room or piece of furniture in which wearing apparel is kept.

¹⁰ SALLIED, issued, set forth.

¹¹ VAR-LET, rascal, sauce-box; also, page, valet.

as good as you " leer in his eye, — the very whelp¹ to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well dressed, — to tear a boy's ruffle, simply because it was clean.

5. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume,² and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, he exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision,³ "*A patch on both knees, and gloves on!*"

6. I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. I wore my gloves no more. But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my mind; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend.

7. When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come; never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and self-control, but rather by their example instructing them in evil-speaking, in uncharitableness,⁴ in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

8. When I see a family living in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing⁵ that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

9. When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous⁶ furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry⁷ annuals, I am reminded of *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

10. When I see public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will

1 WHELP, puppy

2 COSTUME, dress

3 DERISION, ridicule with contempt

4 UN-CHARITABLENESS, want of justice and kindness.

5 LAVISHING, spending profusely and needlessly

6 SUMPTUOUS, luxurious and expensive.

7 TAWDRY, meanly showy; fine, but not elegant

qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire,¹ I recall *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

11. When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their nature, and so perverting their humanity that that which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, *a patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

12. When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation,² and nothing bestowed for charity, — when I see fine ladies, be-satined and be-jewelled, cheapening the toil of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence, — when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of the table would be to them a feast, — I think of *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

13. When I see men lynx-eyed³ to the faults of others, and mole-eyed⁴ to their own, — when I see a savageness of virtue which forgives nothing, tolerates⁵ nothing, and makes allowances for nothing, — when a decent life and conversation are thought sufficient warrant and excuse for evil-speaking and all manner of uncharitableness, — I recall *the patch on both knees, and gloves on.*

GEORGE S. HILLARD.⁶

LVIII. — THE FIRE-FLY.

1. ON the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps,

¹ AN-FIRE¹ have an ambition for ; long for ; reach up after.

² OY-TEN-TA-TION, parade, display

³ LYNX'EYED, sharp-eyed, because the sight of the lynx is very keen

⁴ MOLE'EYED, dull-sighted, because the

mole's eyes are so small he seems to have, and is by many thought to have, none.

⁵ TOL'E-RANCE, bears, endures

⁶ An American author ; a lawyer of Boston, distinguished as a scholar, orator, author, citizen and jurist.

and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into the chamber, as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor.

2. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the half-open window, together with the grape-vine which adorned it, upon the nicely-sanded floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning against the window-frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white clean shirt-sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

3. The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself; but, oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness. She had eaten but a spoonful or two of their supper, which consisted of a bowl of bread and milk.

4. Little Ferdinand, also, was greatly disturbed, but he did not speak, because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful. Having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept very bitterly, he had laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish still stood upon the table, almost as full as when it was served up. It was so placed in the moonbeams that it cast a clear, round light upon the ceiling of the chamber.

5. Maria was left a widow in the early part of the past spring. Her deceased husband, one of the worthiest young men in the village, had saved, by industry and economy, a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from encumbrance.¹ He had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees, which already bore the finest fruit.

6. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education, because she was known as the most pious, industrious, and well-behaved maiden in the village. They had lived very happily together. But the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the

¹ EN-CUM-BRANCE, *clong*; it means here, a claim against the estate; part of the price still due, and to be paid.

greatest tenderness, she herself was attacked by it after his death, and barely escaped with life.

7. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer.¹ The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage, with the ground belonging to it, upon condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in money and twenty-five in labor. Until the year when he was taken sick, her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

8. Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and a daughter-in-law, found the note for the three hundred crowns among the papers of the deceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. They now claimed the whole sum from the poor widow. The terrified woman assured them, calling Heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole of the debt, except fifty crowns. But all this was of no avail.

9. As she could not prove that anything had been paid, it was decided in a court of law that the claim against her was valid.² The heirs insisted upon payment, and, as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She had heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

10. It was for this reason that she now sat so sorrowful by the open window. There was a sad silence. "Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to-day, then, raked the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums, which I picked this morning for Ferdinand, are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the tree which his father planted for him. Yes, this may be the last night we shall spend beneath this roof. By

¹ Pronounced, *May'er*.

² VAL'ID, in force, strong, good against her.

this time to-morrow this cottage will be another's property, and who can say but we shall be turned out at once? Heaven alone knows where we shall find shelter to-morrow! Perhaps under the open heaven!" She began to sob violently.

11. Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and said, "Mother, do not cry so bitterly — or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed? 'Do not weep so,' he said; 'God is a father to poor widows and orphans. Call upon him in thy distress, and he will aid thee.' That is what he said, and is it not true, mother?"

12. "Yes, dear child," said his mother, "it is true." "Well," said the little boy, "why do you weep so, then? Pray to God, and he will help thee." "You are right, my child!" said his mother, and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her hands, and raised her moist eyes toward heaven, and Ferdinand folded his little hands also, and looked upward, and they both prayed fervently, while the bright moon shone upon them.

13. As they were thus engaged, Ferdinand suddenly exclaimed, with outstretched finger, "Mother, look! what is that? Yonder moves a little light! Yonder flies a little star! Look, there it hurries by the window! O, see, now it comes in! How bright and beautiful it shines! See what a greenish light! It is almost as beautiful as the evening star! Now it moves along the ceiling! How wonderful!"

14. "It is a fire-fly," said his mother. "In the day-time it is a small and unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light." "May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it not hurt me? and will not the light burn me?" "No, it will not burn you," said his mother, smiling, while the tears still streamed down her cheeks. "Catch it, and examine it closer. It is one of the wonders of God's almighty power."

15. The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling fire-fly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the chair. "Ah, me, what a pity!" cried the boy, for just as he had stretched out his hand to grasp the bright

insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest. "I see it plainly enough," he said; "there it is, close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of dust near it, shine as if the moon shone upon them; but I cannot reach it. My arm is not long enough." "Have patience," said his mother, "it will soon come out again."

16. The boy waited a little while, then came to his mother, and said, with a soft, imploring¹ voice, "Mother, do you get it out for me; or move the chest out a little from the wall, and I can easily catch it." The mother arose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet fire-fly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand, and was more delighted with it than ever a prince or princess was with the most brilliant diamond.

17. But his mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something, which had stuck between it and the wall, fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over! That is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought that it had been destroyed by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness! Now it can be shown that your father paid the money they demand of us."

18. She at once lighted a lamp, and turned over the leaves of the account book, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Everything was correctly put down—the sum which her deceased husband owed of the three hundred crowns at the beginning of the year, and what he had paid off in money and in work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand. "I have settled accounts with James Bloom to-day (St. Martin's day), and he now owes me but fifty crowns."

19. The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said, "O, my child, it was God's doing! I feel a thrill² of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. As we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling fire-fly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly, God's

¹ Im-PLOR'ing, beseeching, asking ear-nestly. ² Tr a sharp, tingling, quivering sensati

hand is seen in all things, however trifling. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our heads are numbered; not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in Him, especially in time of need. It is easy for Him to aid and to save. He can send us help by a winged insect!"

20. The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after the break of day she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of his conduct; and when the poor widow had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and of the appearance of the sparkling fire-fly, young Meyer was so much moved that he determined to make atonement¹ for his injustice.

21. "God is the father of the widow and the fatherless," said he, "and their avenger also. Pardon me for my harshness toward you. It was owing to an error. As a recompense for the suffering which I have caused you, I release you from the payment of the fifty crowns, and, if you are at any time in need, come to me, and I will always assist you. I now see clearly that those who trust in God He will never forsake, — and that confidence in Him is a safer dependence than great riches. And if ever I come to want, or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may He help us also, as He has helped you!"

22. "Trust always thus in Him," said the judge, "and be as upright as this poor widow, and help will not be wanting to you in time of need."

From the German.

LIK. — AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.²

1. THE eyes of the crowd beheld, with ineffable³ dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of

¹ A-TONE'MENT, reconciliation, expiation.

² In Naples, Italy. This eruption occurred in A. D. 79. It destroyed the towns of Her-cu-la-ne-um and Pompei-i, the for-

mer by a stream of lava, the latter by a shower of ashes.

³ IN-EFF'A-BLE, unspeakable, unutterable, inexpressible.

a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness; the branches, fire, that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment; now fiercely luminous,¹ now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable² glare.

2. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs. An instant more, and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheatre³ itself, — far and wide, — with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

3. The cloud advanced, darker, disgorging showers of ashes and pumice-stones⁴; and, amid the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent⁵ and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething⁶ mud over the streets, in frequent intervals.

4. The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness⁷ over the day, at length settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. But in proportion as the blackness gathered did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare.

5. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to their hues of fire. Now brightly blue, as the most azure depth of a southern sky; now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro, as the folds of an enormous serpent; now of a lurid⁸ and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke far and wide, and lighting up all Pompeii; then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of its own life!

¹ LUMINOUS, full of light, shining, emitting lights.

² INTOLERABLE, not to be borne, unendurable.

³ AMPHITHEATRE, (am-fe-the'-tēr) a building of a circular or oval form, having its area encompassed with rows of seats,

one above another, and used for public shows, such as combats.

⁴ PUMICE, a sponge-like, light stone.

⁵ BLENT, mingled, blended.

⁶ SEETHING, scalding, boiling.

⁷ MURKINESS, darkness and gloom.

⁸ LURID, dismally pale, purplish.

6. In the pauses of the showers were heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible¹ but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain.

7. The ashes, in many places, were already knee-deep; and in some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt; the footing seemed to slide and creep, nor could chariot or litter² be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

8. Sometimes the huge stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses and even vineyards had been set on flames; and at various intervals the fires rose fiercely and suddenly against the solid gloom. The citizens had endeavored to place rows of torches in the most frequented spots; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the wind extinguished them.

9. Suddenly arose an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness which closed around it, the mountain shone, a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface, there seemed to rise two monster-shapes, each confronting³ each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere; but below, the nether⁴ part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed serpentine⁵ and irregular rivers of the molten lava. Darkly-red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. And through the still air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurling one upon

¹ AU'DI-BLE, that can be heard.

² LITTER, a carriage in which the rider, lying at length, is borne by men or beasts.

³ CON-FRONT'ING, opposing face to face.

⁴ NETHER, lower.

⁵ SERPEN-TINE, winding like a serpent.

another, as they were borne down the fiery cataracts,¹ darkening for one instant the spot where they fell, and suffused² the next in the burnished³ hues of the flood along which they floated!

10. Suddenly a duller shade fell over the air; and one of the two gigantic crests into which the summit had been divided, rocked and waved to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain. At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke, rolling on, over air, sea and earth. Another, and another, and another shower of ashes, far more profuse⁴ than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets, and darkness once more wrapt them as a veil.

11. The whole elements of civilization⁵ were broken up. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing was left save the law of self-preservation.

BULWER.⁶

LX. — THE RISING OF THE MOON AT SEA.

Come up! the moon is rising fast,
 The sea is calm, the dock is clear:
 Come, mother, stay no longer here —
 The moonlight will not always last.
 Do you remember once you talked
 With me of Christ upon the sea?
 Now hearken, for this seems to me
 The shining path where Jesus walked!
 And when the silvery brightness came
 Along the sparkling waves to-night,
 My heart leaped trembling at the sight,
 And then I spoke our Savior's name.

¹ CAT'ARACTS, falls, cascades.

² SUFFUSED, spread over.

³ BURNISHED, polished, brightened up.

⁴ PRO-FUSE, lavishly abundant.

⁵ CIVILIZATION, all those social circum-

stances which distinguish refined society from the savage state.

⁶ SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, a distinguished English author and statesman; especially eminent as a novelist.

I should not fear his holy will,
 If now he stood in yon bright place,
 And I could see his blessed face,
 And hear him whisper, "Peace, be still!"

J. T. FIELDS.¹

LXI. — THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the man had been.
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times pertter than before,
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
 "Sir, if my judgment you 'll allow —
 I've seen, and sure I ought to know;"
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that —
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the chameleon's form and nature.
 "A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun:
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined,
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace! and then its hue —
 Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

¹ FIELDS, JAMES T., an American poet, resident in Boston.

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
 " 'Tis green, — I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food ! "

" I 've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm 't is blue.
 At leisure I the beast surveyed,
 Extended in the cooling shade. "

" 'T is green, 't is green, sir, I assure ye. "

" Green ! " cries the other, in a fury.

" Why, sir, d' ye think I 've lost my eyes ? "

" 'T were no great loss," the friend replies ;
 " For if they always serve you thus,
 You 'll find them but of little use. "

So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows ;
 When luckily came by a third ;
 To him the question they referred,
 And begged he 'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs," cried the umpire, " cease your pother,
 The creature 's neither one nor t' other :
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candle-light ;
 I marked it well — 't was black as jet.
 You stare ; but, sirs, I 've got it yet,
 And can produce it. " " Pray, sir, do ;
 I 'll lay my life, the thing is blue. "

" And I 'll be sworn, that when you 've seen
 The reptile, you 'll pronounce him green. "

" Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, " I 'll turn him out ;
 And when before your eyes I 've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I 'll eat him. "

He said ; then full before their sight

Produced the beast, and lo — 't was white!
Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise.

"My children," the chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)

"You all are right, and all are wrong:

When next you talk of what you view,

Think others see as well as you;

No wonder, if you find that none

Prefers your eyesight to his own." MERRICK.¹

LXII. — ON THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

1. THE weakness and helplessness of humanity, in relation to the fortunes of this life, have been a favorite theme with philosophers and teachers ever since the world began; and every term expressive of all that is uncertain, insubstantial,² and unstable, has been exhausted in describing the feebleness of man's power to retain in possession the good things of this life, or even life itself.

2. However firmly the hand of man may seem to grasp power, reputation, or wealth; however numerous may be the band of children or friends that surrounds him, he has no certainty that he may not die friendless and a pauper.³ In fact, the most brilliant success in life seems sometimes to be permitted, only that it may make the darkness of succeeding reverses⁴ the more profound.

3. Weak and helpless as we may be in the affairs of this life, there is, however, one thing over which we have entire control. Riches may take to themselves wings, though honest industry exert its best efforts to acquire and retain them; power is taken away from hands that seek to use it only for the good of those they govern; reputation may become tarnished, though virtue be

¹ MERRICK, JAMES, an English clergyman and poet. He was born at Reading, England, in 1720, and died in 1769.

² IN-SUB-STAN-TIAL, without solidity or substance; not real.

³ PAU-PER (pŭr-pŭr), one supported entirely by public alms or charity.

⁴ RE-VERS'ES, changes to the contrary; changes from wealth to poverty, or good to ill; vicissitudes of fortune.

without spot; health may vanish, though its laws, so far as we understand them, be strictly obeyed; but there is one thing left which misfortune cannot touch, which God is ever seeking to aid us in building up, and over which he permits us to hold absolute¹ control; and this is character. For this, and for this alone, we are entirely responsible.

4. We may fail in all else, let our endeavors be earnest and patient as they may; but all other failures touch us only in our external² lives. If we have used our best endeavors to attain success in the pursuit of temporal³ objects, we are not responsible though we fail. But if we do not succeed in attaining true health and wealth and power of character, the responsibility is all our own; and the consequences of our failure are not bounded by the shores of time, but stretch onward through the limitless regions of eternity. If we strive for this, success⁴ is certain, for the Lord works⁵ with us to will and to do. If we do not strive, it were better for us that we had never been born.

5. Character is all we can take with us when we leave this world. Fortune, learning, reputation, power, must all be left behind us in the region of material⁴ things; but character, the spiritual⁶ substance of our being, will abide with us forever.

MISS CHANDLER.⁶

1. BASIL and Francis set about looking for humming-bird's nests, while Lucien was watching the evolutions of the little creatures, which were constantly flying from flower to flower. The point upon which our young naturalist wished to be

¹ ABSOLUTE, entire, complete.

² EXTERNAL, outside, outer.

³ TEMPORAL, relating to this world simply, or to the present life; referring to the things of time, and not of eternity.

⁴ MATERIAL, relating to matter, or things we can see, feel, taste, smell, or touch.

⁵ SPIRITUAL, relating to the spirit, mind or soul; distinct from matter.

⁶ CHANDLER, MARY G., an American writer.

⁷ It is well to bear in mind that, in the order of nature, animals, though subject to death, yet meet it generally without any, or with but little, previous suffering from pain or anxiety. It is also inflicted in the way that causes least pain. Were living creatures left to die by old age, or to multiply without being destroyed by each other, the amount of pain and misery would doubtless be infinitely greater than it now is in the present order of Providence.

satisfied was, whether the humming-birds eat insects as well as honey, — a point which has been debated among ornithologists.¹

2. As he stood watching them, a large bumble-bee came whizzing along, and settled in one of the flowers. Its feet had scarcely touched the bright petals,² when the male ruby-throat darted towards it, and attacked it like a little fury. Both came out of the flower together, carrying on their miniature battle as they flew; but, after a short contest, the bee turned tail, and flew off with an angry-like buzz, no doubt occasioned³ by the plying of his wings more rapidly in flight.

3. A shout from Francis now told that the nest was discovered. There it was, in the fork of a low branch, but without eggs as yet — else the birds would not both have been abroad. The nest was examined by all three, though they did not disturb it from its position. It was built of fine threads of Spanish moss, with which it was tied to the branch; and it was lined on the inside with the silken down of the anemone.³ It was a hemispheric,⁴ open at the top, and but one inch in diameter. In fact, so small was the whole structure, that any one but the sharp-eyed, bird-catching, nest-seeking Francis would have taken it for a knob on the bark of the tree.

4. All three now returned to watch the manoeuvres⁵ of the birds, which, not having seen them by the nest, still continued playing among the flowers. The boys stole as near as possible, keeping behind a large bunch of hanging vines. Lucien was nearest, and his face was within a few feet of the little creatures, so that he could observe every motion they made.

5. He was soon gratified with a sight that determined his point for him. A swarm of small, blue-winged flies attracted his attention. They were among the blossoms, sometimes resting upon them, and sometimes flitting about from one to another. He saw the birds several times dash at them with open bills, and pick them from their perch; so the question was decided, — the

¹ ORNITHOLOGISTS, those who study the structure, nature and habits of birds

² PETALS, the leaves of flowers

³ A ZYGANE, the wind flower

⁴ HEMI-SPHERE, a half globe.

⁵ MANŒUVRES (ma-nu'vres), stratagems

humming-birds were insect-eaters. After a while the female flew off to her nest, leaving the male still among the flowers.

6. The curiosity of the boys was now satisfied, and they were about to return to the tent, when Lucien suddenly made a motion, whispering the others to remain silent. Francis first caught sight of the object which had caused this behavior on the part of his brother, and then Basil saw it. A hideous object it was.

7. Crouching among the leaves, now crawling sidewise, now making short springs, and then hiding itself, went a fearful-looking creature. It was about the size of one of the birds, but far different in appearance. Its body consisted of two pieces, joined about the middle, and covered all over with a reddish-brown wool or hair, that stood upright like bristles.

8. It had ten limbs — long, crooked, and covered with hair, like the body — two curved, claw-like antennæ¹ or feelers in front, and two horns projecting behind, so that, but for the sharp, fiery eyes of the creature, it would have been difficult to tell its head from its hinder part. Its rusty color, ill-shaped body, and hairy legs, combined with the piercing look from its eyes, gave it a most vicious appearance, such as belongs, less or more, to all of its race — for it was of the race of spiders.

9. "The leaping tarantula!" whispered Lucien to his brothers. "See," he continued, "it is after the ruby-throat!" This was evident. Step by step, and leap after leap, it was approaching the cluster of blossoms where the humming-bird was at that moment engaged. Its eyes were bent eagerly upon the latter; and whenever it flew up from the flowers and whirled idly about, the tarantula squatted itself closely, hiding behind the leaves of the vines.

10. On the other hand, when the bird settled a moment and appeared busily feeding, the skulking creature would advance a stage nearer, either by a quick run or a leap, when it would again conceal itself and await a fresh opportunity. As the bird flitted about a good deal, the spider had frequently to change its direc-

¹ ANTENNÆ, horns or horn-like projections of certain insects; tentacles; feelers. ² Pronounced, ta-run'tu-la.

tion in following. The former, after one of its short flights, settled into a trumpet-flower, directly in front of where the latter lay crouching. It did not enter the cup of the flower, but remained at the mouth — poised¹ upon its whirling wings — while with its long, prehensile² tongue it drew out the honey.

11. It had scarcely been a moment in this position, when the tarantula sprang forward and clutched it round the body with his antennæ. The bird, with a wild chirrup, like that of a distressed cricket, flew outward and upwards. Its wings were still free, and all expected it would carry off the spider that was now seen clinging around it.

12. Not so, however. On getting a few feet from the flower, its flight appeared to be suddenly checked; and, although it still kept in the air, flying first one way and then another, it was evident that something restrained it from getting clear off. On looking more attentively, a fine silken line was seen stretching from the trees to the fluttering creature. It was the thread of the spider, and this it was that prevented his victim from carrying him into the air.

13. The little wings soon ceased to move, and both bird and spider fell to the end of the thread, where they hung for a moment suspended.³ The boys could see that the bird was dead, and the mandibles⁴ of the tarantula were buried in its shining throat.

14. Francis would have rushed forward to kill the destroyer; but Lucien, who was too ardent a naturalist to have his lesson thus interrupted, restrained his more impetuous⁵ brother, and all three remained quiet as before.

15. The tarantula now commenced reeling in his line, for the purpose of carrying his prey up among the branches, where he had his nest. The boys looked upward to discover the latter. There, sure enough, was the web, in a shaded corner, stretching

¹ POISED, balanced.

² PRE-HEN-SILE, adapted to seize or grasp, like the tails of some monkeys, or the trunk of an elephant.

³ SUS-PEND'ED, hanging down.

⁴ MAN'DI-BLES, upper jaws of insects, both jaws of birds, lower jaws of beasts.

⁵ IM-PET'U-ous, vehement, hasty.

its meshes from a large liana¹ to the trunk of the tupelo;² and towards this point the spider now slowly progressed with his lifeless victim.

16. As they watched his motions, their eyes were caught by a shining object that moved along the wrinkled bark of the liana. As the vine was nearly a foot in diameter, and of a deep ferruginous³ color, this object was the more apparent against its dark ground, for it was a creature of brilliant hues.

17. It was an animal of the lizard species; and if any lizard could be considered beautiful, this one might have been so called. But the hideous, half-human form of these animals, their piercing looks, their stealthy and predatory⁴ habits, and, above all, the knowledge that the bite of several of their species is poisonous, combine to render them objects that excite disgust and awe, rather than admiration.

18. This one, as we have already said, was of the most brilliant color. The whole of its upper surface was a golden green, vivid as the hues of an emerald; while its body underneath was greenish-white. But this part, as it lay along the liana, was not seen; and a pure, uniform green was the apparent color of the whole animal. There was one conspicuous exception — the throat. This was swollen out, as though by inflation, exhibiting a surface of the brightest scarlet, that appeared in the sun as if painted with vermilion.

19. The eyes of the animal shone like flame — for the irides⁵ were, in fact, the color of burnished gold, with small pupils, sparkling like diamonds, in their midst. Its arms and limbs were of the same color as the body; and its branching feet exhibited the peculiarity of having small knots, or tubercles,⁶ at the ends of the toes.

20. Basil and Francis had often seen the species before, and were familiar with it under the name of "green lizard" and "chameleon," — both of which names are applied to it in common phraseology. The animal was not over six inches in

¹ LI-A'NA (le-a'na), a woody, creeping plant; a vine.

² TU'PE-LO, a gum-tree.

³ FER-RU-GI-NOUS, like rust of iron.

⁴ PRAIP'A-TO-RY, plundering, ravenous.

⁵ IR-I-DES, or irises, the dark circle about the pupil or apple of the eye.

⁶ TU'BER-CLES, small swellings or tumors.

length; and its long, coffin-shaped head, and slender, whip-like tail, were at least two-thirds of this extent. When first noticed, it was passing up the liana, for the latter slanted upwards between the trees.

21. It did not see the boys; or, at all events, did not regard their presence—for the chameleon is a bold little animal, and is not afraid of man. Up to this time it had not seen the tarantula either. As it was passing onward, its eyes fell upon the latter as he climbed up his silken ladder. All at once the lizard stopped, and put itself in a crouching attitude. Its color suddenly changed. The vermilion throat became white, and then ashy pale; and the bright green of its body faded into a dark brown, or rust color, until it was difficult to distinguish the animal from the bark of the liana! •

22. Had the eyes of the spectators not been already fixed upon it, they might have supposed that it had disappeared altogether. After crouching for a few seconds, it seemed to have formed its plan of attack—for it was evident that it meant to attack the spider—such, with flies and other insects, being its natural food and prey.

23. It passed to the opposite side of the liana, and then proceeded upward, making for the nest of the tarantula. It reached this point by a single run, although its back was downward as it crawled. This it could easily do by means of the tubercles upon its toes,—which enable such lizards to walk upon perpendicular walls, up glass windows, or along the smoothest ceilings.

24. For some moments it lay quiet, in a crouching attitude, waiting the approach of the spider, that, busied with his own affairs, did not dream of a lurking foe so near him. The tarantula was, no doubt, in high spirits at the moment, exulting at the prospect of the banquet of blood he should have, when he had carried the ruby-throat to his dark, silken cave. But he was destined never to reach that cave.

25. When he had got within a few inches of its entrance, the chameleon sprang out from the limb, seized the spider in his wide jaws, and all three—lizard, spider and bird—came to the ground together. The bird was let go in the fall, and became

separated from the others. Between these there was a short struggle over the grass — for the tarantula fought fiercely ; but he was no match for his antagonist ; who, in a few moments, had ground off his legs with his powerful jaws, and left him a helpless and motionless trunk. The chameleon now seized his victim by the head, sunk his sharp, conical¹ teeth into its skull, and thus killed it outright.

26. What appeared singular to all was, that the moment the lizard had first sprung upon his prey, his bright colors returned like a flash, and he again appeared with his green back and red throat, if possible more brilliant than ever. He now commenced dragging the body of the spider over the grass, evidently making for some decayed logs, half covered with vines and briars, that formed a heap near the spot. Here, no doubt, was his retreat.

Mayne Reid.

LXIV. — THE CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION. — CONCLUDED.

1. FRANCIS, whose quick eyes were wandering about, suddenly exclaimed, "Look — brothers, look ! — A scorpion-lizard !" Basil and Lucien cast their eyes where Francis pointed — up to the trunk of a tree that rose over the spot where the chameleon was crawling. About twenty feet from the ground was a dark, round hole, evidently the former nest of the red-bellied woodpecker. The birds, however, who made that nest, had deserted it ; for it was now occupied by a creature of a far different kind, — a scorpion-lizard, — whose red head and broad shoulders at the moment protruded from the hole.

2. All who have travelled the great American forests are familiar with such a sight ; for this animal may often be observed in similar situations. A more disagreeable sight is rarely met with. The scorpion-lizard, with his red head and olive-brown body, is a hideous-looking reptile at best ; but when thus peering from his gloomy tree cave, moving his pointed snout from side to side, his dark eyes glancing all the while with a fierce, malig-

¹ CONICAL, shaped like a cone, which has a circle for a base, and runs up to a point

nant expression, it is difficult to conceive of a more vicious-looking creature.

3. His head was in motion when Francis spoke, for it was this that had caught the eye of the boy. It was moving from side to side, protruded from the hole, the snout pointing downwards. The animal was watching the ground below, and evidently preparing to issue forth and come down. The chameleon, rustling over the leaves, had attracted his attention.

4. As quick as lightning his whole body appeared upon the tree, and lay flat along the bark, head downwards. Here he halted for a moment; then, raising his shoulders, he ran nimbly down the trunk, and rushing outwards sprang upon the chameleon. The latter, thus suddenly attacked, dropped the spider, and at first showed an intention of retreating.

5. Had he done so, the scorpion would have followed him no further, as its only object in attacking him was to rob him of his prey. The chameleon, however, is a courageous little animal; and, seeing that his assailant was not much bigger than himself,—for the animal in question was one of the smallest of the lizard family,—he turned again, and showed fight. His throat swelled to its largest extent, and grew brighter than ever.

6. Both now stood facing each other, and about twelve inches apart, in threatening attitudes. Their eyes sparkled; their forked tongues shot forth, glittering in the sun; and their heads at intervals rose and fell, in a manœuvring manner, like a pair of pugilists¹ preparing for a combat.

7. After a short while, they sprang at each other open-jawed, wriggled over the ground for a moment, their tails flying in the air; then separated, and again assumed their defiant attitudes, manœuvring as before. In this manner they met and parted several times, neither seeming to have gained much advantage.

8. The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is this appendage,² that the slightest blow of a small switch will separate it from the body. The scorpion seemed to be aware of this fact, as he several times tried to get around his

¹ Pugilists, fighters with the fist, box-ers; prize-fighters.

² AP-PEND'AGE, something depending from, or attached to as a part.

antagonist, or, in military phraseology, to "turn" him. It was evidently his intention to attack the tail. This the chameleon dreaded, and was equally desirous not to be "outflanked."¹ In whatever way the scorpion manœuvred, his antagonist met him with his scarlet front.

9. For several minutes the battle raged, these little creatures exhibiting as much fury and fierceness as if they had been a pair of great crocodiles. The chameleon at length began to show symptoms of giving out. The throat grew paler, the green became less vivid, and it was evident that he was getting the worst of it.

10. The scorpion now made a rush, and threw the other upon his back. Before the chameleon could recover himself, his antagonist seized his tail and bit it off close to the body. The poor little fellow, feeling that he had lost more than half his length, ran away, and hid himself among the logs.

11. It was well for him, as it proved afterwards, that he had got off even thus mutilated²; and it would have been better for the scorpion had he remained in his hole. The battle between the two had carried them some distance from the spot where it first commenced, and under the leafy, spreading branches of a mulberry-tree.

12. While the fight was raging, a slight movement in the leaves above had attracted the attention of the boys. The next moment a red object was thrust downward, until a foot or so of it appeared hanging clear of the branches. It was about the thickness of a walking-cane; but the glistening scales, and the elegant curving form, told that this singular object was a serpent.

13. It did not remain stationary.³ It was slowly and gradually letting itself down; for more of its body was every moment becoming visible, until a full yard of it hung out from the leaves. The remainder was hidden by the thick foliage, where its tail, no doubt, was coiled around a branch. That part of the body that

¹ OUT-FLANK'ED, a military term, used when one army stretches, so as to overlap or get round a side of the other army. ² MU'TI-LAT-ED, deprived of some limb, or essential part. ³ STA'TION-A-RY, fixed in one place.

was seen was of a uniform blood-red color, though the belly or under side was much the lightest. It was the red snake of the Rocky Mountains.

14. The scorpion at this moment perceived the long, red body of the serpent dangling above him; and, knowing from experience a terrible enemy, ran off, endeavoring to hide himself in the grass. Instead of making for a tree, where he might have escaped by his superior nimbleness, his confusion and terror led him out into the open ground. The snake dropped from the mulberry, and glided after, with his head raised high in the air, and his jaws wide open. In a second or two he overtook the lizard, and, striking forward and downward, killed it upon the spot.

15. The snake, after having killed the lizard, remained out in the open ground, and, stretching himself along the grass, commenced devouring it. Snakes do not masticate¹ their food; their teeth are not formed for this, but only for seizing and killing. The blood snake is not venomous, and is, therefore, without fangs, such as venomous snakes possess.

16. ^À lieu² of these, he possesses a double row of sharp teeth; and, like the "black snake," the "whip," and some others, he is extremely swift, and possesses certain powers of constriction³ which are mostly wanting in serpents of the venomous tribes. Like all the others, he swallows his prey just as he kills it — whole. So with the one in question. Having placed the nose of the lizard opposite to his own, he opened his jaws to their full extent, took in the head, and commenced gradually sucking the body down his throat. It was a curious operation, and the boys watched it with feelings of interest.

17. But other eyes were bent upon the reptile. His bright, blood-colored body lying along the grass had caught the far-seeing eye of an enemy, whose dark shadow was now seen moving over the ground. On looking up, the boys beheld a large bird wheeling in the air. Its snow-white head and breast, the far-spread, tapering wings, but, above all, the long, forked tail, told

¹ MAS-TI-CATE, chew.

² LIER' (li), place or stand.

³ CON-STRICT-I-ON, contracting their muscles, and so squeezing their prey.

them at a glance what bird it was. It was the great southern kite.

18. When first seen, he was sailing in circles, or, rather, in a spiral curve, that was constantly contracting downward and inward. The centre of that curve was the spot occupied by the snake.

19. It was a beautiful sight to behold this creature cutting the thin air. His flight was the model of ease and gracefulness, for in these no bird can equal the kite. Not a stroke of his long, pointed wings betrayed that he needed their assistance, and he seemed to glory that he could navigate the air without them. Besides, the motion of these, had he used them, might have caught the eye of his intended victim, and warned him of the danger.

20. It was, indeed, a beautiful sight to watch him, as he swam through his airy circles, at one moment appearing all white, as his breast was turned to the spectators; the next moment, his black back and purple wings glittering in the sun, as sidewise he guided himself down the spiral curve. It was a beautiful sight, and the young hunters stood gazing with silent admiration.

21. A few seconds from the time he was first noticed wheeling high in the air, the kite swept along the tops of the low trees, so close that the boys could distinguish the red iris of his glistening eyes.

22. Now, for the first time, the snake caught sight of him. Hitherto it had been too much occupied with its own prey, which it had succeeded in swallowing. The shadow of the broad wings fell upon the sunlit sward directly before its eyes. It looked up, and saw its terrible enemy. It seemed to shiver through its whole length, and turn paler in color. It struck its head into the grass, endeavoring to hide itself. It was too late. The kite swooped gently downward, and, with open claw, poised himself a moment over the spot. As he rose again, the reptile was seen wriggling in his talons!

23. A few strokes of his bold wing carried the kite upward, above the tallest trees; but he was observed to fly heavily. As

he rose higher, the flapping of his wings became more hurried and irregular. It was evident that something was impeding¹ his flight. The snake was no longer hanging from his talons. The reptile had twined itself around his body; and its glistening folds, like red bands, could be seen half buried in the white plumage of the bird!

24. All at once the kite began to flutter — then one of his wings disappeared; and, notwithstanding the hurried flapping of the other, both bird and serpent fell hurriedly to the earth!

25. They fell close to the spot from whence they had risen. Neither was killed by the fall, nor, to all appearance, hurt; for, the moment after they had touched the ground, both were seen engaged in a violent struggle — the bird evidently endeavoring to free himself from the folds of the reptile, while the latter seemed equally bent upon holding him!

26. The snake knew well that this was its only hope; for, should it unfold itself and endeavor to escape, it would only give the kite an opportunity of clutching it a second time, when he would be certain to do it with more fatal effect. It was because the reptile had buried its head in the grass that the kite had failed in seizing it properly by the neck, and putting an end to it at once.

27. As things stood, the serpent had undoubtedly the advantage. But it was likely to prove a protracted² struggle; for, although there was much twisting and wriggling over the ground, and flapping of the odd wing, that was still free, very little change for a long time appeared to take place in the relative position³ of the combatants. This could be seen whenever they paused to rest themselves, which they did every two or three minutes.

28. The kite at length got his beak close to the head of the serpent, and was striking with open mandible,⁴ endeavoring to seize the jaw of the latter. He was upon his back — for these birds fight best in that position. The serpent, on the other hand,

¹ IM-PED'ING, hindering.

in respect to each other; the place of each in relation to the other.

² PRO-TRACT'ED, lengthened out, prolonged.

³ REL'A-TIVE PO-SI'TION means their places

⁴ MAN'DI-BLES, two parts of the bill.

was trying his best to bite the bird; and, for this purpose, at intervals extended its jaws, showing the double rows of sharp conical teeth.

29. At one of these intervals, while its mouth was open, the kite struck quickly upward, and seized the lower jaw of the reptile in his beak. The latter closed its mouth on the instant; but the horny mandible was impervious¹ to its sharp teeth, and the bird regarded them not.

30. Suddenly turning back upward, with the aid of his wing and one of his claws, he held himself fast to the ground, while with his strong neck he drew the head of the serpent close under him, until it lay within reach of his other claw. Then with a quick fierce stroke he planted his talons so as to encircle the throat of his adversary, clutching and holding it like a vice.

31. This manoeuvre put a period to the contest. The red coils were seen to loosen, then fall off; and, although the reptile still writhed, it was only in its death struggles. In a few moments its body lay along the grass, powerless and without motion.

32. The kite, after a short rest, drew his beak from the jaws of the serpent, raised his head, extended his wings, — to assure himself they were free, — and, with a scream of triumph, rose upward, the long carcass of the reptile trailing after him like a train!

33. At this moment another scream reached the ears of the young hunters. It might have passed for the echo of the first, but its tones were wilder and louder. All eyes were turned to the direction whence it came. The boys knew very well what sort of a creature had uttered it, for they had heard such notes before. They knew it was the white-headed eagle.

34. They caught sight of him the moment they turned. It was not difficult to see him, soaring upward — his great tail and broad wings being expanded about seven feet in extent, against the clear blue sky.

35. When first seen, his flight was nearly in a straight line,

¹ IM-PER-VI-OUS, that cannot be got through, impenetrable.

slanting up in the direction of the kite ; for that was the object that had started him. He was evidently bent upon robbing the latter of his late-gotten booty.

36. The kite had heard the cry that echoed his own ; and, knowing its import,¹ at once plied all the power of his wings to rise higher into the air. Up goes the kite, straining every pinion of his pointed wings—up the spiral curve, raising himself towards the zenith. Upward follows the eagle, spirally as well, but in wider gyrations,² that embrace and seem to hold the curvatures of the other within their circumference.³ Both birds circled concentrically.⁴ Now their orbits⁵ cross each other ; now they are wheeling in parallel curves.

37. Still upward flies the kite—still upward goes the pursuing eagle. Closer and closer they appear to come ; narrower grow their soaring circles ; but that is because they are more distant, and seem so. See ! the kite is but a speck, and appears stationary ; now he is lost to the view. See ! the eagle is but a speck ; she, too, disappears.⁵ No, not altogether—the little spot like the fragment of a white cloud, or a piece of snow upon the sky, that is her tail tip. Ha ! it is gone, too ; they are beyond the reach of our vision.

38. Hark ! Did you hear that sound, like the whistling of a rocket ? See ! something has fallen upon the tree-top, breaking several branches. As I live, it is the kite ! Dead he is, and the blood is spirting from a wound in his shoulder ! Hark, again ! It is the eagle. See ! she has the serpent in her talons !

39. The eagle had shot down from her elevation, though no eye could have followed her in that arrow-like descent. When within two or three hundred yards of the ground, her wings flew out, her tail was spread, and, suddenly lowered, fan-like, to its fullest extent, arrested her downward course ; and, with a few measured strokes, she glided slowly over the tops of the trees, and alighted on the summit of the dead magnolia.⁶

¹ IM'PORT, meaning.

² GY-RA'TIONS (ji-rá'shunz), (circlings round, turns.

³ CIR-CUM'FER-ENCE, the outer line of a

circular thing ; the line describing a circle.

⁴ CON-CEN'TRI-CAL-LY, in circles having the same centre.

⁵ OR'BIT, circle.

40. Basil seized his rifle, with the intention of having a shot. There was not much¹ cover on the ground that encircled the tree where the eagle had perched herself; and the young hunter knew from experience that his only chance of getting near enough was to make his approach upon horseback. He therefore drew the picket¹ that fastened Black Hawk, and, flinging himself upon the horse's back, rode off among the bushes. He had been gone but a few minutes, when a sharp crack was heard, and the eagle was seen tumbling from her perch. This was the last link in the chain of destruction!

Mayne Reid.

LXV. — GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
 And any man who passed her door,
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
 And made her poor old bones to ache,
 Could anything be more alluring
 Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
 And now and then, it *must* be said,
 When her old bones were cold and chill,
 She left her fire, or left her bed,
 To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry, he had long suspected
 This trespass of old Goody Blake,
 And vowed that she should be detected,
 And he on her would vengeance take.

¹ PICK'ET, a stake, to which a horse is tethered.

And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand ;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
He hears a noise — he's all awake —
Again ! — on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps — 't is Goody Blake !
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
Stick after stick did Goody pull ;
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-road back again to take ;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, " I've caught you then at last ! "
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God, that is the Judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm —
" God ! who art never out of hearing,
O, may he never more be warm ! "
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray ;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow,
 That he was cold and very chill ;
 His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
 Alas that day for Harry Gill !
 That day he wore a riding-coat,
 But not a whit the warmer he :
 Another was on Thursday brought,
 And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'T was all in vain, a useless matter,
 And blankets were about him pinned :
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter
 Like a loose casement¹ in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
 And all who see him say 't is plain,
 That live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again. WORDSWORTH.

LXVI. — THE AUTUMNAL WALK.

MOTHER, my walks are dreary now ;
 My pretty flowers are dead ;
 The singing-birds have left the bough ;
 The leaves have all turned red ;
 The trees, all bare and naked seen,
 Their branches wildly wave ;
 And everything that once was green
 Has dropped into its grave.

MOTHER.

But, child, another spring will come,
 And reno²vate² their bloom ;
 And when a few short months have gone,
 They'll waken from their gloom.

¹ CASEMENT, window-frame.² REN'O-VATE, make new again, renew.

The little birds will then return,
 As merrily, to sing ;
 The plants assume a livelier green,
 Fanned by the breath of spring.

CHILD.

But when these pretty things return,
 To cheer my heart and eyes,
 Won't little William, whom we mourn,
 From his dark bed arise ?
 The choicest plants drop in the earth,
 And make their wintry bed ;
 Why is it, mother, that so long
 We sleep, when we are dead ?
 Why, when the warm and cheerful sun
 Makes all around us gay,
 Why is it they, too, do not come ?
 What makes them stay away ?

My dear, the solemn sleep of death
 Is not like nature's rest ;
 The coming spring will not bring back
 Those whom our God has blessed.
 Only the body 's in the ground,
 Of those we dearly love ;
 The spirit hath its dwelling found,
 And lives with God above.
 The little plants and flowers of earth
 Have not a soul within ;
 They die, unconscious¹ of their birth,
 And neither act nor sin ;
 But we can think, and love, and move,
 And all our powers controul ;
 And that which thinks, and loves, and moves,
 Is what we call the soul.

¹ UN-CON'SCIOUS, not aware, not knowing.

And when you hear us speak of death,
We mean this mortal part
Has ceased to live, and motionless
Is found this beating heart.
The thinking soul, that leaves the earth,
Ascends to God on high ;
Its substance is of heavenly birth,
And fitted for the sky.

CHILD.

But, mother, won't my spirit die,
When my heart does not beat ?
Shall I, then, live in yonder sky,
And little William meet ?
And if I live the same as here,
Who will my wants supply ?
Who'd give me all the things I want,
If I, to-day, should die ?
And who would hear my evening prayer
And kneel beside my bed ?
Say, mother, sha'n't you, too, be there
When all of us are dead ?

MOTHER.

Yes, child, if only good on earth,
• We all shall meet in peace ;
Our happiness will know no end,
Our praises never cease.
Into that blissful angel world
• Of usefulness and joy,
No disappointments ever come, •
To mar our blest employ.
In those untrodden fields of love,
God will direct our feet ;
There is a better home above,
Where we with Him shall meet.

LXVII. — A DOLLAR FOR GOOD NEWS.

1. "WHY do you sigh so, mother?" said a young islander of Nantucket to his pale, anxious-looking parent, who sat busily sewing near him.

2. "For the want of a dollar, my child," was the reply, in a tone which seemed scarcely calm, while, a moment after, a silent tear found its way down her cheek. Alfred watched that tear, and pondered¹ upon his mother's poverty, till he felt such a choking sensation in his throat, from the attempt he made not to let his mother see him weep, that he was obliged to rise and leave the room. He went out, and sat upon a large stone near the back door, and then wept as if his young heart was full of grief. And so it was.

3. "Alfred, what is the matter?" asked a companion, whose footsteps, as he was approaching, Alfred had not heard. Sobs choked the poor boy's utterance. At last he spoke.

4. "Walter," said he, "I can bear to dress poorer than any boy in school. I can bear to go without pocket-money, and toys, and books, that the other boys have; but I cannot bear to see my poor mother weep because she is in need of a dollar, and I cannot give her one. If my father were only alive, it would not be so, or if I were a man, and could work. But now — O, I cannot bear it!" And tears again fell thick and fast from his eyes.

5. Walter strove to comfort him, but in vain; and, as he was sent on an errand, he soon left him. Poor Alfred looked up at the clear, bright moon, and the thought of God, as the Great Benefactor, came to his mind. He remembered that He took care even of the birds of the air; and he knelt there in the moonlight, and asked God to send his mother some assistance. His prayer was answered.

6. Not long after, Walter rushed hastily to his side. "Alfred, run to my mother and tell her the *Sloop* has arrived, and get the dollar. Run, quick!"

7. No further words were needed. Alfred comprehended at

¹ PON'DERED, considered, thought well upon.

once, and ran with all speed to Walter's home. His kind young friend followed him at a slower pace; for he was generous enough, much as he had previously counted on the privilege of being first to tell the good news to his mother (for his own father was captain of the Sylph), to transfer¹ his privilege, and the dollar which was the invariable reward for such glad tidings, to his weeping, praying playmate.

8. This custom is a time-honored one on the island of Nantucket — and many a young heart is made glad by the reward from those to whom their nimble feet have carried good news.

9. Alfred received the dollar and the thanks of Walter's mother; but still happier did he make that mother, when he told her of Walter's kindness in thus denying himself to serve his friend: "Why did you not come, my son," asked Walter's mother, "and, having earned the dollar, give it to Alfred?"

10. "Because, mother, I know Alfred would not feel as well about taking it as if he had really earned it himself."

11. "You were right, Walter," was her answer; and just then an owner of the Sylph came in to confirm² the tidings to the captain's wife.

12. Alfred ran hastily home, and joyfully deposited his dollar in his mother's hand. "Now," said she, "we can pay all our rent to-morrow; and I thank God for such a son as you are. You have shown that you love and sympathize³ with me, and that is better to me than silver or gold."

13. Walter just then entered, and, advancing to Alfred's mother, said: "I have good news for you now, and I never told news for a dollar with more pleasure than I now tell you this for nothing. Will you promise that you will not give me any reward? Alfred has earned his dollar, and I want him to keep it, and so does my mother. She would not have me come and tell you, without I promised to act as I am now doing."

14. The promise was given, and the good news imparted⁴ that

¹ TRANSFER', to pass or give from one person to another.

² CON-FIRM', establish put past doubt by new evidence.

³ SYM'PA-THIZE, to feel with another; to feel in consequence of what another feels.

⁴ IM-PART'ED, shared, disclosed, communicated, made known.

Alfred's father, who had been supposed to have been lost by shipwreck, was alive, and was actually in the Sylph with Walter's father.

15. There was joy in many hearts that night, and two mothers thanked God for two good sons. AMERICAN MISCELLANY.

LXVIII. — GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

1. In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there lies a large and handsome estate, remarkable for the charms of its landscape as well as for the virtues of its former possessors. As you travel on the western bank of the river, the ancient towers of the castle which adorns the estate may be seen on the opposite bank, rising majestically above a grove of venerable trees, quite as old as the castle itself.

2. About forty years ago there lived in that castle a gentleman whom we shall call Baron Faber. He had one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

3. It happened, on a certain occasion, while this young man was from home, that there came a French gentleman to the castle, who began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood. For this the baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of shutting out from your mind and heart the truth and goodness of God, who reigns above, by thinking, feeling, and speaking, in such a manner?"

4. The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. The baron at this time did not reply to the remark of his guest; but the next morning he conducted him about his castle grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall.

5. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "Whoever drew this picture knows very well how to use the pencil." "My son drew that picture," said the baron. "Then your son is a clever¹ man," replied the gentleman. The baron

¹ Clever, skilful; see note 2, p. 69

then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

6. "Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman. "My son," replied the baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall." "Indeed," said the gentleman; "I shall think very highly of him soon."

7. The baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, in which he had caused all the young children in the neighborhood who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son!"

8. "How do you know I have so good a son?" "Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have shown me." "But you have not seen him." "No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

9. "True," replied the baron; "and in this way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know by his works that he is a being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness." The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good baron any more by his remarks.

From the German.

LXIX. — THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

1. WHOEVER has travelled among the Scottish hills and dales, cannot have failed to observe the scrupulous² fidelity of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait³ of character than this cannot be found; for all men, whether Christians or infidels,⁴ are prone to put reliance in those who make the

¹ INFINITE, boundless, unlimited.

² SCRUPULOUS, conscientiously exact.

³ TRAIT (trait), characteristic mark.

⁴ INFIDELS, those who disbelieve Christianity and the Bible, denying their divine origin; unbelievers in revealed religion.

Bible their companion, the well-thumbed pages of which show the confidence their owners repose in it.

2. A few years ago, there dwelt in Ayrshire¹ an ancient couple, possessed of this world's gear² sufficient to keep them independent from want or woe, and a canny³ daughter to bless their gray hair and tottering steps. A gallant⁴ of a farmer became enamored⁵ of the daughter, and she, nothing loth, consented to be his. The match being every way worthy of her, the old folks gave their approval, and as they were desirous to see their child comfortably settled, the two were made one. In a few short years the scythe of time cut down the old people, and they gave their bodies to the dust, and their souls to the Creator.

3. The young farmer, having heard much of the promised land beyond the sea, gathered together his property, and, selling such as was useless, packed up what was calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors, having the same desire for adventure, sold off their hoines and homesfeads, and, with the young couple, set sail for America.

4. Possessed of considerable property in the shape of money, this company were not like the generality of emigrants,⁶ poor and friendless, but happy and full of hope of the future. The first thing done after the landing was the taking out of the old family heir-loom,⁷ the Bible, and returning thanks and praise to Him who had guided the vessel to a safe haven.

5. The farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm and follow his occupation; he therefore spent but little time in the city at which he arrived; and as his fellow-passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bid them farewell, and, with a light heart, turned his face towards the setting sun. Indiana, at this time, was fast becoming settled, and, having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

1 AYE'SHIRE (ā'shēr), a county in the south-western part of Scotland, interesting as containing the birth-place of the poet Burns. Here are the streams Ayr and Doon.

2 GEAR, used in Scotland to signify goods.

3 CANNY, a Scotch word for clever, prudent, worthy, gentle.

4 GAL-LANT, a beau, suitor, wooer, lover.

5 IS-A-M'OR-ED, in love with.

6 EM'IG-RANTS, those who go out of a country to settle elsewhere; immigrants are those who come into a country to settle in it.

7 HEIR-LOOM (ā'lōm), some valuable article handed down from father to son; here it means the old Bible.

6. He fixed on a farm on the banks of the Wabash, and having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage¹ for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm, and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently awaited the time when he might go forth to reap the harvest; but, alas! no ears of grain gladdened his heart, or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields are white with the fulness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

7. We leave this first sorrow, and pass on to witness the struggles of the afflicted widow a year afterward. The time having arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she borrowed the money of a neighbor, who had been very attentive to her husband and herself. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum at the promised time; but all would not do; fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished her farm and stock for less than she owed her neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution² on her furniture.

8. On the Sabbath previous to the sale, she took courage, and strengthening herself with the knowledge of having wronged no one, went to the temple of her Heavenly Father, and, with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to Him "who turneth not away;" and having communed³ side by side with her neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

9. Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the old "family Bible," she reverently put it to her lips, and sought for consolation in its pages. Slowly she perused its holy and inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never-failing promises.

¹ **MORT-GAGE** (môr'gaj); a farm is mortgaged when it is bought and part of the price is paid down, and the whole farm made over to the former owner, to be forfeited if the rest of the price is not paid by a certain time.

² **EX-E-CUTION**, a law paper, which per-

mits the law officer to take anything for debt and sell it. When the officer presents the paper he takes possession, and is said to put the execution on the thing taken, or to "serve the execution."

³ **COM-MUNED**, partaken of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

10. The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattels¹ were, in due course, knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved she saw pass from her possession article after article, without a murmur, till the constable held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed, and gave silent utterance to a breaking heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento² of her revered and departed parents; and the humane man of the law would willingly have given it to her, but her inexorable³ creditor⁴ declared everything should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was due to him.

11. The book was, therefore, put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and, declaring she would have some relic⁵ of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining that. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper.

12. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find each to be a bank-note, good for five hundred pounds, on the bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's hand-writing, were the following words: "*When sorrow overtakes you, seek your Bible.*" And on the other, in her father's hand, "*Your Father's ears are never deaf.*"

13. The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased it, and she gladly took it back. Having paid off her relentless⁶ creditor to the uttermost farthing, and rented a small house, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable, and is now able to enjoy the precepts of the old family Bible without fear or molestation.⁷ - *Anonymous.*

¹ CHATTELS (chat'ls), any movable property.

² ME-MEN'TO, remembrance, memorial.

³ IN-EX-Q-UI-BLE, unyielding, not softening, unrelenting.

⁴ CRED-I-TOR, one to whom a debt is owed.

⁵ RELIC, that which remains as a memorial.

⁶ RE-LENT'LESS, unyielding, not softening unfeeling.

LXX. — THE LOST CHILD

1. LUCY was only six years old, but bold as a fairy;¹ she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes,² and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led to no places of danger; nor are infants themselves incautious³ when alone in their pastimes.⁴ Lucy went singing into the coppice⁵ woods, and singing she re-appeared on the open hill-side. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden bridge, or, lightly as the ousel,⁶ tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet.

2. The creature would be away for hours, and no fears be felt on her account by any one at home — whether she had gone, with her basket under her arm, to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbor, or, merely for her own solitary delight, had wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands.

3. The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a farm-house about two miles off), with her playmates, the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise.

4. During her absence, the house was silent but happy; and, the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isabel, her father, mother, and aunt, went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed, till they reached Ladyside, and heard the cheerful din of the children within, still rioting at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door; but, on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

5. Within two hours, a hundred people were traversing⁷ the

1 FAIRY (Fie), a kind of fabled aerial being, or spirit, in human shape

2 BRAES, rising grounds.

3 IN-CAUTIOUS, without care or caution

4 PASTIMES, plays.

5 COPPICE, a wood of small trees; a copse.

6 OUSEL (o-zel), blackbird.

7 TRAVERSING, going over and across.

hills in all directions, even to a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs, all night through, searched every nook — every stony and rocky place — every shaw¹ — every piece of taller heather² — every crevice that could conceal anything alive or dead; but no Lucy was there.

6. Her mother, who, for a while, seemed inspired with supernatural strength, had joined in the search, and, with a quaking heart, looked into every brake, or stopped and listened to every shout and halloo reverberating among the hills, intent to seize on some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank; and then the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away; and then came the gray dawn of the morning, and then the clear brightness of the day, and still Michael and Agnes were childless.

7. "She has sunk into some mossy or miry place," said Michael to a man near him, into whose face he could not look. "A cruel, cruel death for one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!"

8. At last a man, who had left the search and gone in a direction towards the high-road, came running, with something in his arms, towards the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay, apparently exhausted³ almost to dying, on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and Michael saw that he carried Lucy's bonnet, clothes, and plaid.

9. It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn round her neck. "Murdered! murdered!" was the one word whispered or ejaculated all around; but Agnes heard it not; for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was perhaps seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

10. Isabel took the clothes, and, narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said, with a fervent voice, that was heard even in Michael's despair, "No, Lucy is yet among the living.

¹ SHAW, a small wood in a hollow.

² HEATHER (hæth'er), a wild shrub, heath.

³ EX-HAUSTED (egz-hâusted), spent by exertion, deprived of force or strength

There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent — no murderer's hand has been here. These blood-spots have been put there to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But, O! foolish despair! What speak I of? For, wicked as the world is, — ay, desperately wicked, — there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in the heaven that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gipsy beggar?"

11. The crowd quietly dispersed,¹ and horse and foot began to scour the country. Some took the high-roads, others all the by-paths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity² seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms.

12. Agnes had been able to walk home to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isabel sat by her bed-side. All her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf, or a shadow across the window. Thus hour after hour passed on, till it was again twilight. "I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and, in a few moments, the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door.

13. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance; and he seemed, from his looks, to bring them no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. "If he has heard nothing of my child," thought Michael, "this man must care but little for his own fireside." "O, speak, speak," said Agnes; "yet, why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven."

14. "Something like a trace of her has been discovered — a woman, with a child, that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford, and left it at the dawning." "Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said Isabel; "she will have

¹ DIS-PERSI⁰, scattered in different directions

² CA-TAM¹ TY, a misfortune causing great individual or general distress

tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick¹ or Yarrow¹; but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her; for these are quiet, but not solitary glens; and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick². I knew that country in my young days. What say you, Mr. Mayne? There is the light of hope on your face." "There is no reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Everybody is sure of it. If it was my own Rachel, I should have no fear as to seeing her this blessed night."

15. Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you, now, that Watty Oliver knows it was your child, for he saw her limping after the gipsy at Galla-Brigg; but, having no suspicion, he did not take a second look at her—but one look is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny³ Lucy Forrester."

16. Aunt Isabel by this time had bread and cheese, and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine, on the table. "You have been a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr. Mayne,—take some refreshment;" and Michael asked a blessing.

17. Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. "No, no, Mrs. Irving, I am over happy to eat or to drink. You are all prepared for the blessing that awaits you. Your child is not far off, and I myself—for it is I myself that found her—will bring her by the hand, and restore her to her parents."

18. Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sunk gently back on her pillow; Aunt Isabel was rooted to her chair; and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet. There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many voices, which again by degrees subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look, towards the door.

19. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but,

¹ Ettrick and Yarrow are vales, with their streams, in the south-eastern part of Scotland. They are famous in the poetry of Scotland.

² Pronounced *hawick*; it is on the Teviot river, near the south-east border of Scotland.

³ *Bonny*, a Scotch word for good and pretty.

dressed again in her own bonnet and gown, and her own plaid, in
rushed their own child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and
her father laid her within her mother's bosom. *Wilson.*¹

LXXI. — THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

HARK ! hear ye the sound that the winds on their pinions²
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice³ that resounds through her boundless dominions ?
'Tis COLUMBIA calls on her sons to be free !

Behold, on yon summits where Heaven⁴ has throned her,
How she starts from her proud, inaccessible⁵ seat ;
With Nature's impregnable⁶ ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet !

In the breeze of the mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song
From the rock to the valley reecho, "Awaken,
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long !"

Yes, Despots ! too long did your tyranny hold us,
In a vassalage⁷ vile, ere its weakness was known ;
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing,
Despised as detested — pause well ere ye dare
To cope⁸ with a people whose spirits and feeling
Are roused by remembrance and steel⁹ by despair.

Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges¹⁰ that sweep o'er the strand¹¹ that confines them ;

1 WILSON, JOHN, a distinguished Scotch writer, whose pieces were often signed Christopher, or Kit North. He died in 1854.

2 PINION, the joint of the wing remotest from the body's wing.

3 IN-AC-CES-SI-BLE, not to be approached.

4 IN PRÆ-SEN-TIA, not to be taken.

5 VAS-SA-GE, slavery, bondage.

6 COPE, to measure strength with.

7 STEEL-ED, made unfeeling, hardened.

8 SURGES, waves.

9 STRAND, shore.

But presume not again to give freemen a law,
 Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.
 To hearts that the spirit of Liberty flushes,
 Resistance is idle, and numbers a dream ;
 They burst from control, as the mountain-stream rushes
 From its fetters of ice, in the warmth of the beam.

ANONYMOUS.

LXVII. — VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,
 The satraps¹ thronged the hall ;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deemed divine —
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless heathen's wine !
 In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall
 And wrote as if on sand :
 The fingers of a man,
 A solitary hand,
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.
 The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice ;
 All bloodless waxed his look,
 And tremulous his voice.
 " Let the men of lore² appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound³ the words of fear,
 Which mar⁴ our royal mirth."

¹ SA'TRAPS, lords, a Persian word² LORE, learning, erudition³ EX-POUND', explain in order⁴ MAR, spoil.

Chaldea's seers¹ are good,
 But here they have no skill;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw the writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night, —
 The morrow proved it true.

Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away;
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud, his robe of state,
 His canopy, the stone;
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on his throne!" BYRON.²

LXXIII. — THE DYING CHIEF.

THE stars looked down on the battle-plain,
 Where night-winds were deeply sighing,
 And with shattered lance, near his war-steed slain,
 Lay a youthful chieftain dying.

¹ SEERS, prophets, those who see into the other world, or into the future.

² BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, an English nobleman and poet; at one time thought to

be the chief poet of his age. He was born in Great Britain, Jan. 22, 1788. Byron joined the Greek revolution, and died at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824, aged 36.

He had folded round his gallant breast
 • The banner, once o'er him streaming,
 For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest
 , On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield,
 By the rushing Guadalquivir,¹
 While, dark with the blood of his last red field,
 Swept on the majestic river.

There were hands which came to bind his wound,
 There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping,
 But he raised his head from the dewy ground,
 Where the land's high hearts were sleeping!

And "Away!" he cried; "your aid is vain;
 My soul may not brook recalling;
 I have seen the stately flower of Spain
 Like the autumn vine-leaves falling!

"I have seen the Moorish banners wave
 O'er the halls where my youth was cherished;
 I have drawn a sword that could not save;
 I have stood where my king hath perished!

"Leave me to die with the free and brave,
 On the banks of my own bright river!
 Ye can give me naught but a warrior's grave,
 By the chainless Guadalquivir!" ANONYMOUS.

LXXIV. — THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
 Beneath is a soldier lying;
 The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
 When banner and ball were flying.

¹ GUAD-AL-QUIVIR (GWAU-dl-KWIV'er), a river in the south-west part of Spain.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
 By wet wild flowers surrounded ;
 The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
 Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
 There was woman's gentler weeping,
 And the wailing of age and infant cries,
 O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
 With his father's sword and blessing ;
 He stood with the valiant side by side,
 His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame,
 When the red campaign¹ was over ;
 One heart that in secret had kept his name,
 Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came up on the sky,
 He left his sweet home for battle,
 And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
 And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again, — but an altered man ;
 The path of the grave was before him,
 And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
 For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory, — spoke of cheer ;
 These are words that are vainly spoken
 To the childless mother, or orphan's ear,
 Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
 Half hidden by yonder willow ;
 There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
 But who died on his own home-pillow !

ANONYMOUS.

¹ CAM-PAIGN, the time an army keeps the field in one year

LXXY. — THE VIRTUES.

THERE are four cardinal¹ virtues, namely : justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude ; these are the basis of all the others.

1. *Justice.*

Justice is that virtue whereby we give every one his or her due, inflict punishment on those that deserve it, and acquit the innocent after a fair trial.

2. *Prudence.*

Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest ; and where that is not, the others lose their name and nature. Prudence is the act of suiting words and actions to the circumstances of things, or to the rules of right reason.

3. *Temperance.*

Temperance is that virtue which a man is said to possess who moderates and restrains his appetites. Temperate pleasures are durable because they are regular. Temperance gives lustre to every virtue ; or, rather, it forms all goodness into virtue ; for it moderates all, and prevents all extremes and excess of every kind.

4. *Fortitude.*

Fortitude is that virtue and resolution of mind that goes through all difficulties with coolness and serenity, and pursues virtuous designs unshaken by threats, and unmoved by discouragements and temptations. Fortitude differs from mere courage. Courage resists danger. Fortitude supports pain. Courage may be a vice or virtue, according to circumstances ; but fortitude is always a virtue. We speak of desperate courage, but not of desperate fortitude. A contempt or neglect of danger may be called courage ; but fortitude is the virtue of a rational or considerate mind, and is founded in a sense of honor and a regard to duty.

¹ CAR'DI-NAL, principal, chief

5. *Cheerfulness and Good Temper.*

Almost every object that attracts our notice has a bright and dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who beholds the bright side, insensibly moliorates¹ his temper, and by this means improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

A good temper, indeed, is one of the principal ingredients² of happiness. This, it will be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us; and so, in a great measure, it is; yet it may be acquired by art and improved by culture.

6. *Cleanliness.*

Cleanliness is a virtue to be recommended, as it is a mark of politeness; as it produces affection; as it preserves health, and as it bears analogy³ to purity of mind.

It is a mark of politeness; for it is universally agreed upon that no one unadorned with this virtue can go into company without giving manifest offence. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness as by their arts and sciences. It is the measure of their advancement in civilization.

Cleanliness is the foster⁴-mother of affection. Who can love a dirty person? As cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, it makes us easy to ourselves, and therefore shows off every other good quality to advantage.

It is an excellent preservative of health, and several vices, destructive both to body and mind, are inconsistent with the habit of cleanliness.

Cleanliness of person bears great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions. For pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested by the objects of beauty and elegance that encompass us.

¹ MELIO-RATES, makes better, improves.

² A-NALOG-UY, a relation of comparison,

³ IN-GRI'DI-PY-TE, parts of a compound; likeness, or parallelism.

⁴ FOS'TER, cherishing, nursing.

7. *Courage.*

Courage, or bravery, is that quality of mind which enables men to encounter physical danger and difficulties with firmness, and without fear or depression of spirits.

Courage that grows from constitution depends upon bodily health, and very often forsakes a man when he has most occasion for it. When it is only a kind of animal instinct, it breaks out on all occasions, without judgment or discretion.

But the courage which is combined with a sense of duty, and a desire of obedience to God, always acts uniformly and according to the dictates of right reason.

8. *Equanimity.*

Equanimity is an even,* uniform state of mind, amid all vicissitudes and change of circumstances to which we are subject in this world.

A person possessing equanimity is not dispirited or rendered uneasy by adversity, nor elated¹ nor overjoyed with prosperity; but is equally affable² to others, and happy and contented in himself.

The excellency of this disposition is beyond all praise; and it can only be enjoyed through an unfaltering trust in the love of God, and an unshaken confidence in his divine providence.

9. *Equity.*

Equity is that exact rule of righteousness or justice which is to be observed between man and man.

Our Lord beautifully and comprehensively expresses it in these words: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." This golden rule has many excellent properties in it. It is easy to be understood, very short, and easy to be remembered.

It carries greater evidence to the conscience, and a stronger degree of conviction in it, than any other rule of moral virtue.

¹ E-LATED, puffed up, unduly exalted, flushed with success

² AFFABLE, easy of manner, courteous complaisant

It is such a rule as, if well applied, will almost secure our neighbor from injury, as well as ourselves, and secure us from guilt if we should chance to hurt him.

It teaches us to regulate our temper and behavior, and promotes tenderness, beneficence, gentleness, and all the social virtues.

10. *Gentleness.*

The absence of this excellence is a common cause of unhappiness in families and schools.

Gentleness manifests itself in various ways, — by making no unnecessary noises; by kind looks; by being mindful of each other's accommodation and convenience; by avoiding the expression of harsh, contradictory opinions; by forbearing to wound self-love, even in trifles; by avoiding loud and irritating tones of voice.

Certainly there is nothing which sweetens domestic and social intercourse more than a kind, gentle, and affectionate tone of voice. On the other hand, ungentleness deprives brothers and sisters, playmates and schoolfellows, of a happiness it was intended they should enjoy in each other's society. The mournful effect of harshness, when exhibited by parents and teachers, is but too visible in the selfish and querulous character of children and pupils.

11. *Humility.*

Love humility in all its instances, practise it in all its parts, for it is the noblest state of the soul of man; it will set your heart and affections right towards God, and fill you with whatever temper is tender and affectionate towards men.

Let every day, therefore, be a day of humility. Condescend to all the weaknesses and infirmities of your fellow-creatures; cover their frailties; love their excellences; encourage their virtues; relieve their wants; rejoice in their prosperity; compassionate their distresses; receive their friendship; overlook their unkindness; forgive their malice; be a servant of servants; and condescend to do the lowest offices of kindness for the lowest of mankind.

¹ QUER'U-LOUS, disposed to find fault, or to complain; whining; fretting.

12. *Integrity.*

Integrity is the first of moral virtues, the basis of all that is valuable in character.

Show me a youth who, if an account is by mistake made out a dime, or even a cent in his favor, points it out and returns it as soon as the error is detected; or who, when tempted by appetite or companions to take some little thing not expressly allowed, steadily refuses to make use of the smallest part of his parent's or his master's property, without express permission, — and I will show you a person who possesses the first requisite to respectability and happiness.

13. *Love of God.*

Very few persons have learned to love the Lord so well as to be cheerful and happy in all that he does for them. Most of us are striving to bring everything to pass in our own way.

We lay our own plans, not only for to-day, but for to-morrow, and for our whole lives; yet we know not what a day shall bring forth, and are continually liable to have all our purposes subverted.¹ We then become vexed, angry, unhappy.

But if we were entirely satisfied to have the Lord rule, and order all things according to his mercy and his truth, nothing would disappoint us — nothing would offend us — nothing would harm us.

Compiled.

LXXVI. — EXTRACTS IN PROSE.

1. *Story of a Dervis.*²

A DERVIS, travelling through Tartary, went into the king's palace by mistake, thinking it to be a public inn, or caravan-sary.³ Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations.

¹ SUB-VERT'ED, turned upside down

² A Turkish priest, or monk, among the Mohammedans, sometimes living in a monastery, and sometimes leading a wandering life.

³ CAR-A-VAN'SA-RY, a building, closed by a door, and attended by a keeper, in which travellers are furnished shelter and apartments to lodge in, but neither bedding nor food

He had not been long in this posture, before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervis told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards informed him, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace.

It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate; and, smiling at the mistake of the dervis, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary.

Sir, says the dervis, give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two: Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The king replied, his ancestors.¹ And who, says the dervis, was the last person that lodged here? The king replied, his father. And who is it, says the dervis, that lodges here at present? The king told him that it was himself. And who, says the dervis, will be here after you? The king answered, the young prince, his son. Ah, sir, said the dervis, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests,² is not a palace, but a caravansary.

SPECTATOR.

2. *Damocles.*

Dionysius,³ the tyrant of Sicily, was far from being happy, though he had great riches, and all the pleasures which wealth could procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers,⁴ told him that no monarch had ever been greater or happier than Dionysius. "Hast thou a mind," said the king, "to taste this happiness, and to know what that is of which thou hast so high an idea?" Damocles with joy accepted the offer.

The king ordered that a royal banquet⁵ should be prepared, and a gilded sofa placed for him. There were side-boards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages⁶ of great

¹ ANCESTORS, those from whom a person descends.

² GUESTS (*gēsts*), visitors, persons entertained.

³ See note, p. 127

⁴ FLATTERERS, those who praise falsely or too much; wheedlers; fawners.

⁵ BANQUET, a feast, a grand entertainment.

⁶ PAGES, boys attendant on great persons.

beauty were ordered to attend his table and to obey his commands.

Fragrant ointments, flowers, and perfumes, were added to the feast, and the table was loaded with choice delicacies of every kind. Damocles, over-elated with pleasure, fancied himself amongst superior beings.

But, in the midst of all this happiness, as he lay indulging himself in state, he sees let down from the ceiling, just over his head, a large bright sword, hung by a single hair. This sight put an end to his joy.

The pomp of his attendance, the glitter of the carved plate, and the delicacy of the viands,¹ ceased to afford him any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the garland of roses. He hastens to remove from so dangerous a situation, and earnestly begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer a happiness so terrible.

By this device,² Dionysius showed to Damocles how wretched he was in the midst of all the treasures and all the honors which royalty could bestow.

CICERO.³

3. *Filial Sensibility.*

A young gentleman in one of the academies, at Paris, was observed to eat only soup and dry bread, and to drink only water. The governor of the school, supposing it arose from excess of devotion,⁴ reproved his pupil, and tried to persuade him to the contrary.

Finding, however, that it was in vain, he sent for him again, and observed that such conduct was wrong, and that it was his duty to conform to the rules of the academy. But the youth persisted, and, as he would not give his reason for such a mode of living, the governor at last threatened to send him back to his family. This menace⁵ had the desired effect: "Sir," said the young man, "in my father's house I eat only black bread, and of that very

¹ VIANDS, meat dressed.

² DE-VICE, contrivance

³ CRU'RO (sue'c-ro), MARK TULLY, the most eloquent of the Roman orators, he

was also a statesman and writer. He was murdered, B.C. 43, at the age of 61.

⁴ DE-VOTION, piety, religious zeal.

⁵ MENACE, a threat.

little; here I have good soup, and excellent white bread; and though I might, if I chose, fare well, I cannot persuade myself to take anything else when I think on the situation in which I have left my father and mother."

The governor was greatly moved by this instance of filial¹ sensibility,² and could not refrain from tears. "Your father," said he, "has been in the army; has he no pension³?" "No," replied the youth; "he has long been applying for one, but, for want of money, has been obliged to give up the pursuit; and, rather than contract any debts, he has chosen a life of poverty in the country."

"Well," returned the governor, "if the fact is as you have related, I promise to procure for your father a pension of five hundred livres⁴ a year. And, since your friends are in such want, take these three louis-d'ors⁵ for your pocket expenses. I will remit your father the first half-year of his pension in advance."

"Ah, sir," replied the youth, "since you have had the goodness to propose sending a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add those three louis-d'ors to it. As I have here everything I can wish for, I do not need them; but they would be of great use to my father in the support of his other children."

ANONYMOUS.

4. Cruelty to Insects.

A certain youth indulged himself in the cruel sport of killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched their feeble efforts⁶ to escape from him. Sometimes he crushed a number of them at once to death.

His tutor spoke to him in vain on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies could feel pain, and that they have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty and ease. The signs of agony⁷ they showed he would not attend to.

The tutor had a microscope,⁸ and he desired his pupil, one

1 Filial, belonging to a son or daughter.

2 Sensibility, quickness of feeling, aptness for quick emotion.

3 Pension, a settled yearly allowance

4 Livres, equal to nineteen cents each

5 Louis-d'or (lô-e-dôr), a French coin, worth about 20 shillings sterling, or \$1 44

6 Efforts, struggles, strong endeavours.

7 Agony, violent pain, pangs of death

8 Microscope, a magnifying glass.

day, to examine a most beautiful animal. "Mark," said he, "how it is studded with black and silver, from head to tail, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles.

"The head contains the most lively eyes, and is adorned with silver hairs. The trunk¹ has two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is graced with plumes which surpass the dress of the greatest princes."

Pleased at what he saw, the youth wished to know the name of this animal. The microscope was now withdrawn, and the creature offered to his naked eye, when it proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim² of his wanton cruelty.

ANONYMOUS.

5. *Filial Duty.*

In one of those eruptions³ of Mount *Ætna*,⁴ which have often happened, the danger to the inhabitants of the country was great. To avoid destruction from the flames and the melted lava,⁵ which ran down the sides of the mountain, the people were obliged to flee to some distance.

In the hurry and confusion of such a scene, — every one taking away what he thought most precious, — two brothers, in the height of their concern for the preservation of their wealth and goods, suddenly recollected that their father and mother, both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight.

Filial duty overcame every other consideration. "Where," cried the youths, "can we find a more precious treasure than they are who gave us being, and who have taken care of us through life?"

Thus having said, the one took up his father on his shoulders, and the other his mother, and safely made their way through the flames. All who saw this dutiful⁶ conduct were struck with admiration; and ever since that occurrence the path which these good young men took in their flight, has been called "the field of the pious."⁷

ANONYMOUS.

¹ TRUNK, the body of any thing

² VICTIM, a living being destroyed, to effect some purpose, or to atone for sins, or in pursuit of some indulgence, a sacrifice

³ ERUPTIONS, burstings out

⁴ *Ætna*, a burning mountain in Sicily

⁵ LAVA, matter which is discharged by volcanoes, and flows down in a melted state; it looks like the slag or clinkers of a forge.

⁶ DUTIFUL, obedient, kind, submissive accordant with duty.

⁷ PIOUS, religious in duty to parents

6. *Selfish Sorrows Reproved.*

One day, during the summer months, Alexis had prepared himself to set out with his friends on a journey of pleasure. But the sky changed, the clouds lowered, and he stood a while, in suspense¹ about his jaunt.² At last a heavy rain obliged him to put it off entirely. This caused him to burst into tears; he lamented the change of weather, and refused all consolation.

In the evening the clouds were fled, the sun shone out brightly, the face of nature seemed to be renewed in vernal³ beauty. His father took the youth into the fields. The storm of passion in his breast was now still; and the serenity⁴ of the air, the music of the birds, and the verdure⁵ of the meads, regulated every sense, and filled his mind with delight.

"Do not you remark," said his father, "the pleasing change which has taken place in the creation? You know how the face of nature appeared before us yesterday. The ground was then parched by a long, dry season, the flowers hid their heads, no fragrant odors⁶ were perceived, and vegetation⁷ seemed to cease. To what cause must we impute⁸ this change of nature?"

"To the rain that fell this morning, sir," replied Alexis, with a modest confusion. He was thus struck with the folly of his conduct, and needed not that his own bitter regret should be increased by the reproofs of his father.

ANONYMOUS.

LXXVII. — RURAL PLEASURES.

1. The culture⁹ of the fields and gardens is one of the most agreeable employments, and, perhaps, the only one that is repaid by a thousand pleasures for the trouble it gives.

2. Most works confine men to a room or shop; but he who

¹ SUSPENSE, doubt, uncertainty

² JAUNT, ramble, an excursion

³ VERNAL, belonging to the spring

⁴ SERENITY, calmness, stillness

⁵ VERDURE, a green color, greenness

⁶ O'DORS, scents, fragrance

⁷ VEGETATION, a growth like that of plants.

⁸ IM-PUTE, ascribe, attribute

⁹ CULTURE, the act of cultivation

devotes himself to country pursuits is in the open air, and breathes freely upon the theatre¹ of nature.

3 The blue sky is his canopy,² and the earth, spread with flowers, is his carpet. The air he breathes is not corrupted by the vapors³ of cities. If he has a taste for the beauties of nature, he can never want pure and real pleasures.

4. In the morning, as soon as day-break again opens the view of the creation, he enjoys it in his fields and garden. The dawn⁴ proclaims the near approach of the sun.

5. The grass springs up again revived; and its points shine with dew-drops, bright as diamonds. Perfumes from herbs and flowers refresh him on every side.

6. The air resounds with the songs of birds, expressive of their joys, their loves, and their happiness. Their concerts⁵ are hymns of praise to the Creator. Would it be possible, at the sight and sense of so many pleasing objects, that the heart should not be touched with delight, with love, with gratitude, towards God?

7. What tends still more to render rural life agreeable, is the variety it affords of objects, of works, and of employments. There is great variety of shrubs, fruits, herbs, trees, which we plant, and which present themselves to us in a thousand forms.

8. Some the farmer sees springing out of the earth, others rising high, and opening their buds, others again in full bloom. Wherever he turns his eyes, he beholds new objects. The heavens above, and the earth beneath, afford him a fund of pleasure and delight.

9. Bless, bless the Lord; praise his works, and trace him in every field, and through every operation⁶ of active nature. It is he who ordains⁷ the return of Spring, and tells the harvest when to fill the granaries⁸ with corn.

10. When the soft breath of the Zephyrs⁹—emblems⁹ of his goodness—comes in Spring to warm the air, let us think of him.

¹ THEATRE, a house for dramatic spectacles

² CANOPY, roof over a bed

³ DAWN, daybreak

⁴ CONCERTS, music at entertainments.

⁵ OPERATIONS, work, action

⁶ ORDAINS, appoints.

⁷ GRANARIES, storehouses for corn or grain

⁸ ZEPHYRS, west winds, soft winds

⁹ EMBLEMS, representations.

When in Autumn the boughs of the trees bend under the weight of his gifts, let us remember him; he crowns the year with his blessings. *

11. He is the source of all good. He sends the rain to water the barren field; and it is through him alone that the earth becomes fruitful. Behold the forest, the river, and the vale; they all discover traces of his goodness. We find him in the meadows and in the enamel¹ which adorns them. Everywhere we trace the Lord.
STURM.²

LXXVIII. — NATURAL HISTORY. — QUADRUPEDS.

1. *Of Apes.*

THE Ape bears a striking resemblance to the human figure: he walks erect; he has no tail; and he can imitate the actions of man with much dexterity.³

Apes, including baboons and monkeys, form a large tribe of animals.

The Larger Ape, or Orang-outang,⁴ is called the Wild Man of the Woods. It bears the greatest likeness to our kind of all others. Its face is almost human, but its eyes are sunk deep in the head. The body is lightly covered with hair, and it walks on its hind feet.

It sleeps under shady trees, forms a hut to shelter itself from the heat and rain, and feeds wholly on fruits. When the negroes make fires in its vicinity,⁵ it approaches them to warm itself. Whenever it meets any person alone, and unarmed, it seldom shows him any mercy.

It even attacks the elephant with clubs! and is the only creature, except man, that makes use of arms not its own. It is at once cunning, strong, and cruel.

Buffon speaks of one which was brought to Europe that showed

1 EN-AM'EL, variegation of colors.

2 STURM, CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN, a German divine, author of *Reflections on the Works of God*. He was born at Augsburg, in 1740, and died in 1786.

3 DFX-TEE' TY, expertness, skill with the hand.

4 Pronounced o-rāng'-ō-tāng'.

5 VI-CIN'Y-YY, neighborhood

great powers of imitation. It would sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of the spoon and fork, pour out its drink into a glass, take a cup and saucer, and place them on the table, put in sugar, pour out tea, and leave it to cool before drinking, — and all this often without being required.

The Baboon is another division of the Ape kind, but it more nearly resembles the brute than man. It has a tail, sharp claws, a prominent¹ face, and mostly walks on four feet, though capable of walking on two. This kind is naturally mischievous, fierce, and vindictive,² though it may be trained to habits of mildness and obedience.

The Monkey is of the Ape kind, and differs from the former in the length of its tail. There are many species of monkeys. The Green Monkey is about the size of a cat. It is elegant in its form, agile,³ and inoffensive. It inhabits various parts of Africa. On the banks of the Amazon river is a species very beautiful and elegant, called the Fair Monkey, whose head and ears are of a lively vermilion color, and the hair of the body whiter than any human hair.

2. *The Elephant.*

The Elephant is the largest and strongest of all quadrupeds. This is the most sagacious⁴ of all animals, except man. Its appearance, however, is stupid. It has large, long ears, small eyes, thick legs, a huge body, and long trunk. Notwithstanding this clumsy form, it has great powers and faculties. Pacific, mild, and brave, it only exerts its power in its own defence.

The Elephant is social and friendly with its kind. The veteran⁵ of the troop always appears as their leader. As they march, the forest seems to sink beneath them. Their invasions are terrible. An army of men is scarcely equal to their united numbers. Travellers relate that this animal will strike the foe with his tusks, seize him with his trunk, toss him in the air, and, after he falls, trample him to death.

¹ PROMINENT, sticking out, thrust forth.

² VENDETTA, given to revenge; revengeful.

³ AGILE, nimble, active.

⁴ SAGACIOUS, quick to discern and understand.

⁵ VETERAN, old in practice.

Elephants delight to frequent the banks of rivers. They always disturb the water before they drink, and often fill their trunks with it, which they spout out in the manner of a fountain.

This animal is said to live upwards of a hundred years.

An Elephant, once tamed, is the most gentle and obedient of all animals. It will kneel in order to receive its rider; and seems to live but to serve and obey him. This animal will draw with ease what six horses could scarcely move. It can support three or four thousand pounds' weight on its back, and one thousand on its trunk alone.

The teeth of elephants are of great value, and furnish ivory, for the sake of which these noble animals are often killed.

3. *The Sloth.*

The Sloth is a disgusting animal; its awkward form, and the slowness of its motion, excite aversion rather than pity. This animal is about the size of a badger; its fur coarse, and its tail a mere stump; its mouth extends from ear to ear; the nose is blunt, and the eyes black and heavy.

It moves only one leg at a time, and it is a long while in advancing but a few yards. It lives on the leaves and bark of trees. Having, by great labor, ascended a tree, it remains there till it has stripped it of everything that can be eaten; it then rolls itself into a ball, and falls to the ground with a horrid scream.

Here it lies in a torpid state till it is disposed to ascend another tree. At every motion it utters a plaintive and melancholy cry. A single tree will furnish it with food for a fortnight, and it has been known to subsist forty days without any nourishment at all.

4. *The Buffalo.*

This animal is somewhat like our common ox, both in figure and disposition; and yet there are no two quadrupeds more distinct, or which have a greater dislike to each other.

Buffaloes differ in size and form, as much as the ox kind; but in general they are much larger, and far more fierce. They

¹ Aversion, dislike, hatred.

² Torpid, inactive, sluggish.

often attack travellers, whom they gore to death, and then trample on, and, at the same time, mangle their bodies in a most shocking manner.

They are hunted for their flesh and hides, but the former by no means equals that of the ox.

Though these animals are chiefly found in the torrid zone, they are also bred in Europe. In some parts of Italy, they are said to run wild, and grow up to twice the size of our largest oxen. The Buffalo is also more clumsy and awkward than the ox. Its air is more savage, the body shorter and thicker, the legs higher, and the head smaller. The hide is the most valuable part of this animal.

The Buffalo of America differs from that of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and is more properly called the Bison.

5. *The Camel.*

Of the Camel there are two kinds. The one, which is usually called the *Camel*, has two humps on its back; the other, which is named the *Dromedary*, has but one, and is neither so large nor so strong as the former. Dromedaries are by far more numerous, and extend over spacious regions; while the Camel is more scarce.

They seem intended by Providence for the use of those countries in which no other animals can be serviceable. These animals have a stomach for carrying a large supply of water in the sandy deserts which they are obliged to traverse.

By means of this useful creature the trade of the East is carried on. It can bear great burdens, fast long, and travel with speed. Every part of the animal is applied to some useful purpose. Its milk, flesh, hair, and skin, are of use in one shape or other. In a word, it is the most docile² and valuable animal to be found in the warm regions of the East.

6. *The Leopard.*

The Leopard nearly resembles the Panther—the difference is

¹ Gore, to wound with the horn.

² Docile (dōs'it), easy to be taught and governed.

chiefly in the size; the Panther often being six feet long, the Leopard seldom more than four. The former is marked with five or six spots, forming a kind of circle, with a large one in the centre; the latter has a more beautiful coat, with smaller spots, and those disposed¹ in clusters on a brilliant ground.

The Leopard, in its chase of prey, spares neither man nor beast. It sometimes descends into the pastures, and makes great havoc² among the numerous herds. It is a native of several parts of India, China, and Arabia, where it is hunted for its flesh as well as its skin.

7. *The Bear.*

The Bear is a strong animal, covered with black, smooth, glossy hair. The Black Bear of America is said to live wholly on vegetable food; but some of them, when in England, have been fond of flesh.

Bears strike with their fore-feet, like a cat; seldom use their tusks, but hug their assailants³ in their paws so closely to their breast, that they almost squeeze them to death.

The White Bear of Greenland often measures thirteen feet in length, and its limbs are of great size and strength. This animal lives on fish, seals, the dead bodies of whales, and even on the bodies of men. Sometimes it will attack a party of armed men, and even board small vessels. Between the female and her young there is so much affection, that they will rather die than desert each other.

The flesh of this animal is white, and tastes like mutton. fat is melted for train-oil.

8. *The Lion.*

The Lion is found in the warmer regions of Asia, but is not there so large as in the interior of Africa. He has been known to measure eight feet in length, and his tail about three or four more. The male possesses a full and flowing mane. The female is destitute of this, and is much smaller than the male.

¹ DIS-POSED', arranged, placed in order.

² HAV'OO, destruction.

³ AS-SAIL'ANTS, those who attack.

The Lion has been known to live sixty or seventy years, though often not more than twenty-five. The parental affection of the Lioness is great. She braves the greatest dangers, and appears even more terrible than the Lion himself.

She produces but one litter a year, consisting of four or five whelps in number. These are at first very small, not exceeding the size of a half-grown kitten, and they are five years in coming to their full growth.

The Lion's strength is such, that with a single stroke of his paw he has broken the back of a horse, and has been known to carry off a young buffalo between his teeth. He rarely engages his prey in full day, but towards night quits his den, and with a roar which resembles a peal of thunder, and which overwhelms the other beasts of the forest with consternation,¹ he begins his havoc.

Such terror does his roar inspire, that animals, even in a state of safety, have been known to tremble and sweat with fear, as soon as it was heard.

9. *The Tiger.*

The Tiger has all the noxious² qualities of the cat, to which it is similar in figure, though not in size. This is one of the most beautiful of quadrupeds. The glossy smoothness of his hair, and the black streaks with which it is marked, on a skin of a bright yellow color, strike us with a kind of pleasing admiration, when it can be viewed under the idea of safety.

This animal is peculiar to Asia, and is most common in the East Indies. Such is its surly nature that it will snap at the hand by which it is fed. In the countries where it roams at large, it is a very great scourge to the human race.

It lurks among the bushes on the sides of rivers, and bounds from its covert³ on all animals that come within its reach. Fierce as this animal is, hunting him is a favorite diversion with some of the eastern princes. His skin is reckoned of great value.

¹ CON-STER-NA'TION, amazement with fear.

² NOXIOUS, hurtful, destructive.

³ COVERT, place of concealment

10. *The Beaver.*

The Beaver is about three feet long. Its toes are webbed,¹ which enables it to swim. It is found in most northern countries, but more abundantly in North America. These animals assemble in large companies, about June, on the banks of some water, and form habitations.

If the water be subject to risings, they erect a dam of several feet in length. They begin with felling some trees on the border of the river. This they effect in a short time, by the united labor of their teeth. With some of these trees they strengthen their dam, and with others erect their habitations.

A part of them is formed into stakes, the fixing of which is a work of much toil. Some of the Beavers, with their teeth, raise the ends, while others dig the holes with their fore-feet. These stakes are placed in rows, and connected with long trunks of trees, felled so as to lie across the stream. The whole dam is filled in with earth brought from some distance. When it is completed, they proceed to construct their mansions, which are raised on piles² near the water, and have one opening to the land, and another to the water.

These buildings are usually about the diameter of ten feet, and contain several stories. The apartments are plastered with extreme neatness. The Beavers apply their mortar with both feet and tails. Stone, wood, and a sandy kind of earth are employed, and so compacted³ as to prevent injury from wind and rain.

The trees they mostly use are the willow, poplar, and alder; and they begin their operations on the trunk at nearly two feet above the ground, nor do they ever desist⁴ till the fall of the tree is completed.

For their support in winter, stores are laid up near each separate cabin. They do not plunder the property of each other, but have strict notions of honesty. Some of their huts will contain six, others twelve, and some twenty or thirty inhabitants;

¹ WEBBED, joined by a skin, like those of a goose.

² PILES, collections of stakes or posts, driven into the soft mud.

³ COM-PACT'ED, closely united.

⁴ DE-SIST', stop.

and their little township contains about twelve or fourteen habitations. The neatness as well as security of their dwellings is remarkable; the floors being strowed over with box and fir, show great cleanliness and order.

11. *The Fox.*

The Fox is somewhat like the common dog in form, and is of the size of a spaniel. It has a long and straight tail, with the tip white. The Fox has been found perfectly white; but in very northern climates it is often black, and affords a fur of more value than that of almost any other animal.

The skill of the Fox in forming his mansion, ranks him among the higher order of quadrupeds. He burrows under firm earth, and often where the roof of his dwelling is prevented from falling by the wattling¹ of the roots of trees. His dwelling is generally extensive, and he forms several avenues to it for his safety. Thus he seems to possess all the comforts which belong to a home, and which are justly supposed to show superior skill.

In fine weather the Fox often quits his retreat, and basks at full length in the sun. He seeks his prey mostly by night, and often far from his home. He destroys, for his food, various kinds of vermin. Poultry and young lambs fall under his power, where he has secure access² to them. Berries, snails, frogs, and even insects, are taken by him. He is fond of grapes, and does great damage to the vineyards. He often hides part of his prey beneath the roots of trees.

The cunning of the Fox has been in all ages proverbial. "Its quickness to discern its prey and its enemies is very great. It is a crafty, lively creature, seeking its food rather by fraud and address,³ than by force; and nothing comes amiss to it. When at a loss for other food, it will attack a nest of wasps or bees, and, in spite of their stings, carry off the combs.

¹ WATTLING, 'tewtwinning, plaiting together.

² ACCESS, means of approach.

³ ADDRESS, skill, adroitness.

LXXIX. — NATURAL HISTORY. — BIRDS.

1. *The Eagle.*

THE Eagle is among the birds what the Lion is among quadrupeds. They both seem to show a kind of sovereignty over their fellows of the forest. Equally brave, they disdain all petty plunder, and pursue only larger animals.

The Eagle will not share the spoils of another bird, nor will he return a second time to feed on the same carcass. He is proud, yet may be tamed by kind usage, and has been known to show great attachment to his keeper.

The Eagle soars the highest of all birds; and hence he has been called the bird of heaven: his eye is so strong that he can look undazzled on the sun. He will easily carry off a goose, a hare, a lamb, or any such animal. Even infants he has been known to carry away.

The Common Eagle is found in North America, in the North of England, in Scotland, and in other countries. Eagles build their nests on cliffs of rocks, out of the reach of man. The female seldom lays more than two or three eggs, on which she sits thirty days before they are hatched.

The Golden Eagle is the largest of the Eagle kind, being about three feet long. The plumage on the back is delightfully shaded. This species is found in the United States, in the mountainous parts of Ireland, and has also been seen at times in Caernarvonshire, in Wales.

2. *The Cuckoo.*

The note of the Cuckoo is well known, but not so its history and the country or place to which it migrates.¹ The arrival of the Cuckoo is deemed the harbinger² of spring. The note of this bird is so uniform, that its name in every language is derived from it.

The Cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, as those of the Water-Wagtail, or Hedge-Sparrow, and leaves to them

¹ MIGRATES, changes places with the season. ² HAR-BIN-GER, forerunner.

the care of hatching its young. When the young Cuckoo is fledged, it quits the nest, and pursues its native courses.

What becomes of the Cuckoo in winter is little known; some suppose it lies torpid in hollow trees; but it is probable that it migrates to warmer climates, for it cannot exist during the winter in this country.

8. *The Peacock.*

This bird is so well known that it is not necessary to speak of its gorgeous plumage and superb tints—none of the feathered race can vie with it in elegance and beauty. But the harsh scream of its voice, and its gluttony, lessen the pleasure received from its uncommon brilliance.

Peacocks were first introduced into Europe from the Asiatic Indies. In these parts they are still found wild in large flocks. So fine a bird, and one whose flesh was always esteemed a delicacy at the tables of the great, was not suffered to remain in its native haunts. As early as the days of Solomon it was imported by his fleets.

The Peacock feeds on corn, but its favorite food is barley. It does not reject insects and tender plants, and does injury both to the farm and the garden.

4. *The Pelican.*

The Pelican is much larger than the Swan, but nearly of the same shape and color. Its neck is long, and the toes are all joined by webs. It has an enormous bill, above a foot long, and a singular pouch underneath, capable of containing above a dozen quarts of water.

The pouch, when empty, is scarcely to be seen; but when the Pelican has been successful in fishing, it is wonderfully dilated.¹ The first thing the bird wishes, is to fill its bag, and then retire and feed at leisure. This bag is said to be capable of holding as many fish as would satisfy six or seven men.

Wonderful as the Pelican is, it falls short of the fables invented about it. It has been said to feed its young with its own blood, and to fill its pouch with water to supply them in the deserts.

¹ DI-LAT'ED, widened, enlarged, swelled out

We read of a Pelican so tamed and well trained, that it would go off in the morning, at the word of command, and return before night to its master, with its pouch full of plunder, part of which it would unload for its master, and part it would keep for its own sustenance.

5. *The Ostrich.*

The Ostrich is certainly the largest of all birds: it is nearly as high as a man on horseback. In its general appearance it has some resemblance to a Camel, and is almost as tall. The plumage of this bird more nearly resembles hair than feathers.

It is generally a mixture of black and white, though sometimes gray. The large feathers at the end of the tail and wings are mostly white; the next row black and white.

All are of a kind peculiar to the Ostrich, and as soft as down. Though the elegant plumage of this bird is often used in female attire,¹ yet the upper parts of the head and neck are covered with a fine hair, and the legs are covered with scales.

The Ostrich bears no affinity² to any other bird, and both its form and habits are peculiar. It inhabits the sandy and burning deserts of the torrid³ regions of Asia and Africa only; there they are seen in large flocks.

They feed on everything edible.⁴ The female lays forty or fifty eggs at a time, and no birds take more care of their young. Not only the plumage, but the eggs and the flesh are highly esteemed.

6. *The Stork.*

As Storks live to a very great age, their limbs grow feeble, their feathers fall off, and they are not able to provide their food, or for their safety. Being birds of passage, they are under another inconvenience; for they are not able to remove themselves from one country to another at the usual season. At these times, it is said that their young ones assist them, covering them with their wings, and nourishing them with the warmth of their bodies.

¹ *At-tins'*, dress, array.

² *Av-rin'-ty*, likeness, similarity.

³ *Tor'-rid*, burning hot.

⁴ *Ed'-i-bile*, fit to be eaten, entable.

They even bring them food in their beaks, and carry them from place to place on their backs, or support them with their wings. In this manner they return, as much as lies in their power, the care which was bestowed on them when they were young in the nest. This is a striking example of filial piety, taught by instinct,¹ from which reason itself need not be ashamed to take an example.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," was an express command, and the only one to which a promise was annexed.² Among the Israelites, the least offence against a parent was punished in the most exemplary manner.

Certainly, nothing can be more just or proper, than that we should love, honor, and succor³ those who are the very authors of our being, and to whose tender care, under Heaven, we owe the continuance of it during the helpless state of our infancy.

Love, charity, and good offices, are what we owe to all mankind; and he who omits them is guilty of such a crime as carries its punishment with it. To our parents, however, more, much more, than all this is due; and, when we are serving them, we ought to reflect that, whatever difficulties we go through for their sake, we cannot do more for them than they have done for us; and that there is no danger of our overpaying the vast debt of gratitude they have laid us under.

In fine, we should consider that filial piety is a duty most peculiarly insisted on by Heaven itself; and if we obey the command, there is no doubt but we shall also receive the reward annexed to it.

LXXX. — SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.⁴ — GESLER AND ALPERT.

Gesler is seen descending the mountain with a hunting-staff

Gesler. ALONE, alone! and every step the mist
Thickens around me! On these mountain tracks

¹ INSTINCT, natural impulse; a faculty bestowed by the Creator.

² ANNEXED, connected, adjoined.

³ SUCCOR, help, aid, assist.

⁴ TELL, WILLIAM, a Swiss, of Burglen, in Uri. The tyrannical despotism of the Aus-

To lose one's way, they say, is sometimes death.

I dare not stop, nor dare I yet proceed,

Begirt with hidden danger. If I take

This hand, it carries me still deeper into

The wild and savage solitudes I'd shun,

Where once to faint with hunger is to die :

If this, it leads me to the precipice.

My voice sounds weaker to mine ear ; I've not

The strength to call I had, and through my limbs

Cold tremor runs, and sickening faintness seizes

On my heart ! O, Heaven, have mercy on me !

[He leans against a rock, stupefied with terror and exhaustion—it grows darker and darker—the rain pours down in torrents, and a furious wind arises—the mountain streams begin to swell and roar. ALBERT is seen descending by the side of one of the streams, which, in his course, he crosses with the help of his staff.]

Albert. I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind

Will let me. Ha ! a rock to shelter me !

Thanks to't. A man, and fainting ! Courage, friend,

Courage ! A stranger that has lost his way !—

Take heart—take heart ; you're safe. How feel you now ?

[Gives him drink from a flask.]

Gesler. Better.

Albert. You've lost your way upon the hill ?

trian governor of Switzerland, Herman Gesler (Jesler), was intolerable ; he pushed his insolence so far as to require the Swiss to uncover their heads to his hat. *He condemned Tell, for refusing this slavish act, to shoot an apple from his own son's head. This Tell did, but on his acknowledging that a second arrow he carried about him was to shoot Gesler, in case of hitting his son, that tyrant retained Tell prisoner, and embarked on lake Lucerne, to convey him to a dungeon. A storm arose, and Tell, being a vigorous and skilful boatman, was set free, and guided the skiff to shore. Springing to a rock, he escaped, and afterwards shot

Gesler dead, on the road to Küssnacht. This event, which occurred on the 17th of Nov., 1307, was the signal for a general rising, and a most obstinate war between the Swiss and Austrians, till 1499, when the Swiss achieved their independence. The leading patriots, besides Tell, were Werner, of the canton of Schwitz, Walter Furst, of Uri, and Arnold Melchthal, of Unterwalden. These gentlemen secretly agreed to surprise and demolish the castles of the Austrian imperial governors. This effected, these three cantons joined again in a league for ten years, giving birth to the Swiss confederacy. Tell was drowned in an inundation, in 1350.

Gesler. I have.

Albert. And whither would you go?

Gesler. To Altorf.

Albert. I'll guide you thither.

Gesler. You're a child.

Albert. I know

The way; the track I've come is harder far
To find.

Gesler. The track you've come! What mean you? Sure
You have not been still further in the mountains?

Albert. I've travelled from Mount Faigel.

Gesler. No one with thee?

Albert. No one but God.

Gesler. Do you not fear these storms?

Albert. God is in the storm.

Gesler. And there are torrents,¹ too,
That must be crossed.

Albert. God is by the torrent, too.

Gesler. You're but a child.

Albert. God will be with a child.

Gesler. You're sure you know the way

Albert. 'T is but to keep
The side of yonder stream.

Gesler. But guide me safe,
I'll give thee gold.

Albert. I'll guide thee safe without.

Gesler. Here's earnest² for thee. [*Offers gold.*] Were —

I'll double that,
Yea, treble it, but let me see the gate
Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold?
Take it.

Albert. No.

Gesler. You shall.

Albert. I will not.

Gesler. Why?

¹ TORRENTS, rapid streams.

² EARNEST, a part of the price or wages

given in pledge that the rest will be duly paid.

Albert. Because

I do not covet it ; and, though I did,
It would be wrong to take it as the price
Of doing one a kindness.

Gesler. Ha ! — who taught
Thee that ?

Albert. My father.

Gesler. Does he live in Altorf ?

Albert. No ; in the mountains.

Gesler. How ! — a mountaineer ?
He should become a tenant¹ of the city ;
He'd gain by 't.

Albert. Not so much as he might lose by 't.

Gesler. What might he lose by 't ?

Albert. Liberty.

Gesler. Indeed !

He also taught thee that ?

Albert. He did.

Gesler. His name ?

Albert. This is the way to Altorf, sir.

Gesler. I'd know
Thy father's name.

Albert. The day is wasting — we
Have far to go.

Gesler. Thy father's name, I say ?

Albert. I will not tell it thee.

Gesler. Not tell it me ?

Why ?

Albert. You may be an enemy of his.

Gesler. May be a friend.

Albert. May be ; but should you be
An enemy, — Although I would not tell you
My father's name, I'd guide you safe to Altorf.
'Will you follow me ?

Gesler. Ne'er mind thy father's name :

¹ TENANT, one who inhabits or holds a house or tenement.

What would it profit me to know 't? Thy hand!
We are not enemies.

Albert. I never had
An enemy.

Gesler. Lead on.

Albert. Advance your staff
As you descend, and fix it well. Come on.

Gesler. What, must we take that steep?

Albert. 'T is nothing. Come,
I 'll go before — ne'er fear. Come on — come on!

KNOWLES.¹

LXXXI. — GESLER, ALBERT, AND SARNEM.

Albert. 'You're at the gate of Altorf.

Gesler. Tarry, boy!

Albert. I would be gone; I 'm waited for.

Gesler. Come back! *b*

Who waits for thee? Come, tell me; I am rich
And powerful, and can reward.

Albert. 'T is close

On evening; I have far to go. I 'm late.

Gesler. Stay; I can punish, too.

Albert. I might have left you,
When on the hill I found you fainting, and
The mist around you; but I stopped and cheered you,
Till to yourself you came again. I offered
To guide you, when you could not find the way,
And I have brought you to the gate of Altorf.

Gesler. Boy, do you know me?

Albert. No.

Gesler. Why fear you, then,
To trust me with your father's name? — Speak.

Albert. Why
Do you desire to know it?

¹ KNOWLES, SHERIDAN, an English author and actor of merit.

Gesler. You have served me,
And I would thank him, if I chanced to pass
His dwelling.

Albert. 'T would not please him that a service
So trifling should be made so much of!

Gesler. Trifling!
You've saved my life.

Albert. Then do not question me,
But let me go.

Gesler. When I have learned from thee
Thy father's name. What, ho! [*Knocks at the gate.*

Sentinel. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Gesler. Gesler! [*The gate is opened.*

Albert. Ha, Gesler!

Gesler. [*To Soldiers.*] Seize him! Wilt thou tell me
Thy father's name?

Albert. No!

Gesler. I can bid them cast thee
Into a dungeon! Wilt thou tell it now?

Albert. No!

Gesler. I can bid them strangle thee! Wilt tell it?

Albert. Never!

Gesler. Away with him! Send Sarnem to me.

[*Soldiers take off ALBERT through the gate.*

Behind that boy I see the shadow of
A hand must wear my fetters, or 't will try
To strip me of my power. I have felt to-day
What 't is to live at others' mercy. I
Have tasted fear to very sickness, and
Owed to a peasant boy my safety — ay,
My life! and there does live the slave can say
Gesler's his debtor! How I loathed the free
And fearless air with which he trod the hills!
'Yea, though the safety of his steps was mine,
Oft as our path did brink the precipice,¹

¹ I BRINK THE PRECIPICE, lead near the edge of the steep perpendicular cliff

I wished to see him miss his footing, and
 Roll over! But he's in my power! — Some way
 To find the parent nest of this fine eaglet,
 And harrow it! I'd like to clip the broad
 And full-grown wing that taught his tender pinion
 So bold a flight!

Enter SARNEM, through the gate.

Ha, Sarnem! Have the slaves
 Attended me, returned?

Sarnem. They have.

Gesler. You'll see

That every one of them be laid in chains!

Sarnem. I will.

Gesler. Didst see the boy?

Sarnem. That passed me?

Gesler. Yes.

Sarnem. A mountaineer.

Gesler. You'd say so, saw you him
 Upon the hills; he walks them like their lord!
 I tell thee, Sarnem, looking on that boy,
 I felt I was not master of those hills.
 He has a father — neither promises
 Nor threats could draw from him his name — a father
 Who talks to him of liberty! I fear
 That man.

Sarnem. He may be found.

Gesler. He must; and, soon
 As found, disposed of. I can see the man!
 He is as palpable¹ to my sight, as if
 He stood like you before me. I can see him
 Scaling that rock; yea, I can feel him, Sarnem,
 As I were in his grasp, and he about
 To hurl me o'er yon parapet!² I live
 In danger till I find that man! Send parties

¹ PAL'PA-BLE, that can be touched, or felt with the hand, or other organ of the body. | of quays, bridges, roofs, &c., to prevent people from falling off.

² PAR'A-PET, a breast-wall on the edges

Into the mountains, to explore them far
 And wide ; and if they chance to light upon
 A father, who expects his child, command them
 To drag him straight before us. Sarnem, Sarnem,
 They are not yet subdued. Some way to prove
 Their spirit ! — Take this cap ; and have it set
 Upon a pole in the market-place, and see
 That one and all do bow to it ; whoc'er
 Resists, or pays the homage¹ sullenly,
 Our bonds await him ! Sarnem, see it done.
 We need not fear the spirit that would rebel,
 But dares not : — that which dares, we will not fear.

KNOWLES.

LXXXII. — TELL SHOOTS THE APPLE FROM ALBERT'S HEAD.

Enter, slowly, Burghers and Women, LUTOLD, RODOLPH, GERARD, SARNEM, GESLER, TELL, ALBERT, and a Soldier, bearing TELL'S bow and quiver — another with a basket of apples.

Gesler. THAT is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
 A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. [*Advancing to the front.*] Is
 The line a true one ?

Gesler. True or not, what is 't
 To thee ?

Tell. What is 't to me ? A little thing,
 A very little thing — a yard or two,
 Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
 I shot at ! Never mind.

Gesler. Be thankful, slave,
 Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler ! — Villain, stop !
 You measure to the sun.

Gesler. And what of that ?
 What matter, whether to or from the sun ?

Tell. I'd have it at my back. — The sun should shine

¹ HOM'AGE, act of reverence, obeisance ; act of service or fealty to a sovereign.

Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot against the sun —

I will not shoot against the sun !

Gesler. Give him his way ! — Thou hast cause to ~~wish~~ ^{beseech} my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

Gesler. Show me
The basket ! — There — *[Gives a very small apple.]*

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Gesler. I know I have.

Tell. O ! do you ? — But you see
The color on 't is dark — I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Gesler. Take it as it is :
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

Tell. True — true — I did n't think of that — I wonder
I did not think of that. — Give me some chance
To save my boy ! *[Throws away the apple with all his force.]* I
will not murder him

If I can help it — for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

Gesler. Well ! choose thyself.
[Hands a basket of apples, TELL takes one.]

Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on ?

Verner. Here, Tell !

Tell. I thank thee, Verner !
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner. — Verner ! Verner !
The boy ! — the boy ! — Think'st thou he has the courage
To stand it ?

Verner. Yes.

Tell. Does he tremble?

Verner. No.

Tell. Art sure?

Verner. I am.

Tell. How looks he?

Verner. Clear and smilingly.

If you doubt it — look yourself.

Tell. No — no — my friend,

To hear it is enough.

Verner. He bears himself

So much above his years —

Tell. I know! — I know!

Verner. With constancy so modest —

Tell. I was sure

He would —

Verner. And looks with such relying love

And reverence upon you —

Tell. Man! Man! Man!

No more! Already I'm too much the father

To act the man! — Verner, no more, my friend!

I would be flint — flint — flint. Don't make me feel

I'm not — you do not mind me! — Take the boy

And set him, Verner, with his back to me. —

Set him upon his knees — and place this apple

Upon his head, so that the stem may front me —

Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady — tell him

I'll hit the apple! — Verner, do all this

More briefly than I tell it thee.

Verner. Come, Albert. *[Leading him behind]*

Albert. May I not speak with him before I go?

Verner. No —

Albert. I would only kiss his hand.

Verner. You must not.

Albert. I must! — I cannot go from him without.

Verner. It is his will you should.

Albert. His will, is it?

I am content, then — come.

Tell. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*]

Albert. My father! [*Running into TELL's arms.*]

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go, now,^e

My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot. —

Go, boy — be thou but steady, I will hit

The apple. [*Kisses him.*] Go! — God bless thee — go. — My
bow. [*SARNEM gives the bow.*]

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou! — Thou

Hast never failed him yet, old servant. — No,

I'm sure of thee — I know thy honesty,

Thou'rt stanch — stanch — I'd deserve to find thee treacherous,

Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake

My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver.

Gesler. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Lutold. I do.

Tell. Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is bent, the feather jagged:

That's all the use 't is fit for.

[*Breaks it.*]

Gesler. Let him have

Another.

[*TELL examines another.*]

Tell. Why, 't is better than the first,

But yet not good enough for such an aim

As I'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft:

I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.

Brick it! 't is not one arrow in a dozen

I'd take to shoot with — at a dove, much less

A dove like that! What is't you fear? I'm but

A naked man, a wretched, naked man!

Your helpless thrall,ⁱ alone in the midst of you,

With every one of you a weapon in

His hand — what can I do in such a strait

With all the arrows in that quiver? Come,

Will you give it me or not?

ⁱ THRALL, slave

Gesler. It matters not.
Show him the quiver. You're resolved, I see,
Nothing shall please you.

[*TELL kneels and picks out another.*

Tell. Am I? — That's strange,
That's very strange. — Set if the boy is ready.

[*While TELL, unobserved, secures an arrow in his breast,*

INTOLD goes out, and returns immediately.

Intold. The boy is ready.

Tell. I'm ready, too! — Keep silence
For Heaven's sake, and do not stir: and let me have
Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses,
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.

[*TELL raises the bow as if to shoot, but overcome with agitation, he lets the bow fall.*

Gesler. Go on! Go on!

Tell. I will — I will!

Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent. [*Shoots, and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd. TELL drops on the stage. VERNER rushes in with ALBERT.*

Verner. The boy is safe! No hair of him is touched!

Albert. Father, I'm safe — your Albert's safe! Dear father
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Verner. He cannot, boy!

Albert. [*To GESLER.*] You grant him life?

Gesler. I do.

Albert. And we are free?

Gesler. You are...

Albert. "Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!"

Verner. Open his vest,
And give him air.

[*ALBERT opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops out.*

TELL starts, fixes his eyes on ALBERT, and clasps him to his breast.

Tell. My boy! my boy!

Gesler. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

Gesler. My guards, secure him! [*As the Officers advance to seize him, Tell snatches from one a sword.*]

Tell. Let them dare! [*Officers shrink back.*]

Gesler. What, slaves! Leave ye to me your duty?

[*Draws his sword to kill TELL, who disarms him and strikes him down. GESLER dies. At this moment a burst of exultation is heard from the Swiss, who enter, headed by ERNI, and drive the Austrians from the scene. The Austrian banner is torn down by ERNI, who throws it at TELL's feet.*]

Tell. To arms, my friends! And let no sword be sheathed
Until our land, from cliff to lake, is free!

Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!

A country's never lost, that hath one man
To wrestle with the tyrant who'd enslave her! KNOWLES.

LXXXIII. — THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner! Christian, God speed thee
Let loose the rudder-bands! — good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily;¹ tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,² breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet³ now — shallows may ground thee.
Reef-in⁴ the fore-sail, there! hold the helm fast!
So — let the vessel ware!⁵ there swept the blast.

¹ WA'RI-LY, with caution, care, prudence. piece of lead attached to a graduated cord,
² WEATH'ER-BOW, the bow, or fore part, for finding the depth of the water.
on the side whence the wind comes. ⁴ REEF-IN, gather in the up.
³ PLUMMET, the sounding lead; a long ⁵ WARE, veer, turn, wear.

What of the night, watchman? What of the night?
 "Cloudy — all quiet — no land yet — all 's right."
 Be wakeful, be vigilant!¹ — danger may be
 At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast? Clear out the hold —
 Hoist up the merchandise — heave out thy gold!
 There — let the ingots² go! — now the ship rights;
 Hurrah! the harbor's near — lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island;
 Straight for the beacon steer — straight for the high land;
 Crowd all thy canvas³ on, cut through the foam —
 Christian! cast anchor now — HEAVEN IS THY HOME!

MRS. SOUTHEY.⁴

LXXXIV. — RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM MOSCOW.

Magnificence of ruin! What has time,
 In all it ever gazed upon of war,
 Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
 Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
 How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar!
 Like pampered⁵ lions from the spoil they came;
 The land before them, silence and despair,
 The land behind them, massacre⁶ and flame:
 Blood will have tenfold blood: — What are they now? A name,

Homeward by hundred thousands, — column deep,
 Broad square, loose⁷ squadron, — rolling like the flood
 When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
 Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,

¹ VIGILANT, watchful, attentive.

² INGOTS, masses of unwrought gold, generally in the form of a prism, or wedge.

³ CANVAS, sails; these are made of canvas.

⁴ SOUTHEY, MRS. ROBERT, wife of the poet,

and previously distinguished as Miss Caroline Bowles, an English writer.

⁵ PAM'PERED, full-fed, over-fed.

⁶ MASSACRE (kär), butchery, indiscriminate murder.

Billow¹ on endless billow : on, through wood,
 O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
 The death-devoted moved ; to clangor rude
 Of drum, and horn, and dissonant² clash of mail,³
 Glancing disastrous⁴ light before that sunbeam pale.

The hour of vengeance strikes ! Hark to the gale,
 As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
 That from the north in sullen grandeur sail,
 Like floating Alps ! Advancing darkness broods
 Upon the wild horizon ; and the woods,
 Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
 As the gust sweeps them ; and those upper floods
 Shoot on the leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
 That, on the hurrying crowds, in freezing showers distil.

Then
 They reach the wilderness ! The majesty
 Of solitude is spread before their gaze —
 Stern nakedness, dark earth, and wrathful sky !
 If ruins were there, they had ceased to blaze ;
 If blood were shed, the ground no more betrays,
 E'en by a skeleton, the crime of man :
 Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
 Wrapping their rear in night ; before their van⁵
 The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if the hurrying march
 Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel,
 Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
 At once is covered with a livid⁶ veil ;
 In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel :
 Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun

it

¹ BIL'LOW, a long wave, a wave swollen and hollow.

² DIS'SO-NANT, discordant, harsh, unharmonious.

³ MAIL, a coat of steel net-work, or of metal plates, worn for defence.

⁴ DIS-AS'TROUS, unlucky, calamitous.

⁵ VAN, the front or forward portion of an army.

⁶ LIV'ID, pale, ghastly, discolored, black and blue.

In sanguine¹ light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight thick and dun
Now tremble, men of blood! — the Judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies, on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now, in the awful gusts, the desert hoar²
Is tempested — a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly!
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour!
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And, dying, hear the storm more wildly thunder by. CROLY.³

LXXXV. — BIRTH, MANHOOD, BRIDAL, AND DEATH.

THE lark has sung his carol⁴ in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby:
Still, in the vale, the village bells ring round,
Still, in Llewellyn⁵-hall, the jests resound:
For now the caudle⁶-cup is circling there;
Now, glad at heart, the gossips⁷ breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle, to admire
The babe, — the sleeping image of his sire:
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran:
Then, the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale (now brewed) in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,

1 SANGUINE (säng'gwīn), of the color of blood, abounding with blood.

2 HOAR, hoary, old, frosty-haired.

3 CROLY, Rev. Dr., an eminent English author and divine.

4 CAROL, gay, light song.

5 Pronounced *le-wel'lin*; by the Welch, *thle-weth'lin*.

6 CAUDLE, a warm drink of wine with other things; a posset.

7 GOSSIPS, godmothers, intimate friends; persons fond of small talk, tattlers.

Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
 The Nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
 " 'T was on these knees he sat so oft and smiled ! "

And soon, again, shall music swell the breeze :
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scattered round ; and old and young,
 In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves, in her virgin veil, the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;
 When, in dim chambers, long black weeds¹ are seen
 And weepings heard, where only joy hath been ;
 When, by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth, with them who went before.

And such is Human Life ! So gliding on,
 It glimmers, like a meteor² — and is gone !

ROGERS -

LXXXVI. — TO A SEA-GULL.

WHITE bird of the tempest ! O, beautiful thing,
 With the bosom of snow, and the motionless wing ;
 Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
 Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky ;
 Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
 Now breasting the surge³ with thy bosom so warm
 Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
 Now shooting along, like a ray of the moon ;
 Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
 Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam ;

¹ WEEDS, badges of mourning, crape, &c.

² METEOR, a shooting star, an aerolite formed by the sudden condensation and combustion of gases ; a jack-o-lantern.

³ ROGERS, SAMUEL, a highly distinguished English poet ; author of the *Pleasures of Memory* ; still living at an advanced age.

⁴ SURGE, a swelling sea ; a rising wave.

Now, silently poised o'er the war of the main,
 Like the Spirit of Charity, brooding o'er pain;
 Now gliding with pinion all silently furled,¹
 Like an angel descending to comfort the world!
 Thou seem'st to my spirit, as upward I gaze,
 And see thee, now clothed in mellowest rays,
 Now lost in the storm-driven vapors, that fly
 Like hests that are routed across the broad sky,
 Like a pure spirit, true to its virtue and faith,
 'Mid the tempests of nature, of passion, and death!

Rise! beautiful emblem of purity, rise,
 On the sweet winds of heaven, to thine own brilliant skies;
 Still higher! still higher! till, lost to our sight,
 Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
 And I think how a pure spirit, gazing on thee,
 Must long for that moment — the joyous and free —
 When the soul, disembodied from Nature, shall spring,
 Unfettered, at once to her Maker and King;
 When, the bright day of service and suffering past,
 Shapes, fairer than thine, shall shine round her at last
 While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,
 She smiles like a victor, serene on the world!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

LXXXVII. — THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the good ship's anchor forged — 't is at a white heat
 NOW :

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased³ — though on the forge's
 brow

The little flames still fitfully⁴ play through the sable mound,
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths⁵ ranking round;
 All clad in leathern panoply,⁵ their broad hands only bare —
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass⁶ there.

1 FURLED, folded up, tied up, like a sail.

2 DIS-EM-BOW'LED (diss'd'id), deprived or rid
 of its bow.

3 DE-CREASED', grow less.

4 FIT-FUL-LY, by fits and starts, incon-
 stantly.

5 PAN'O-PLY, armor, defensive covering.

6 WIND/LASS, a cylinder pried round by a
 lever, or turned by a crank.

The windlass strains the tackle¹ chains, the black mould heaves
below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every thro²:

It rises, roars, rends all outright — O, Vulcan,³ what a glow!

'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright — the high sun shines
not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;

The roof-ribs swart,⁴ the caudent⁵ hearth, the ruddy lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe:

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing-monster slow
Sinks on the anvil — all about the faces fiery grow.

“Hurrah!” they shout, “leap out — leap out;” bang, bang the
sledges go;

Hurrah! the jett⁶ed lightnings are hissing high and low —

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every quashing blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow

The ground around: at every bound the sweltering⁷ fountains
flow,

And thick and loud the swinking⁸ crowd at every stroke pant
“Ho!”

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!⁹

Let's forge a goodly anchor — a bower¹⁰ thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,¹¹

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous¹² road —

The low reef roaring on her lee — the roll of ocean pour'd

From stem to stern,¹³ sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;¹⁴

1 TACKLE, machinery formed of ropes or chains and pulleys chiefly.

2 THROE, throb, beat of the heart or pulse, agony.

3 VULCAN, the fabled god of smiths.

4 SWART, black, sable, dark-colored.

5 CAUDENT, glowing, red-hot.

6 JETTED, thrown forth in jets, forth-leaping.

7 SWELTERING, sultry, faint with excess of heat; here used for sweating profusely.

8 SWINKING, toiling; the word is quite obsolete.

9 LAY ON LOAD, pound on strongly, strike hard and heavily.

10 BOWER, a bower anchor, one of the main and largest anchors of the ship; it hangs at the bows.

11 BODE, foretell.

12 Pronounce the word, here, *perilous*, in two syllables.

13 STEM TO STERN, fore and aft, from one end of the ship to the other.

14 BY THE BOARD, broken off at the deck and fallen down.

The bulwarks¹ down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!²

But courage still, brave mariners — the bower yet remains!
And not an inch to finch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high;
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing — here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make sweeter music far than any steeple's chime.
But while you sling your sledges, sing — and let the burden be,
"The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen³ we!"
Strike in, strike in — the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay⁴ of merry craftsmen here,
For the "Yeo-heave-o!" and the "Heave-away!" and the sigh-
ing seaman's cheer⁵;

When, weighing⁶ slow, at eve they go — far, far, from love and home;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate⁷ gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat⁷ was cast.
O, trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O, broad-armed diver of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The good ship weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;

1 BULWARKS, the parapets or fencing around the decks.

2 The chains in which the boats are slung to the stern.

3 CRAFTSMEN, mechanics, artisans.

4 LAY, song.

5 WEIGHING, lifting up the anchor from the bottom, by heaving at the windlass

6 OB'DURATE, hardened, stubborn, rugged.

7 CAT, the projecting timber at the bows, to which the flukes of the anchor are triced up, or to which the anchor is in part suspended when not in use; the tackle attached for this purpose to the timber, or cat-head

~~at night by night~~, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
through sable sea and breaker white, the giant-game to play,

O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, once leagued in patriot
band!

O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round
thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou 'dst leap within the
sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for love of father-land —

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave —

O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

LXXXVIII. — WAR AND HONOR.

1. GOVERNMENT, the peace officer at home, breathes war abroad, organizes it into a science, reduces it to a system, makes it a trade, and applauds it, as if it were the most honorable work of nations. Strange that the wisdom which has so successfully put down the wars of individuals, has never been inspired and emboldened to engage in the task of bringing to an end the more gigantic crimes and miseries of public war!

2. What gives these miseries preëminence among human woes — what should compel us to look on them with peculiar terror — is, not their awful amount, but their origin, their source. They are miseries inflicted by man on man. They spring from depravity¹ of will. They bear the impress² of cruelty, of hardness of heart. The distorted³ features, writhing frames, and shrieks

¹ STRAND, shore.

² DE-PRAY'-TY, corruption, vitiated state.

³ IM-PRESS, stamp, impression.

⁴ DIS-TOPT'ED, twisted out of shape

of the wounded and dying — these are not the chief horrors of war; they sink into unimportance, compared with the infernal¹ passions which work this woe.

3. Death is a light evil, when not joined with crime. Had the countless millions destroyed by war been swallowed up by floods or yawning earthquakes, we should look back awe-struck but submissive, on the mysterious Providence which had thus fulfilled the mortal sentence, originally passed on the human race. But that man, born of woman, bound by ties of brotherhood to man, and commanded² — by an inward law and the voice of God — to love and do good, should, through selfishness, pride, or revenge, inflict these agonies, and shed these torrents of human blood; — here is an evil which combines, with exquisite³ suffering, fiendish guilt. All other evils fade before it.

4. The idea of honor is associated with war. But to whom does the honor belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people who stay at home, and hire others to fight — who sleep in their warm beds, and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth — who sit at their well-spread boards, and hire others to take the chance of starving — who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies, and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds, and to linger in comfortless hospitals — certainly this mass reaps little honor from war.

5. The honor belongs to those immediately engaged in it. Let me ask, then, What is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant, and the magnificent abode of the opulent, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans.

6. Are these honorable deeds? Were you called to name exploits³ worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such

1 **IN-FER-NAL**, wicked, hellish.

2 **EX-QUI-SITE**, extremely agonizing, consummately acute

3 **EX-PLOITS**, heroic acts, brilliant feats, achievements, successful though difficult performances.

as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist: it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from, with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory.

7. We have thought that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the reverend benefactors of the human race the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life; and if these arts are honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death? CHANNING.⁵

LXXXIX. — SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

1. There is a voice from the tomb sweeter than songs. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error — covers every defect — extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

2. But the grave of those we loved — what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us — almost unhedged — in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness — the solemn, awful tenderness — of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs — its noiseless attendance — its

1 IN-STINCTIVE, acting by natural animal impulse.

2 EX-EMPT, free from by privilege.

3 MITIGATE, make less, soothe, relieve, alleviate.

4 AGGRAVATING, making greater, increasing.

5 CHANNING, REV. DR. WILLIAM E., a distinguished divine, judicious philanthropist, and eloquent writer; born in Newport, R. I., in 1780, and died in Massachusetts, Oct. 2, 1842, aged 62.

6 COM-FUNCTIONS, repentant, contrite, re-

mute, watchful assiduities.¹ The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—O, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last, fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents,² struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

3. Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited³—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being, who can never—never—never return, to be soothed by thy contrition!⁴ If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth;—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang⁵ to that true heart which now lies cold, and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing⁶ tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!

4. Then weave thy chaplet⁷ of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile⁸ tributes of regret; but, take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite⁹ affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.¹⁰

IRVING.¹⁰

1 AS-SI-DU-I-TIES, diligence, close application.

2 ACCENTS, modulations of the voice, words.

3 UN-RE-QUIT-ED, not paid for, not recompensed.

4 CON-TRITION, deep repentance, remorse.

5 PANG, pain, throb of anguish, throe.

6 UN-A-VAILING, of no use, without advantage or effect.

7 CHAP-LET, a small wreath, a coronal.

8 FU-TILE, vain, worthless.

9 CON-TRITE, remorseful, penitent.

10 IRVING, WASHINGTON, the honored veteran of American literature, author of the Sketch Book, Wolfert's Roost, Life of Washington, and many other works.

XC. — GOD IN THE WORLD.

1. WHEN we reflect on the manner in which the idea of Deity¹ is formed, we must be convinced that such an idea, intimately present to the mind, must have a most powerful effect in refining the moral taste. Composed of the richest elements, it embraces, in the character of a beneficent Parent and Almighty Ruler, whatever is venerable in wisdom, whatever is awful in authority, whatever is touching in goodness.

2. Human excellence is blended with many imperfections, and seen under many limitations. It is beheld only in detached² and separate portions, nor ever appears in any one character whole and entire. So that, when, in imitation of the Stoics,³ we wish to form, out of these fragments, the notion of a perfectly wise and good man, we know it is a mere fiction⁴ of the mind, without any real being in whom it is embodied and realized.

3. In the belief of a Deity, these conceptions are reduced to reality; the scattered rays of an ideal excellence are concentrated⁵ and become the real attributes of that Being with whom we stand in the nearest relation; — who sits supreme at the head of the universe, is armed with infinite power, and pervades all nature with his presence.

4. The efficacy of these sentiments, in producing and augmenting⁶ a virtuous taste, will indeed be proportioned to the vividness⁷ with which they are formed, and the frequency with which they recur; yet some benefit will not fail to result from them, even in their lowest degree.

5. The idea of the Supreme Being has this peculiar property — that, as it admits of no substitute,⁸ so, from the first moment it is impressed, it is capable of continual growth and enlargement.

¹ DEITY, God, the Divinity.

² DETACHED, parted from, disengaged, disjoined.

³ STOICS, one of the most respectable of the sects of heathen philosophers; the sect was founded by Zeno, a Greek, who taught in a *stoa*, or porch, at Athens, whence the name.

⁴ FICTION, something invented, imagined, or feigned; a lie.

⁵ CON-CENTRAT-ED, brought to a centre, condensed to a focus.

⁶ AUG-MENT'ING, increasing.

⁷ VIVID-NESS, liveliness, brightness.

⁸ SUB-S-TI-TUTE, a thing or person put in the place or stead of another.

ment. God himself is immutable;¹ but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accessions,—is continually growing more extended and effulgent, by having transferred upon it new perceptions of beauty and goodness; by attracting to itself, as a centre, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. It borrows splendor from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.

ROBERT HALL.²

XCI. — GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

There lives and works

A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

The beauties of the wilderness are His,

That makes so gay the solitary place

Where no eyes see them. And the fairer forms

That cultivation glories in are His.

He sets the bright procession on its way,

And marshals³ all the order of the year;

He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,

And blunts his pointed fury; in his case.

Russet⁴ and rude, folds up the tender germ,⁵

Uninjured, with inimitable art;

And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,

Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,

Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.

Nature is but a name for an effect

Whose cause is God. One spirit, His

Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,

Rules Universal Nature! Not a flower

But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,

¹ IM-MUTABLE, without change, not capricious.

² HALL, ROBERT, one of the most eloquent of English preachers; born in 1764, died in 1831. His works are in 6 vols. 8vo.

³ MARSHALS, arranges, ranks in order.

⁴ Russet, reddish brown, the color of the apple-seed, and of leaf and fruit-buds.

⁵ Germ, the seed-bud of a plant; the fruit, flower, or leaf yet in embryo, or beginning.

Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
 And bathes their eyes with nectar,¹ and includes,
 In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
 The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.
 Happy who walks with Him! whom, what he finds
 Of flavor or of scent, in fruit or flower,
 Or what he views of beautiful or grand
 In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
 To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
 Prompts with remembrance of a present God!

COWPER.

XCII. — MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

¹ NECTAR, in mythology, the supposed drink of the gods; in botany, a sweet fluid in the nectary of a plant.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to man benighted,¹
 The lamp of light deny?
 Salvation! O, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole!
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign!

HEBER.

XCIII. — TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

1. TRUTH and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble,² or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit³ and to dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be.

2. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labor to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

¹ BENIGHTED, involved in mental darkness; ignorant; deprived of the light of truth.

² DISSEMBLE (dis-sim'bl), to hide under

false appearances; to pretend to be what one is not; to play the hypocrite.

³ COUNTERFEIT, to copy with intent to pass the copy for the original.

3. It is hard to personate¹ and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth out hearts. So that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom.

4. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and of difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard² in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest.

5. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

6. A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions;³ for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself. Whereas, he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuse afterwards, for anything he has said or done.

7. But insincerity is very troublesome to manage; a hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good mem-

¹ PERSON-ATE, to play a feigned character.

² HAZARD, risk.

³ PRE-TEN'SIONS, claims, true or false, generally false.

ory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another; but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

8. Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious¹ wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labor of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.

9. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited² the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

10. Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—as far as respects the affairs of this world—if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

TILLOTSON.³

¹ COM-PEN-DI-ous, short, summary, concise, abridged.

² FOR-FEIT-ED (for-fit-ed), lost by breach of condition, or by some offence.

³ TILLOTSON, ¹⁶⁵¹1651, an eminent English prelate, whose sermons were regarded as a standard of finished oratory. He was born in 1630, and died in 1693.

XCIV. — ON DIGNITY OF MANNERS.

1. THERE is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

2. Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggers, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs¹ you their dependent, and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper, claims of equality.

3. A joker is near akin to a buffoon;² and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such a one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such a one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such a one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; or we will ask another, because he plays well at games.

4. These are all vilifying³ distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is had — as it is called — in company for the sake of any one thing singly is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently, never respected, let his merits be what they will.

5. This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation: as we offer ridiculously too

¹ DUBS, gives the title and condition of, as a knight was, and is, made by a dub or tap of the flat of the sword upon his shoulders, while kneeling before the sovereign or commander.

² BUF-FOON', one who makes sport by low jests and antic postures.

³ VIL'I-FY-ING, degrading, debasing, de-faming.

little to a tradesman who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

6. Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

7. Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to the little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought — and not unjustly — incapable of great matters. Cardinal de Retz¹ very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi² for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had written three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

8. A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility.³ Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are two different things.

9. I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters. They are sufficiently obvious.⁴ A man who has patiently been kicked may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners will even keep such a man longer from sinking than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is decorum, even though affected and put on!

CHESTERFIELD.⁵

¹ Pronounced *retz*.

² Pronounced *tché-gre*.

³ *ty-til'-ty*, uselessness, frivolity.

⁴ *Ob'-vi-ous*, plain, evident.

⁵ CHESTERFIELD, PHILIP DORMER STANMORE, a man of brilliant accomplishments, a

privy counsellor to George II., of England; ambassador to Holland; lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He is principally known by his Letters to his Son. He was born in 1694, and died in 1773.

XCV. — CHARACTER OF CÆSAR.

1. Let us examine how far Cæsar deserved to rule his country, because, as has been said, he secured its happiness, prosperity, and greatness. Sir, I do not believe that he accomplished any such object. To dispose of all offices and honors just as his own interest, or fancy, directed his choice of candidates;¹ to create new offices for the gratification of his favorites and creatures, making the public property the recompense of public delinquency;² to degrade the venerable senate, by introducing into it persons whose only claim to that dignity was their servile³ devotion to his interests — common soldiers, the sons of freedmen, foreigners, and so forth; — I say, sir, to adopt such measures as these had not a tendency to secure the happiness or prosperity of his country.

2. But upon what ground does the gentleman assert that Cæsar secured the greatness of his country? Was it by extending the fame of its arms? There was another kind of fame, which the Roman people valued more than the fame of their arms — the fame of their liberty. There was another kind of greatness, dearer to their pride than all the wealth of honor that could result from foreign victory — that kind of greatness which gloried, not in the establishing, but in the destroying of tyranny; which drove a Tarquin⁴ from the throne, and cast an Appius⁵ into prison; which called their proudest heroes, from the heads of armies, and the rule of conquered nations, into the equal ranks of private citizens.

3. A gentleman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance⁶ with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubi-

1 CAN'DI-DATE, one who proposes himself, or is proposed, for some office or station.

2 DE-LIN'QUEN-CY, a failure of duty, an offence, a fault.

3 SKR'VILE, slavish, cringing, subservient.

4 TARQUIN the Proud tyrannized as king of Rome, and his son having committed an outrageous crime, all kings were banished, and Rome became a republic.

5 APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, was one of the ten rulers of Rome; he seized a free girl for a slave; her father killed her, and the people imprisoned Appius, and changed the government to two consuls, again, about B. C. 450.

6 RE-LUC'TANCE, unwillingness, repugnance.

con'!" How came he to the brink of that river? How dare he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dare he cross that river? O! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished on the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut!

4. Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No: it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous. Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity. Its daughters were lovely, susceptible,² and chaste. Friendship was its inhabitant—Love was its inhabitant—Domestic Affection was its inhabitant—Liberty was its inhabitant—all bounded by the stream of the Rubicon!

5. What was Cæsar, that stood upon the brink of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country. No wonder that he paused. No wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs. No wonder if some gorgon³ horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged—he crossed—and Rome was free no more.

KNOWLES.

¹ The Rubicon was a little river in the north of Italy; it was the boundary between Rome and Cisalpine Gaul. Cæsar crossed it A. C. 49.

² SUSCEPTIBLE, feeling, capable of refined emotions.

³ GORGON, a fabulous head, the sight of which turned the beholder to stone.

APPENDIX.

PREFIXES AND AFFIXES.

PREFIXES OF ENGLISH OR SAXON ORIGIN.

A , <i>on</i> or <i>in</i> ; as, <i>a-foot</i> , <i>a-bed</i> .	Over , <i>eminence</i> or <i>excess</i> ; as, <i>over</i>
Be , <i>about</i> ; as, <i>besprinkle</i> ; also <i>for</i>	Charge .
or <i>before</i> ; as, <i>bespeak</i> .	Un , before an adjective or adverb,
En , <i>in</i> or <i>on</i> ; as, <i>encircle</i> ; also	signifies <i>not</i> ; as, <i>unworthy</i> ; <i>un</i> ,
<i>make</i> ; as, <i>enfeeble</i> . (<i>En</i> is	before a verb, signifies the <i>undo-</i>
changed into <i>em</i> in roots begin-	<i>ing</i> of the act expressed by the
ning with <i>b</i> or <i>p</i> ; as, <i>embark</i> ,	verb ; as, <i>unfetter</i> .
<i>empower</i> .)	Up , <i>motion upwards</i> ; as, <i>upstart</i> ;
Fore , <i>before</i> ; as, <i>foresee</i> .	also <i>subversion</i> ; as, <i>upset</i> .
Mis , <i>error</i> or <i>defect</i> ; as, <i>misdeed</i> .	With , <i>from</i> or <i>against</i> ; as, <i>with-</i>
Out , <i>excess</i> or <i>superiority</i> ; as, <i>out-</i>	<i>draw</i> , <i>withstand</i> .
<i>run</i> .	

PREFIXES OF LATIN ORIGIN.

A , Ab , Abs , <i>from</i> or <i>away</i> ; as,	<i>allot</i> , <i>annex</i> , <i>appeal</i> , <i>arrest</i> , <i>ac-</i>
<i>avert</i> , <i>absolve</i> , <i>absolve</i> .	<i>sume</i> , <i>attract</i> .)
Ad , <i>to</i> ; as, <i>adhere</i> . (<i>Ad</i> assumes	Am , <i>round about</i> ; as, <i>ambient</i> .
the various forms of <i>a</i> , <i>ac</i> , <i>af</i> , <i>ag</i> ,	Ante , <i>before</i> ; as, <i>antecedent</i> .
<i>al</i> , <i>an</i> , <i>ap</i> , <i>ar</i> , <i>as</i> , <i>at</i> , according	Circum , <i>round</i> or <i>about</i> ; as, <i>cir-</i>
to the commencing letter of the	<i>cumnavigate</i> . (<i>Circum</i> also takes
root with which it is joined ; as,	the form <i>circu</i> ; as, <i>circuit</i> .)
<i>ascend</i> , <i>accede</i> , <i>affix</i> , <i>aggrandize</i> ,	Cis , <i>on this side</i> ; as, <i>cisalpine</i> .

- Con, *together*; as, *convoke*. (*Con* takes, also, the various forms of *co*, *cog*, *col*, *com*, *cor*; as, *coöperate*, *cognate*, *collect*, *commotion*, *correlative*.)
- Contra, *against*; as, *contradict*. (*Contra* sometimes takes the form *counter*; as, *counterbalance*.)
- De, *down*; as, *dejected*.
- Dis, *asunder*; as, *distract*; also *negation* or *undoing*; as, *disarm*. (*Dis* has also the forms of *di* and *dis*; as, *diverge*, *diffuse*.)
- E, Ex, *out of*; as, *egress*, *exclude*. (*E*, *ex*, take, also, the form of *ec*, *ef*; as, *eccentric*, *efflux*.)
- Extra, *beyond*; as, *extraordinary*.
- In, before an adjective, signifies *not*; as, *inactive*. *In*, before a verb, signifies *in* or *into*; as, *inject*. (*In* has, also, the various forms of *ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*; as, *ignoble*, *illuminate*, *import*, *irradiate*.)
- Inter, *between*; as, *intervene*.
- Intro, *to within*; as, *introduce*.
- Juxta, *nigh to*; as, *juxtaposition*.
- Ob, *in the way of*, or *opposition*; as, *obstacle*. (*Ob* has, also, the various forms of *oc*, *of*, *o*, *op*, *os*; as, *occur*, *offend*, *omit*, *apposition*, *ostentation*.)
- Per, *through* or *thoroughly*; as, *perforate*, *perfect*. (*Per* has also the form of *pel*; as, *pellucid*.)
- Post, *after*; as, *postdiluvian*.
- Pre, or *Præ*, *before*; as, *predict*.
- Preter, or *Præter*, *past* or *beyond*; as, *preternatural*.
- Pro, *for*, *forth*, or *forward*; as, *pronoun*, *provoke*, *proceed*.
- Re, *back* or *again*; as, *retract*, *rebuild*.
- Retro, *backwards*; as, *retrospect*.
- Se, *aside* or *apart*; as, *secede*.
- Sine, *without*; as, *sinecure*. (*Sine* has also the form of *sim* and *sin*; as, *simple*, *sincere*.)
- Sub, *under* or *after*; as, *subside*. (*Sub* has also the forms of *suc*, *suf*, *sug*, *sup*, *sus*, contracted for *subs*; as, *succeed*, *suffuse*, *suggest*, *suppress*, *suspend*.)
- Subter, *under* or *beneath*; as, *subterfuge*.
- Super, *above* or *over*; as, *superfluous*. (*Super* has also the French form *sur*; as, *surmount*.)
- Trans, *over from one place to another*; as, *transport*.
- Ultra, *beyond*; as, *ultramundane*.

PREFIXES OF GREEK ORIGIN.

- A, or an, *without* or *privation*; as, *apathy*, *anonymous*. has sometimes the contracted form of *ant*; as, *antarctic*.)
- Amphi, *both* or *the two*; as, *amphibious*.
- Apo, *from* or *away*; as, *apostasy*. (*Apo* has sometimes the contracted form of *ap*; as, *aphelion*.)
- Ana, *through* or *up*; as, *anatomy*.
- Anti, *against*; as, *Antichrist*. (*Anti* Cata, *down*; as, *catarrh*. (*Cata*

has also the form of <i>cat</i> ; as, <i>cat-echize</i> .)	Para, <i>near to</i> , or <i>side by side</i> , as if for the purpose of comparison, and hence sometimes <i>similarity</i> , and sometimes <i>contrariety</i> ; as, <i>paradox</i> . (<i>Para</i> has also the form of <i>par</i> ; as, <i>parody</i> .)
<i>Dia</i> , <i>through</i> ; as, <i>diaphanous</i> .	
<i>Epi</i> , <i>upon</i> ; as, <i>epitaph</i> . (<i>Epi</i> has also the form of <i>ep</i> ; as, <i>ephemeral</i> .)	
<i>Hyper</i> , <i>over and above</i> ; as, <i>hypercritical</i> .	<i>Peri</i> , <i>round about</i> ; as, <i>periphrasis</i>
<i>Hypo</i> , <i>under</i> ; as, <i>hypothesis</i> .	<i>Syn</i> , <i>together</i> ; as, <i>synthesis</i> . (<i>Syn</i> has also the forms <i>sy</i> , <i>syl</i> , <i>sym</i> ; as, <i>system</i> , <i>syllogism</i> , <i>sympathy</i> .)
<i>Meta</i> , <i>change</i> ; as, <i>metamorphosis</i> .	

AFFIXES.

An, Ant, Ar, Ard, Ary, Ber, Ent, Er, Ist, Ive, Or, Ster,	denoting the <i>agent</i> or <i>doer</i> of a thing ;	as, <i>Comedian</i> , <i>Assistant</i> , <i>Liar</i> , <i>Drunkard</i> , <i>Adversary</i> , <i>Charioteer</i> , <i>Correspondent</i> , <i>Builder</i> , <i>Psalmist</i> , <i>Representative</i> , <i>Governor</i> , <i>Gamester</i> .
Atc, Ec, Ite,	denoting the <i>person acted upon</i> , and equivalent to the passive termination <i>ed</i> ;	as, <i>Delegate</i> , <i>Trustee</i> , <i>Favorite</i> .
Acy, Age, Ance, Ancy, Ence, Ency, Hood, Ion, Ism, Ment, Mony,	denoting <i>being</i> or <i>state of being</i> , taken abstractly ;	as, <i>Lunacy</i> , <i>Parentage</i> , <i>Vigilance</i> , <i>Brilliance</i> , <i>Adherence</i> , <i>Consistency</i> , <i>Boyhood</i> , <i>Cohesion</i> , <i>Heroism</i> , <i>Abasement</i> , <i>Acrimony</i> ,

<div>Ness,</div> <div>Ry,</div> <div>Ship,</div> <div>Th,</div> <div>Tude,</div> <div>Ty, or ity,</div> <div>Ure,</div> <div>Y,</div>	<div>denoting <i>being or state of being,</i> <i>taken abstractly ;</i></div>	<div>as, Baldness,</div> <div>Rivalry,</div> <div>Lordship,</div> <div>Warmth,</div> <div>Servitude,</div> <div>Poverty, brevity,</div> <div>Legislature,</div> <div>Monastery.</div>
<div>Dom,</div> <div>Ric,</div>	<div>denoting <i>jurisdiction ;</i></div>	<div>as, Kingdom,</div> <div>Bishopric.</div>
<div>Cle,</div> <div>Kin,</div> <div>Let,</div> <div>Ling,</div> <div>Ock,</div>	<div>diminutive terminations ;</div>	<div>as, Corpuscule,</div> <div>Lambkin,</div> <div>Streamlet,</div> <div>Duckling,</div> <div>Hillock.</div>
<div>Ac,</div> <div>Al,</div> <div>An,</div> <div>Ar,</div> <div>Ary,</div> <div>En,</div> <div>Ic, or ical,</div> <div>Ile,</div> <div>Ine,</div> <div>Ory,</div>	<div>denoting <i>of or pertaining to ;</i></div>	<div>as, Elegiac,</div> <div>Autumnal,</div> <div>Sylvan,</div> <div>Polar,</div> <div>Parliamentary,</div> <div>Golden,</div> <div>Angelic or angelical,</div> <div>Infantile,</div> <div>Infantine,</div> <div>Olfactory.</div>
<div>Ate,</div> <div>Ful,</div> <div>Ose,</div> <div>Ous,</div> <div>Some,</div> <div>Y,</div>	<div>denoting <i>full of or abundance ;</i></div>	<div>as, Affectionate,</div> <div>Careful,</div> <div>Verbose,</div> <div>Zealous,</div> <div>Toilsome,</div> <div>Flowery.</div>
<div>Ish,</div> <div>Like,</div> <div>Ly,</div>	<div>denoting <i>likeness ;</i></div>	<div>as, Childish,</div> <div>Godlike,</div> <div>Soldierly.</div>
Ive,	denoting <i>capacity in an active sense ;</i>	as, Persuasive.
<div>Able,</div> <div>IBLE,</div>	<div>denoting <i>capacity in a passive</i> <i>sense ;</i></div>	<div>as, Laudable,</div> <div>Eligible.</div>
Less,	denoting <i>privation ;</i>	as, Worthless.

APPENDIX.

Ish,	<i>denoting a smaller degree of ;</i>	<i>as, Greenish</i>
Ats,	<i>denoting to make ;</i>	<i>as, Perpetuate,</i>
En,		<i>Harden,</i>
Fy,		<i>Purify,</i>
Ish,		<i>Stablish,</i>
Isa,		<i>Modernise,</i>
Isa,		<i>Civilize</i>
Escant,	<i>denoting progression ;</i>	<i>as, Convalescent</i>
Ly,	<i>denoting like in quality ;</i>	<i>as, Truly.</i>
Ward,	<i>denoting in the direction of ,</i>	<i>as, Downward</i>

